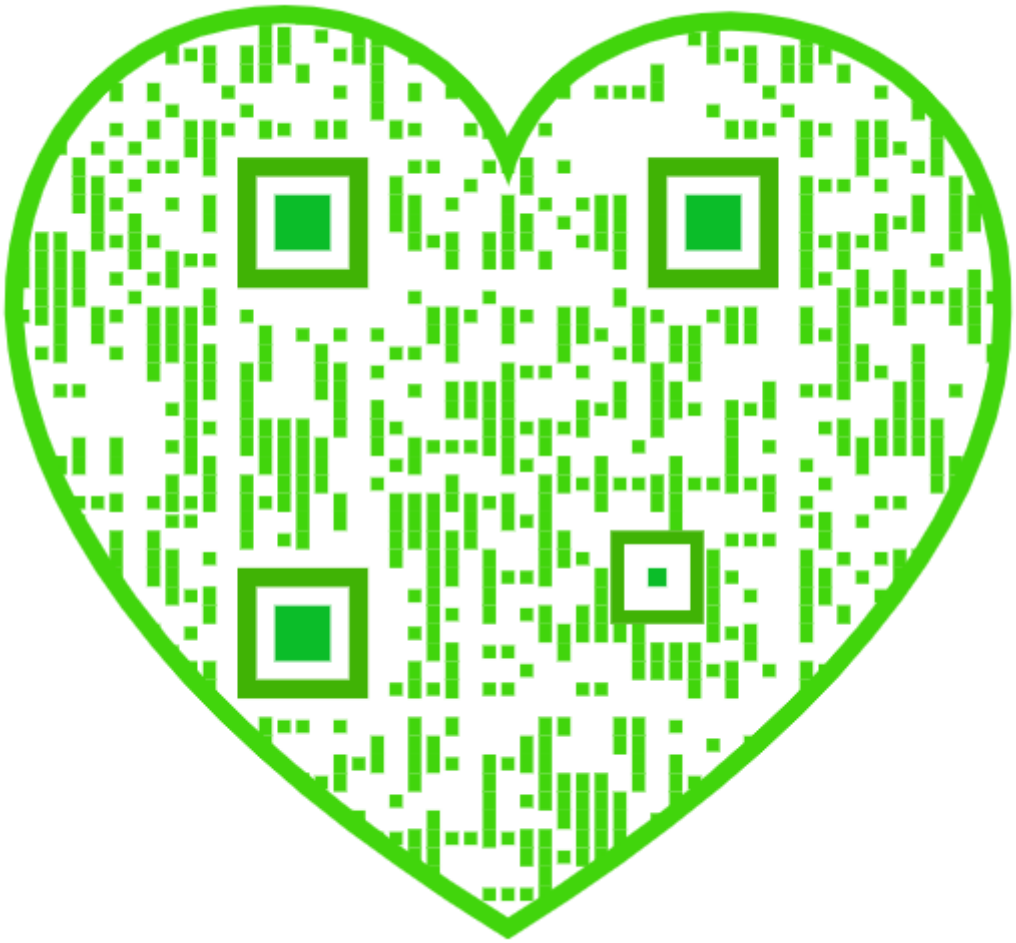

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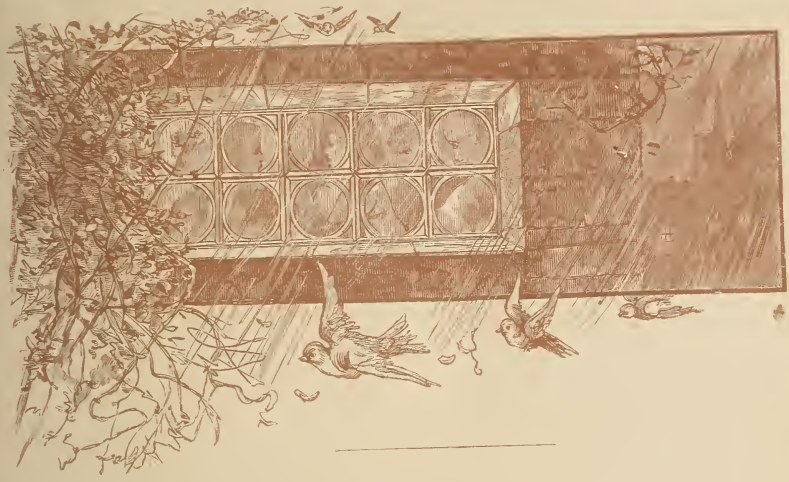

THE PATH OF PERIL.

# Beaten Paths

OR

# Lessons in Living

BY

CHARLES HENRY KEAYS, M. A.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN ARTISTS

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# INTRODUCTION.

"Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

—*Lowell.*

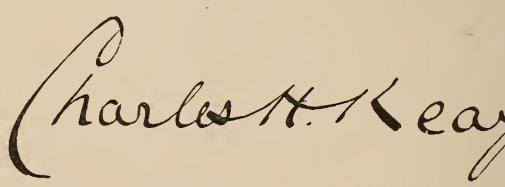
HE Art of Living has been called the finest of the fine arts. Statues, pictures, and poems may exercise an uplifting ministry, but those lives in which strength and beauty find expression, far outrank them in the power of communicating inspiration and delight. He that lives nobly creates a masterpiece for the admiration and instruction of the world.

This art of living is old as the race, as old as eternity. It is the primal art of Heaven. Long before men had begun to make experiments in architecture, painting, and music, they were learning how to live. The presumption is that by this time there is but little room for new discoveries. The laws of living are as clearly defined and as unchangeable as the laws of perspective, of color, or of sound. He that would

live wisely must be scrupulous in observing them.

The object of this volume is to set forth the leading principles on which success in living depends. It aims to point out those *beaten paths* along which, for countless generations, men have sought and found prosperity both temporal and spiritual. In the carrying out of this purpose much use has necessarily been made of the precepts and example of others. There is no hero of the world whose life is not rich in lessons; nor is there any writer on ethical themes who has not left some words worthy of our study. While so many unite in commending the travelled highways that lead to success in life, it is hoped that the addition of another voice to the company will not weaken the point and emphasis of their teaching.

May this book prove helpful to all who would be artists in living! May it aid in the formation of higher ideals and more earnest purposes in all to whom its message shall come! May it bring inspiration to the young, strength to the toiling, and comfort and hope to those whose tale of years is well nigh told!



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MAY-TIME.

# I.

# YOUTH.

"The lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods, temples, and bliss; and which, alas! so often Goths and Vandals stalk through, and strip with their talons."—*Richter.*

"A youth thoughtless, when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless, when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless, when his every action is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now."—*Ruskin.*

O man can see much of the world without being led to feel the infinite importance of those few short years that are contained within the limits of youth. The stream of life seldom loses the tinge and trend that are given to it at the fountain-head. When the Athenians inquired of the oracle how their commonwealth might be made prosperous, they were told that fortune would smile upon them "if they would but hang their most precious things upon their children's ears." That is to say, prosperity will come to the state that carefully instructs the young in the highest principles and virtues. The noblest type of social organization

as of individual character, can be built up only on foundations that have been laid with skill and care in that fair morning-time of youth whose opportunities are so manifold and so gracious.

In youth life beats with its fastest pulse, the powers mature with quick unfolding, and almost before we are aware of what has happened, the boys and girls of yesterday meet and greet us as the men and women of the present. Youth is that golden age from which are woven the choicest portions of song and story. It is young life, pure and strong and hopeful, that gives inspiration to the rhythmic numbers of the poet. It is young men and women that play the leading parts in almost every work of fiction. The artist seizes upon the few short years that intervene between childhood and marriage, and anoints them with the chrism of his genius. The heroes and heroines of the imagination are all young.

The Bible is true to the literary instincts and the experience of men in assigning a special value to this period of our career. The experiences of youth suggest the vision of the ideal; the young men of a nation are conceived of as its greatest treasure; and the renewal of youth is regarded as the greatest blessing that comes from the Divine hand. Nevertheless, the Apostle Paul writes to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth," thus intimating that youth stands in special danger of bringing itself into disrepute. It has its own peculiar faults. Its follies have become proverbial. It lacks knowledge and discipline and restraint. It squanders its magnificent

energies with the utmost prodigality. It is careless, restless, impulsive, assertive.

If we would discover the essential characteristic of the young, let us remember that the youth is he who has suddenly come into possession of prodigious and unexpected energies. Not slowly do these powers develop within us; they come, rather, as Minerva is fabled to have sprung from the head of Jupiter, full-grown and fully equipped. They are forced upon us long before we have gained any adequate idea of that outer world to which they must be adjusted; and for the time being they seem to defy restraint. It would be strange indeed if this sudden development did not give rise to faults and follies, as well as to noble ambitions and generous enthusiams.

It is in this way that we must explain the restlessness, impatience, and irritability, which form so common a characteristic of these young lives of ours. We have more spring in the muscles and more fire in the blood than we know what to do with. From fifteen to twenty-one the powers expand with lightning rapidity. At fourteen the youth is only a boy, with a squeaky voice and knee-breeches; at sixteen he is a man, with a dignified bearing and a perceptible moustache. His restlessness arises from the fact that power is thrust upon him before he has found any steady and systematic outlet for it. We feel it impossible at this age to fasten the mind steadily upon any one trade, business, or profession. We turn from one plan of life to another, and grow more or less dissatisfied with all. We make little experiments in

living, that we may discover which activity is best adapted to dissipate the superfluous energy that our quick development has furnished. The youth finds it irksome to spend twelve months in any one situation. He serves the tailor, the tinsmith, and the apothecary in turn; for six weeks he is a carpenter, and for several hours a farm-laborer. Then he takes a contract on the railway, dabbles in real estate, and finally canvasses the county in the interest of a photographer. And as the conclusion of the whole matter, he is probably ready to exclaim with the preacher of old, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

And so it is—unless one stick to it. But if a man will only persevere in some line of work that the restless youth declares to be vain and unprofitable, he shall be astonished at discovering what a substantial and satisfying thing it can become. There is hardly any business that is not able to bring you disgust for a year or two and emolument forever after. The "vanity" that gives men at first nothing but dirty hands and sour tempers and a morbid dissatisfaction with life in general, always repents of its sins in time, and confers upon its votaries such rewards as a magnificent house, a spanking span, and an income of from five to fifty thousand a year. This, however, is one of the lessons that must be learned by experience; it does not come to the youth by intuition.

For the present, the main duty of the young man lies in discovering for himself some congenial occupation into whose channels this superfluous energy

may be directed. So long as this outlet remains unprovided, the moral welfare is greatly imperilled. When you generate steam with rapidity, you must furnish some way of escape for it, else it will burst the boiler. In like manner the accumulating energies of youth are bound to spend themselves in some way; and where no safe and regular occupation is afforded, they are liable to break through all restraints and run riot in the most wanton manner. In the experience of the race it is generally the young who sound the deepest abysses of profligacy and shame. No one expects wild oats to be sown by greybeards. If you continue long without some legitimate outlet for your energy, there will be a terrific explosion some day, and a consequent moral wreck.

But even after a business has been chosen, it is no easy task for us to bend these untamed forces within to the work that needs to be done without. It requires considerable skill and some experience to effect a perfect adjustment. To train the energies to harmonious and concentrated action, is a more difficult feat than to train a dozen fiery colts to charge abreast in the ring. They are so impatient of restraint that we feel compelled to humor them more or less. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the young are sometimes charged with laziness. The charge is, of course, without foundation. The young are not lazy: they simply do not like to work. About all work there is more or less of restraint, and restraint is irksome and intolerable. Work is not

half active enough for the newly found powers of youth. It is too slow, too stupid, too constrained, too monotonous, to give scope to the surging, impetuous, uncontrollable forces within. It seems almost a sin and a shame to harness down a young and ardent spirit to the dull details of work, when it might be making for home-base with the rush of a whirlwind, or holding camp 'gainst frightful odds on some mosquito-haunted isle!

But when you do get young people fairly harnessed down to the practical duties of life, what magnificent time they make! For all work that demands vigor and enthusiasm, this modern age puts a premium upon young men. When the reservoirs of power are full, the most stupendous tasks are discharged with the ease and speed of machinery, and obstacles that mature age would confront with doubt and dismay, are surmounted as if by magic. The impetuous ardor of youth hesitates at no difficulties.

> "All possibilities are in its hands,
> No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
> In its sublime audacity of faith,
> 'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,
> And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
> Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

History furnishes a striking array of facts. Alexander the Great ascended the throne before he was twenty, and died at thirty-two, having conquered the world and effectually turned back that invading tide of Asiatics which threatened to deluge Europe. Hannibal assumed the commandership of the Carth-

aginian army in his twenty-ninth year, and at once entered upon the subjugation of Spain, as preparatory to his invasion of Italy. Cortes at thirty-three undertook the conquest of Mexico, and with a succession of triumphs that seem little short of the miraculous, brought it to a successful issue within the space of three years. Maurice of Saxony died at the early age of thirty-two, having established for himself the reputation of being the greatest general and diplomatist of his times. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight, and Nelson was only forty-seven when he received his mortal wound at the battle of Trafalgar. Napoleon became a general at twenty-four, conquered Italy at twenty-six, was made First Consul at thirty and Emperor at thirty-two, and died at fifty-one, having seen in his brief career more changes than would ordinarily take place within a century.

Washington became an Adjutant General at nineteen and an ambassador at twenty-one. Jefferson at thirty-three wrote the Declaration of Independence; and Alexander Hamilton helped to frame the Constitution of the United States when only thirty. In England, Bolingbroke was made Secretary of War at the early age of twenty-six; Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three; and Gladstone held high governmental positions at twenty-six; while, in France, Gambetta was looked upon as a leader in advanced republican opinions when he was little more than thirty.

The world of art and literature presents a similar array of the astounding achievements of youth.

Correggio died at forty-one, and Raphael at thirty-seven. Schubert passed away at thirty-one, Mozart at thirty-five, and Mendelssohn at thirty-eight. Sir Philip Sidney, whose name has become a synonym for courtly and gentle bearing, received his mortal wound at thirty-two. Chatterton, the famous boy, died at seventeen. Keats passed from earth at twenty-five, Shelley at twenty-nine, Byron at thirty-six, and Burns at thirty-seven. In his twenty-first year Milton wrote his famous ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity;" at twenty-two Campbell had published his "Pleasures of Hope;" and long before he was thirty Tennyson had made for himself an enduring name in English literature.

In the religious world we find Savonarola taking the decisive step of his life at twenty-two by entering a monastery. At twenty-eight Luther makes a stand for the doctrine of justification by faith, and thus turns the course of Christianity into Protestant channels. At twenty-six Calvin publishes the first draft of his famous "Institutes." At twenty-one Melancthon is a professor, and the firm friend and famous advocate of Luther. At thirty Ignatius Loyola makes his famous Pilgrimage, and writes the first draft of the "Spiritual Exercises." At twenty-four Whitfield moves all London with his eloquence, while Pascal dies at thirty-seven, "the greatest of Frenchmen." More deserving of notice than all these are the young men whose names appear on the first page of the Evangelists' story,—the one, heralding the advent of the Messiah in the deserts of Judæa; the other, the Christ Himself.

who accomplished His teachings and fulfilled His mission before the age of thirty-five.

This array of famous names is not to be taken as signifying that the eminent men of the world all reach their celebrity in early life; the rule lies rather the other way. But these exceptions are so many and so marked as to indicate that there is something in the abounding energies of youth which, of itself, has made men famous, even before age has given ripeness and maturity to their talents.

It is on the ground of this sudden influx of power that we are to explain the ambition which is so characteristic of youth as contrasted with old age. It seems to us in these early years as if we could not aim too high. The sense of inward power is so strong that we feel competent to attain almost any measure of success. Our experience of life is limited, and we probably know of its hardships and dangers only from hearsay. We take small account of the palpable failures that meet us on every side. Our consciousness is so absorbed with the sense of our own development, that we have room for little else. We shall conquer the world by main strength, we think, and thrust aside every impediment to our happiness and prosperity.

I would not say a word to detract from the ambition and hopefulness of youth. Mighty and beneficent forces are these in the shaping of every noble career. But I would have you understand that the goal to which ambition points, is not to be won easily. Every young man who hopes for success should be

prepared to pay the price. There are hardships and burdens innumerable that must be borne before it can be yours. Great as may be the powers of youth, you will find that they are all needful in the realization of your ambitious plans. Tyndall reveals one of the secrets of Faraday's success, when he declares that the latter, though possessed of a naturally fiery temper, "through high self-discipline, converted his fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion." For the real work and duty of life you will need every ounce of energy that the Divine Being has placed at your disposal. Nature is a rigid economist. No young man is supplied with more force than is absolutely essential to his success. If you squander these noble energies, if you abuse them or misapply them, if you waste them in debauchery, in frivolity, in idle and profitless amusement, in outbursts of wrath, or in useless repining, the loss will be simply irreparable. It is only as you follow the example of Faraday, and convert the fervor of youth into "a central glow and motive power of life," that you can hope to come off successful in the end.

The sooner you make the discovery that honest work and worth are the things that win the prizes in life, the better it will be for you. Much as you may dream to the contrary, the fact remains, that Chance plays an exceedingly small part in human affairs. This world is administered by law. By law the elements combine; by law the tides flow and ebb; by law the stars rush forward in their orbits; by law

the body grows, the mind matures, and the character ripens into perfection; and it is by law that men accumulate wealth, wisdom, and virtue. If you wish to be successful in this world, you must fulfil the laws upon which success is conditioned.

Few indeed are the young men that do not dream of winning success in some easier manner than this. Few indeed are those who have never imagined that on some bright and glorious morning they would discover somewhere a pot of buried treasure, more than sufficient to protect them against penury and starvation. Or the dream may have been that some ambitious old gentleman, with an uncommon appreciation of genius and an uncommon amount of money, would ferret them out, and render his name illustrious by casting his riches at their feet. Or possibly, in some fertile brain, the old gentleman has become transformed into a young and beautiful princess, ready to endow the youth with untold millions in return for the unspeakable honor of his hand. From that fascinating web of poesy which the mind of youth is forever weaving, one might fancy that the land is filled with young and beautiful heiresses who spend their days in roaming to and fro over the earth in search of a genius for a mate. All the genius needs to do, is to hold himself aloof from matrimonial entanglements, until the princess with the golden hair and dollars rushes to his coy embrace!

Sooner or later we all discover that the princess does not come. It is foolish in her, no doubt, and exceedingly exasperating; but we have to accept the

fact, and forgive her as well as we can. Success comes by law. There are certain roads which, from time immemorial, have led straight to happiness, influence, and affluence. They are beaten hard by the tread of countless feet, and stand in no danger of being mistaken. When a man starts out on any of these paths, the world immediately recognizes, that if he persevere, he will find success at the end of his journey. I would suggest to you the propriety of taking one of these sure and beaten roads, instead of striking out into the trackless forest in search of some shorter cut, which, notwithstanding the most diligent search of sixty centuries, man has failed to discover. Most young people love to be original, and originality is an excellent thing in its place; but those who have seen anything of the world know that the youths who spend their time in searching for original methods of winning success, are sure to end up at last with a very primitive and antiquated form of failure. If you wish to become truly original, heed the voice of the world's experience. The most original young fellows you can find, are those who have settled down with a firm determination to win their success in the old and appointed channels of industry, honesty, and frugality. Their plans and methods are so different from those of the average young man as to make them appear conspicuously singular.

It is said that John Trebonius, the school-master of Luther, was accustomed to appear before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell," said he,

"what doctors, legislators, and princes there may be among them?" This sentiment has come echoing down to modern times. When any eminent individual is called upon to address the pupils of a modern school, it is customary for him to intimate that possibly some one of the boys there before him may distinguish himself by becoming President of the United States. And every boy's inward comment is apt to be, "That's so; he means me!" Each boy has a modest assurance that while there may be many incipient secretaries of state, and judges, and generals, and railway-conductors, and other eminent officials in that room, there sits there only one who is destined to become President of the United States, namely, himself. When such a feeling as this comes to ourselves, we call it a premonition of greatness; when it comes to other people, we call it conceit. By whatever name you may designate it, it is a common and prominent characteristic of the young.

How is it to be accounted for? It seems to follow almost inevitably from the inexperience of youth. With our limited knowledge of life, it becomes difficult for us to believe that there are hundreds and thousands, not to say millions, who are undergoing a development very similar to our own. It seems quite incredible that a little planet like this earth should contain so many giants, and yet behave herself so circumspectly. Filled with the consciousness of our own powers, our eyes are not open to perceive the abilities of others. It needs experience to teach us that there are countless numbers of our fellow-

beings, whose talents and aspirations are in every way a match for our own.

One of the most valuable lessons we can learn at this period, is that there are in this world thousands of abler, wiser, and better men than ourselves. The boy who resents our assumptions of superiority and gives us a black eye, the student who flies ahead of us in our classes, the clerk who outsells us, and even the girl who jilts us in favor of another, must all, on philosophic grounds, be regarded as rendering us inestimable service. In fact, any experience that reveals to us the imperative necessity of doing something for ourselves, instead of gloating over what nature has done for us, is more precious than rubies. So far as the great interests of life are concerned, nothing is more dangerous to the youth than the assumption that his own natural abilities are, in themselves, sufficient to give him recognition and distinction. That feeling has given birth to some of the most disagreeable and useless characters that the world has ever known. The young man who entertains it is doomed. Great as your natural powers may be, the world is sceptical concerning them. It has seen thousands with just such talents, ambitions, and hopes as yours, go down to utter ruin within the space of a few short years. It will not believe in your greatness until you make it believe. It will not stand aside to make room for you until you crowd it so hard that it is compelled to give you place. Our individual worth and the position that we reach in life depend quite as much on what we do for our-

selves as on what nature has done for us. Without training, discipline, and culture, natural abilities are simply weeds.

He that is doing nothing for his own self-improvement has no right, therefore, to expect the slightest consideration from others; but he that has begun to spend his energies in accordance with the best wisdom that he has, is not to be condemned for seeking a word of commendation. That love of approbation which comes out so strongly in youth, is given that it may serve the highest interests of our being. It is only modest and right that the young should seek the approval of others whose experience of life is so much larger than their own. A word of praise from them is equivalent to saying: "Your disposition of the powers entrusted to you is wise and creditable. You have chosen the right course; keep to it, and you will win at last!" The desire of praise appears so different as to become contemptible, when it is found cropping out in some old man, who stands in no need of encouragement, but yields to the infirmity of itching ears and panders to the populace for its applause.

From what has been said concerning the sudden and marked development that is given in youth to the motive forces of our nature, we can understand how it is that the young are generally led by impulse rather than by reason. Old age is temperate, cool, considerate; youth is fiery and headstrong. Age reasons and reflects; youth feels and asserts. Age is strongest in council; youth, in execution. The young

man stands ready to assert that a certain young lady is a paragon of beauty and modesty, when all the world knows that she has a pug-nose and a loud voice, and dresses by preference in red and yellow. Because the youth has had a little dispute with the Squire, he declares to all comers that the Squire's mansion is an old barn, notwithstanding the fact that every architect in the country has pronounced favorably upon it. Because his political party happens to be in power, he finds no difficulty in endorsing every act of consummate rascality that takes place under its administration, and hurrahs in public for men whom he would be reluctant to introduce to the sanctities of his home. His feelings are apt to run away with his judgment. He reveals his youth in a tendency to oppose what seems to the wisest the only rational view of things. We must admit, to be sure, that there are many people older than he, in whom this tendency has not utterly disappeared, and who manifest a decided proclivity to match their opinions against those of the rest of mankind. But at the same time, this disposition to set aside rational considerations and have our own way at all costs, is prevailingly characteristic of youth. Reflection ripens with experience. Age teaches us to respect the axioms.

Let it be your aim, therefore, to cultivate habits of careful and accurate judgment. Try to see the truth at all times, and to see it in its wholeness and perfection. Let no personal preference tempt you to treat it unfairly. No matter how much humiliation

or unpleasantness may be involved in receiving it, let your mind and heart be always prepared to accord it a generous welcome. Be sure you are right, before you attempt to go ahead. There will come times in life when you will have to follow your own judgment rather than the opinions of those who may be about you; but be sure that it is your judgment, and not your temporary fancy or caprice. Look at life carefully and honestly; form your plans on the basis of the knowledge thus obtained; and then use all your energy in carrying out these plans, no matter how strong may be the opposition that meets you.

But while I insist so strongly on the habit of reflection and the lessons that may be learned from experience, I believe there is, in the native feelings of the soul, something more desirable than all the wisdom that experience can bring to you. When I see the lip curl with scorn at the exhibition of meanness; when, at the recital of some heroic deed, the eye flashes, and the form straightens, and the tear of sympathy comes unbidden, then I know that in the young heart there is a wisdom more prudent and precious than anything that can ever be struck out of our contact with a hard and selfish world. This is a wisdom that comes direct from heaven. The soul that has so recently emerged out of the mists and darkness of the great unknown into the light of our little day, brings something with it from afar. The native feelings of the heart, in all moral and religious affairs, are to be implicitly trusted.

The head may, and will, go wrong. The basest deeds and the vilest creeds have never lacked for argument. But the heart that is young, and tender, and sensitive—the heart on which the hand of the Eternal has just been laid in rich development, seldom fails to respond aright to the great moral and spiritual realities. Keep your heart in the innocence and sensitiveness of youth; cherish every noble and disinterested sympathy; live out your love of purity, and your sense of honor, and your strong antipathy towards all that is mean and cruel. For "out of the heart are the issues of life." It is the cherishing of the heart's higher impulses, that gives rise to gracious deeds; it is the dallying with baser thoughts and feelings, that transforms him who might have been among the noblest of his race into a traitor, a murderer, or a libertine.

This early period of your life is freighted with the most solemn responsibilities. It is the critical time, the time in which the dramatic interest cumulates. After the few short years of youth have passed, the dramatic interest wanes, the door of opportunity closes, and the future ceases to be prolific of possibility. At twenty-one you have the chance of making almost anything of yourself; at thirty your character and career are no longer problematic. To-day the doors are closing upon your youth, and manhood summons you to toil and struggle. Every act now is fraught with the utmost significance. If you miss an education now, you will probably remain without it forever. If you form bad habits

now, they will cling to you forever. If now, while the heart is most sensitive and susceptible, you steel it against high and holy influences, there is the strongest probability that you will continue to resist these influences to the end, and that the life which now points its course towards a godless noon, will vanish from human sight at last in the awful darkness of a godless night.

## II.

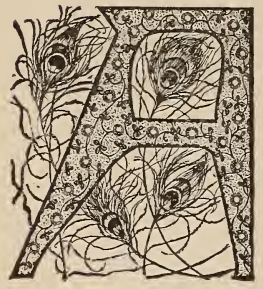
## SUCCESS.

"Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to confront eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unhasting, yet unresting."

—*Carlyle.*

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

—*Frances Anne Kemble.*



MAN without ambition is a man without a future. He lacks the first condition of all improvement. Where one is ambitious, it signifies that he is incited to leave himself, his lot, his world, better than he found them. Nature intends us all to be ambitious, plants the motive in us at birth, and gives to it, in the rapid transition from childhood to youth, an extensive and surprising development. As we approach the age when our lives are to be handed over to our own charge and management, we feel impelled by almost resistless impulses to take hold of these lives and better them. A man's ambition is his guardian angel; when it forsakes him he soon degenerates into a tool of circum-

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stance and becomes the prey of fate.

Ambition worships success. But success is something about which men entertain the most vague, diverse, and unsatisfactory ideas. Long before they understand what success means, they build an altar to it, as to an unknown God, and worship blindly. Before they know where the goal lies, they enter upon the race. Before they see the target, they attempt to hit the bull's-eye. Under such circumstances one cannot be surprised that the world is full of failures.

In seeking to discover the essential elements of success, there are three mistakes into which we are liable to fall. The first is made by those who take it for granted that success consists mainly in beating somebody else or everybody else. Life is regarded as a race open to all comers Entries innumerable! Brilliant display, fierce emulation, reckless driving! Dust and clamor and strife! Then a prize for the fleetest, and disappointment and humiliation for the rest! Men are trained in this conception from their earliest years. The boy is taught that the successful student is the one who comes out first at examinations, and that all the rest are failures in greater or less degree. Social success is spoken of as attained only by her who eclipses all other members of the circle in which she moves. Business success is supposed to involve the humiliation of "the jealous competitor;" and political success is held to be synonymous with beating one's opponent at the polls. Schooled in such ideas, we can hardly avoid looking

upon life as a competition, and upon success as consisting mainly in coming out ahead of all competitors.

Now, I admit that there is no successful life from which this element of competition can be altogether eliminated. If you would climb to the top of the ladder, you must needs pass the individuals who stand beating time on the lower rounds. Every avenue that leads to success is crowded at the entrance with a host of incompetents, who must be outdistanced. But to make the element of competition the distinctive feature of successful living, is little short of a sin and a shame. Into what a hideous nightmare would life be turned, on the supposition that the Almighty puts us upon this earth, simply that we may vie and strive with one another, and run through all the stages of jealousy, envy, spite, rage, mortification, and despair! What would become of the Divine benevolence, on the assumption that the law of life is success and satisfaction for one, and defeat and humiliation for millions? If we are to be held responsible for the success or failure of these lives of ours, success must be something that is possible to all—not only to those that are quick of brain and nimble of hand and foot, but also to those that come into life handicapped in head or heart or limbs. So far is the element of competition an accidental thing, that even if you were all alone on the earth, you might nevertheless live a successful life; and if at the end of your career you had not reached this goal of human ambition, the fault would rest wholly with yourself.

A second mistake consists in supposing that success in life means the accumulation of a fortune. The first question you ask concerning a stranger is, How much is he worth? When the answer happens to be, "A hundred thousand dollars," your involuntary response is, "Successful man!" But when informed that the individual in question is not worth a thousand dollars all told, you are apt to dismiss the subject at once as profitless and uninteresting.

No doubt it would be delightfully simple to apply such a principle as this: To estimate the measure of a man's success, examine his bank account. But such a rule would hardly harmonize with the ideas of success that are commonly entertained by our fellow-men to-day. For the world at large, though it may seem to pay as little regard to the spiritualities of life as a turtle does to the beauties of the landscape, nevertheless counts some as pre-eminently successful, whose accumulations have never gone up into the thousands. Homer was a blind beggar. Socrates lived from hand to mouth, and left no accumulated property behind him. Jesus was the son of poor peasants, a wanderer without a home, whose only property was the clothes he wore, and who was compelled at death to commit his mother to the charities of a friend. And yet even this world, which is so ready to lay its financial measuring-rod over against every man's career, would not hesitate to admit that Homer, Socrates, and Jesus were, in their own way, successful. Nor are these

isolated cases: they are simply examples of that great class whose success is never estimated by monetary standards. The glorious company of the immortals in science, literature, art, and religion, need not the lustre of material wealth to make their names resplendent. Their success is assured without it.

Indeed, the very individuals who seem so bent on worshipping Mammon as if it were Success, are apt to recoil from their divinity when he becomes incarnate and reveals his true nature. Millions are not enough to secure to some the victor's palm. When the millionaire is a miser, he becomes the object of the people's scorn. When he yields to the dictates of a selfish and sordid ambition, and wins his wealth through the misery and sacrifice of others,—when he seeks to get riches by paying starvation wages, and wrests his fortune from the trembling hands of Penury and Pain, he is "damned to fame." The very wealth that he secures, ensures for him an immortality of hatred and contempt. Bad and blind as the world may be, it draws at times a sharp line of distinction between success in money-making and success in life. From the days of ancient fable, it has pictured Midas with the long ears of an ass; from the days of Aaron, it has left the golden calf to be worshipped by its human analogues.

The third mistake arises through confounding success with popularity, reputation, fame. Among the ancients ambition pointed very generally in this direction; and in their letters and speeches they

were accustomed to make the frankest avowals of their desire to become famous. It gives us a little shock to see them laying bare their motives with such unblushing freedom. In the modern world the acknowledgment of such a desire would be greeted with derision. Much as we may long for fame, we realize that the longing must be kept to ourselves. It seems as if something had taught the world that the desire of fame is hardly worthy of playing the leading part in the life of a human being. Not in vain, for these nineteen centuries, has there been held up to the people that picture of the ideally successful One, whose fate it was to be despised and and rejected of men. The world realizes as never before that to live for fame is to become a time-server, a weathercock responsive to every gust of popular feeling, a puppet whose leading-strings are in the hands of the unwashed, and whose attitudes are taken at the caprice of the crowd.

Your success will depend more on what you are in yourself and on what you do for the world than on what the world thinks or says about you. The judgments of men are proverbially fickle and fallacious; the verdicts of the past are being constantly set aside. The heroes whose reputation endures the patient sifting of time are not those who have striven for popularity, but those who have striven for higher things, and have had popularity thrust upon them.

In all these conceptions of success, the fundamental error lies in substituting for success itself some of the things that usually accompany it.

Wealth, honor, position are common rewards and emoluments of the successful man; but his success is not dependent upon them. The tendency of the laws that regulate society to-day is to elevate him who is really successful into eminence, wealth, and favor; but this is only a manifest tendency, and not an assured certainty. In numberless instances the law seems inoperative, and the temporal reward is withheld; but the success is none the less genuine and acknowledged. The law is, that you will find the monarch accompanied by his courtiers; but a king is a king all the same, though no retinue attend him. You may be successful without ever winning position, wealth, or popularity; but the chances are that if you reach out after any worthy success, you will find these things following along in the wake of your endeavor.

After attacking these conventional errors, I have the burden laid upon me of giving some adequate definition of the truly successful life. And I will offer this statement, that success consists in following the ideal. That may seem like a very misty and metaphysical definition, but it will answer for the present. The most important thing for you to recognize is this, that at the very roots of your ambition, giving to it constant encouragement and commanding energy, there is something that is known as the ideal. As you read the history of your own times and the history of the past; as you look out upon your surroundings, or in upon your own heart; as you weigh men and sift characters; as you sit in judg-

ment upon yourself and your circumstances, you are all the time making use of this ideal, without realizing what you are doing. It is among those intangible things that are mightier than the world. It is a celestial measuring-rod that you are all the time laying over against things terrestrial. It is a light from heaven that reveals the imperfections of the things of earth. By virtue of it you pass judgment on your environment, on men in general, and on yourself, and discover faults in these objects of your examination that could never have revealed themselves to any lower order of intelligence. You say that a certain individual does not come up to your standard, or that a certain array of circumstances fails to satisfy you, simply because you have this lofty conception of what a man ought to be, and of the surroundings that are most appropriate to a human being. If it were not for this ideal, which asserts itself with every pulse of your life, nature would claim you altogether for her own, and you would become a simple child of earth, content to bask in the sunlight of the present, with no remorseful pangs and ambitious aspirations to disturb the serenity of the hour. But because you are rational and have this ideal, there is no rest for you except in endeavoring to realize it.

Let me venture upon a description of this celestial standard by which we are all the time determining the success of men—this ideal of life by which we ourselves are commanded and chastised. It has in it these four elements: intelligence, happiness, recti-

tude, and utility. Every life that merits and meets your approval, possesses these elements in greater or less degree. They go into the making of all your heroes. And if you can only bring them in the right proportions into your own career, there cannot be the least doubt as to your ultimate success. The man whose life gives evidence that he is intelligent, happy, good, and useful, everywhere commands respect.

Every life, then, that is worthy of being called successful must be marked by intelligence. No career can ever win the esteem of men without being built on broad intellectual foundations. Without intelligence man fails of realizing himself as a rational being, and sinks to the level of the lower animals. I give this element the first place, because it is the indispensable condition of all the others. He who is happy, upright, or useful because of his lack of intelligence, lives anything but an ideal existence. John Stuart Mill was right in declaring that it is better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied. It is better to have intelligence without happiness, than happiness without intelligence. It is better to know the truth and be wretched, than to be happy through our ignorance. And even the man who remains outwardly moral or religious simply because he does not know enough to be anything else, is heartily and universally despised. No beauty of person, no hereditary title or estates, no freak of fortune such as sometimes brings sudden wealth to the pocket of the fool, can ever compensate for the

lack of intelligence. That life in which the brain does not play a prominent part is not worthy of a man. The fool is a failure from the very beginning. A man must be intelligent, or he can be nothing.

Hence it is, that those in whom the intellectual powers have been unusually active, have always been enrolled among the great, even where the other elements of the ideal—happiness, rectitude, and usefulness—have been wanting. Many, like Burns and Byron, have lived shameless and profligate lives; many others, like Johnson and Carlyle, have not, to all appearances, attained even an average degree of happiness; while others, again, like Napoleon, have proved a positive scourge to the human race. But because these men have possessed in an eminent degree that intellectual element which goes into the making of our ideal, they are generally spoken of as successful.

Happiness, also, must be regarded as a necessary constituent of the ideal life. A life of misery and pain always falls short of what we conceive to be possible. We feel that he who is steadily realizing the end and aim of his being, cannot go through the world wretched and desponding. When the birds are singing in the trees overhead and all the creatures of field and wood frolic with delight, shall man, whose endowments are so infinitely superior to theirs, be compelled to abide on a lower level of joy? The only picture of manhood that satisfies the soul, is that of the hero facing the calamities and limitations of life with a cheerful and inexhaustible courage.

The blasts of November may strike a pang to the heart of beast and bird; but the happiness of a rational being is not left dependent upon nature's moods. If circumstances are not congenial, the ideal man should be strong enough to master his circumstances, and rejoice notwithstanding them. So strongly is this felt, that, in many cases, unhappiness is accepted as a sure indication of failure. Men might know that the accumulation of wealth does not constitute success, if for no other reason, simply because of this, that he who has spent time and strength in amassing a fortune is often as wretched as the poorest of his fellows. While mere pleasure-seeking can never be regarded as a worthy aim in itself, we all feel that the life which does not yield constant fruitage of satisfaction and delight, is not the life for which the spirit longs, and towards the realization of which ambition spurs us forward.

The ideal life demands rectitude. The element of character is emphasized by all who have given any thought to this subject of success. Character is not simply a means to success: it is success. It is the moral hero, that comes nearest to attaining the full stature of the ideal man. The men and women who, for conscience' sake, walk into the jaws of poverty, disease, or death, afford a picture of moral fortitude, beside which Croesus and Alexander and Napoleon are not worthy to be noticed. What pomp of power or equipage of wealth can begin to give such an impression of strength and grandeur, as does the sight of John Huss going to the stake rather than

recant what he believed to be the truth? Such men quicken the perceptions of the world, and teach us what success really means. In their lofty presence, questions of how to make money, or how to become merely popular, sink into utter contempt.

Bad and blind as the world often is, it has a generous appreciation of the worth of moral character. Byron and Napoleon may be lauded for a generation, but the current of popular favor turns with time, and the mature judgment of history concerning them becomes one of condemnation. No amount of talent can compensate for moral depravity. One may be successful as a general or a poet, and yet be a conspicuous failure as a man.

The ideal of righteousness involves religion. No man who refuses to discharge his obligations toward God, can be looked upon as thoroughly and deeply honest. The ideal life is lived only by him who, in his work, his domestic and social relationships, his silent thought and open speech, steadily endeavors to realize his calling as a son of the Highest. That life which holds itself constantly within the limitations of the present, taking no account of the things unseen and intangible, having no outlook upon the eternities, and drawing no inspiration through converse with the heavenly powers, lacks the main element that can lend charm and dignity and grandeur to human existence. Without religion, he that was made after the measurements of heaven, becomes dwarfed to the mean dimensions of earth. Religion is the field in which the intelligence finds its loftiest

range, and in which are discovered the fountains of abiding joy. Religion is the root and stalk from which morality drinks its life, and on which usefulness appears as the matured and perfect fruit. He that lives as a son of God, ranks higher in the scale of being than he that lives as the son of an emperor.

Last of all, I would speak of that element of usefulness which, with the progress of time, has been unfolded and made prominent in our ideal of life. The knowledge that proves of no benefit to the race, is useless knowledge. The happiness that does not communicate itself to others, is selfish and unprofitable. The righteousness that does nothing for the uplifting of the world, falls short of the spirit and teachings of Christianity. This modern age is utilitarian. It has no place for the hermit. It calls for saints who, like David of old, will smite some Goliath for the deliverance of their people. The life that does not prove useful to others is most unquestionably a failure; while he who leaves his fellow-men better, happier, and more efficient than he found them, is universally recognized as having lived to some purpose.

Arkwright, Fulton, and Stephenson were successful men, not so much because they amassed money, as because they gave to the world those inventions which are associated with their names, and which have proved of so much permanent benefit to the race. Socrates and Shakespeare were successful men, because their thought has furnished meat and drink to so many minds among the generations that have

followed them. Washington and Grant deserve a high place on the roll of those who have been successful, not simply because they won battles—for bandits and buccaneers have done that—but because they rendered indispensable service in the upbuilding of a great nation. Without usefulness no real success is possible. A life that is of no use to the world, is not worth the living.

If we take the ideal composed of these several elements, and apply it to the great characters of history, we shall find many and striking deficiencies. The grandest lives are, after all, only a series of endeavors, resulting, in each case, in an approximation to the ideal, but never in a complete realization of it. Jesus of Nazareth is the only fulfilment of our inward vision of perfection that the world has ever known. His was an intelligence, alert, comprehensive, and penetrative—an intelligence whose superb mastery of fundamental truths has been the delight and surprise of all who have pondered His sayings. His was a joy that overflowed amidst the most austere and unpromising conditions—a joy so deep, so divine, so triumphant, that, even in the last and saddest scenes of His life, in the hour of betrayal and death, He made special mention of it, longing to communicate it to His disciples. His was the moral rectitude that would go to Calvary rather than pander for a moment to the prejudices and carnal ambitions of His countrymen. And His influence for the upbuilding of men is to be discovered on almost every page of history and in every institution of

Christendom. The world is not accustomed to think and speak of the life of Jesus as a conspicuously successful one; but that it was successful in the best and divinest sense, we are compelled to hold, if we can place any reliance whatever upon that ideal of success by which we are all the time measuring and judging the achievements of men.

Jesus is perfectly and absolutely successful; others are successful only imperfectly and relatively. In respect of knowledge, of happiness, of moral character, and of usefulness, there exists the most striking disparity among men. One man's mind is alert and powerful, while another's is sluggish and dull. One is moody by nature, while his friend is naturally cheerful and contented. One strikes with ease the deepest and richest chords of human experience; another nature is attuned only to the lightest strains. One man is honest and upright, and may be trusted always and everywhere; but his fellow is noted for duplicity. One is capable of rendering the most efficient service to society, while his companion is useless.

Hence arises the question, To what are we to attribute this great variation which exists between different individuals in the realization of the ideal? In other words, what conditions the grade or measure of a man's success? Briefly, the degree of success that one may attain depends upon three things: his original endowment, the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and himself.

When Henry Ward Beecher was asked the secret

of his wonderful health, he humorously retorted that it resulted, in the first place, from his having chosen the right sort of father and mother. There is such a thing as the law of heredity, without which no progress, physical, intellectual, or moral, could be made from one generation to another. George Herbert hit off the truth with the quaint remark, "He that comes of a hen must scrape." Faults and vices, powers and virtues, habits and tendencies are mysteriously propagated. When the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. The secret of many a man's intellectual and moral power lies in those accumulated resources of culture that have been transmitted to him from preceding generations.

There is, therefore, a vast diversity in the natural endowments of men. One child has a strong physical constitution, and another is weak. One has a quick and vigorous mind and can learn readily, while another must plod. One has pronounced moral tendencies, and another has a proclivity toward vice. Nature does not make all men equal in respect of physical, intellectual, or moral power. From the beginning of history some have been naturally fitted to lead, and others to follow. It is evident that the Divine Being has not intended every thinker for a Plato, nor every soldier for a commander-in-chief. If any law should be clear, it is this. And yet it is just this law that much of the teaching of to-day ignores. The young are trained to believe that they can by their own exertions reach any position, however exalted,

to which they may aspire. It is difficult to see how any philosophy of life could be more false or pernicious than this. You might as well endeavor to train an old dray-horse into a racer, or try to turn an elephant into a ballet-dancer, as expect to develop certain individuals who shall be nameless, into eminent scholars, politicians, or poets. Nature is too strongly against it from the start. No amount of toil or discipline would ever enable the rag-man to write "Hamlet." The degree of intellectual effort that would give to one man an international celebrity, would hardly fit another for editing a country newspaper. And in the moral sphere, "as much grace as would make John a saint, would barely keep Peter from knocking a man down."

It would be well, therefore, for parents, educators, and, in fact, for everybody to recognize these radical differences between men in the way of inherited ability. It is unjust to judge all by a single and invariable standard. It is ridiculous for all to aspire towards positions of eminence. If we can read God's intentions concerning us from the powers that He has given, He evidently wishes the great majority of us to be just common men and women. The presumption is that we shall never become Raphaels or Vanderbilts, no matter how hard we may try. If we apply the talents we have to their legitimate and highest use, we may be sure of winning success; but to attempt things for which we have little or no qualification, is to invite failure.

Circumstances, also, play a leading part in conditioning the measure of a man's success. Knowledge and wisdom, peace and happiness, virtue and usefulness are, in no small degree, dependent upon them.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

"Under different circumstances," says Castelar, "Savonarola would undoubtedly have been a good husband, a tender father, a man unknown to history, utterly powerless to print upon the sands of time and upon the human soul the deep trace which he has left. But misfortune came to visit him, to crush his heart, and to impart that marked melancholy which characterizes a soul in grief; and the grief that circled his brows with a crown of thorns was also that which wreathed them with the splendor of immortality. His hopes were centered in the woman he loved, his life was set upon the possession of her; and when her family finally rejected him, partly on account of his profession, and partly on account of his person, he believed that it was death that had come upon him, when in truth it was immortality."

Lessing makes one of his characters say that God "loves to guide the strongest resolutions, the most unmanageable projects of men, by the weakest leading-strings." A spider's web determines the career of Bruce; a singing tea-kettle, that of Watt. Mahomet's destiny is shaped by the flight of a bird; while, as Pascal has pointed out, if Cleopatra's nose

had only been a trifle shorter, the entire course of European history might have been different. "A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." David Hume, being appointed to present the arguments against Christianity in a certain debating society, posts himself on the sceptical side of the subject, and is thereby led to forsake the faith of his fathers, and becomes an uncompromising Deist. Thomas Clarkson, in preparing a university essay on the lawfulness of slavery, comes across a History of Guinea, and moved by the horrors that it details, forthwith espouses the cause of abolition. Dr. Guthrie, entering an inn for refreshment, sees over the chimney-piece a picture of John Pounds, the cobbler of Portsmouth, teaching a band of ragged children; and by that little accident Guthrie's life is influenced to such an extent that he himself becomes famous as a founder of ragged schools.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

When the tide of circumstance sets in toward intelligence, happiness, goodness, and usefulness, we are lifted onward to success with very little effort of our own. But when the tide is contrary, we are compelled to struggle hard against it. There are certain circumstances that almost compel one to be devout; there are others to which nothing but vice seems congenial. It is easier to be a saint beneath the arches of Westminister than before the footlights; it is easier to put forth the mind's best powers in

the stimulating society of students than when surrounded by blockheads and dullards; it is easier to be happy amid the amenities of home than beneath a wintry sky and beside an open tomb. When some great crisis rouses every energy to the utmost, it seems not so hard to do generous deeds and play the hero's part; but the heroic life becomes difficult indeed in those peaceful and prosaic days that are destitute of all emergency.

Circumstances develop men, just as the warm breath of spring brings forth the buds and leaves. The circumstance of war has brought men to the Senate, to the Cabinet, and even to the Presidency of this Republic, who would else have remained comparatively unknown. What would Shakespeare have amounted to, if he had first seen the light in the interior of Africa, instead of at Stratford-on-Avon? In one sense his circumstances were the making of him.

And yet no one knows better than you yourself, that in the moulding of life and destiny there is a power infinitely stronger than that exerted by our environment upon us. Man may be the child of cirstances, but he is never their slave. The grandest and yet the simplest of truths is that we are free. If we cannot be sure of that, we cannot be sure of anything. It is one of the primary deliverances of consciousness, and receives constant confirmation in our growing experience. It is this freedom that makes us men. "He who is firm in will," says Goethe, "moulds the world to himself." He is the mightiest

factor in the making of himself and his career. He may rise above his antecedents, if he will; he may command his circumstances and bend them to the accomplishment of his desire. When Napoleon was told that the Alps made it impossible for him to carry his artillery into Italy, he cried, "There shall be no Alps! *Impossible* is found only in the dictionary of fools!" Before the power of that imperious personality the Alps went down, and the road across the Simplon was constructed.

There is no difficulty in the way of genuine success, that the resolute will cannot conquer. Will-power may not be sufficient to lift us into affluence or eminence; but knowledge, happiness, character, and usefulness are all within its reach. At its command the mind braces itself for new victories, the powers of thought rejoice in its sovereignty, and the imagination takes wings at its bidding. In the midst of harsh surroundings, the man of will need never fail of delight. Before his stroke the rock flows with water, and joy springs up for him, like a fountain in the desert. There is no height of character to which he cannot climb with time, and no reason why the noblest type of usefulness should not be his.

Success comes to him who resolutely, persistently does his best, with the powers that God has given him, and under the circumstances in which Providence has placed him. Epictetus says, in one of the famous passages of his *Manual*: "Remember that you are an actor of just such a part as is assigned you by the Poet of the play; of a short part, if the

part be short; of a long part, if it be long. Should He wish you to act the part of a beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly; and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a private man; for *this* is in your power, to act well the part assigned to you; but to *choose* that part is the function of another."

So far as human beings are concerned, there can be no question as to whether anyone is perfectly realizing the ideal, for nobody does that. The only possible question is whether we are doing our best to realize it out of the materials that are placed at our disposal. Our responsibility cannot be greater than our opportunity.

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

If we go forth day by day, striving to turn to the best use every opportunity that is given us, and endeavoring, hour by hour, to live the ideal life amid the limitations of the present, we may count upon attaining the highest and most satisfying success that is open to a human being.

Take up your life, then, in the spirit of a true artist, and strive to turn every day into a thing of beauty. Let your eating and drinking, your sleep and your waking, your toil and rest, all contribute to the furtherance of this engrossing purpose. As you go to your work, whether it be the mending of shoes or the making of sonnets, let it be your ambition to do perfect work, work of which you need never feel

ashamed. Amid the responsibilities and duties that pertain to you as a husband, a father, a citizen, a child of God, endeavor to play to the best of your ability that part which the great Poet has assigned you. Search for opportunities of usefulness; reach down a helping hand to those who are in poverty and pain; and let no day fly back into the bosom of eternity without some record of good and precious deeds. To live thus, is to live successfully.

"If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.
But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all,
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face,—
No act most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

When Donatello, the Forentine sculptor, had completed his statue of Judith, so filled was he with enthusiasm for the almost breathing image of chastity and fortitude, that he exclaimed, "Speak! I am sure you can!" Oh, if we could only catch such fervor of enthusiasm for that gracious ideal whose inward glow gives "light to all our seeing" in this

world; that ideal which revealed itself to the Hebrew singer so many centuries ago as "the beauty of holiness," and which, through all the ages, has been the "true light, lighting every man that cometh into the world;" if with tireless energy and patience inexhaustible, we could reproduce the divine beauty of that heavenly vision in thought and word and deed, through these lives that God has given us—then should we leave behind us something that, in precious lessons and exalting influence, would speak through all the years that are to come!

Some kind of life we must live. We can live but once. We may live nobly.

## III.

# THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

"A man who will take the world easily, will never take it grandly."
—*John Stuart Blackie.*

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on the flowery strand,
Of God's occasions floating by;
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensuous ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know."
—*Whittier.*

"He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even rest unwatchfully, 'abiding by the stuff.'"—*Carlyle.*

MANY people desire success; few realize what it costs. In our outlook upon the future, life takes on the aspect of a voyage in summer-time, when every breath of wind is favorable and every wave propitious; and we expect to reach the harbor of success without storm or struggle, weariness or pain. In our retrospect of the past, life seems more like a passage through wintry seas, where the winds rise to a hurricane and the waves are fraught with peril. Youth sails out from port with festive music and flying colors; old age

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creeps into the haven, battered and weather-worn, with a psalm of thanksgiving.

He is wise who heeds the testimony of experience, and braces himself for the coming struggle. Not without hardship and vigil, peril and conflict, can the goal of our ambition be won. Against you there are matched foes numerous and tireless, and the whole problem of your success turns upon the question whether you will overcome these enemies of yours, or weakly and irresolutely go down before them. The prizes of life are simply trophies won by those heroic few who have come off victors in the stubborn strife.

Look, for instance, at the matter of health. Your very existence in this world involves a continuous struggle with nature. Are there not a hundred hostile forces that wage interminable war against you? You had no more than opened your eyes upon the universe before the north wind threatened to blow you back into eternity. Nature attacked you with all her strength and strategy. She roasted you with fever, and strangled you with whooping-cough, and poisoned you with malaria. She loaded every mouthful of food with colic, and filled every dew-drop with croup. She provoked you into making the most hazardous experiments with her forces of heat and gravity, and insinuated that there was nothing to be feared in pointed pin or glittering steel, or in the contents of that mysterious bottle which your baby fingers had filched from its hiding-place. The story of your hair-breadth escapes by

field and flood and pantry would make a most thrilling tale.

Thus far, assisted by your parents and the family physician, you have proved more than a match for the forces that nature has directed against your physical well-being; and she seems to you so like an inoffensive old lady that you permit yourself to call her mother—Mother Nature! But it is well to remember that there are others in this world to whom she seems less benignant, and who might possibly prefer to speak of her as Step-mother or Mother-in-law.

When you and nature have a tussle together, it makes all the difference in the world which comes out on top. If you prevail, nature will charge herself with as much sweetness and light as a politician manifests in the month before elections; but where nature gets the upper hand, no despot of the nurseries that ever brandished switch or slipper over the shrinking flesh, is to be mentioned beside her. Conquer nature, and you will enjoy the blessings of health, and live out the allotted three score years and ten; but let nature conquer you, and she will either destroy you at once, or hold you a distressed captive in the excruciating shackles of disease. Nature is always presenting this two-fold character. You call the sun the glorious god of day, whose bounty quickens the million pulses of life throughout creation; but the sun is also a pitiless demon, whose shafts of fire strike men dead in open field or crowded street. You think of the river as a good

natured giant, in whose mighty arms the burden of laden vessels is carried for a thousand miles; but the river knows no mercy towards the weak, and, deaf to pray and tears and lamentations, smothers them to de with imperturbable malignity. The lightning is your fleet footed servant, and will carry your message to the ends of the earth with the celerity of thought itself; but lose your control of it for a single instant, and with a flash, its quick descending blow will hurl you to perdition. Whether the north wind shall prove your benefactor or your executioner rests altogether with yourself; conquer it, and there will be roses on the cheek and laughter in the heart; but if it conquer you, it will clamp the chest with iron bands and rack you with the pains of dissolution.

The history of the world tells in still another way this story of man's struggles with nature, and of his limited victories over her. For civilization is something that the race has won in spite of difficulties. Man has not been lifted into the civilized state; he has climbed towards it. What has nature done for him? What does she do for him to-day? She starves him, and bandies him about, and thwarts his purposes at every turn. She sows his garden-plot with weeds and blights his harvests. She turns the beasts of the forest loose upon his flocks. She dries up his springs and streams. She makes the pestilence to steal upon him in the darkness, and poisons the air with miasma. When he builds his hut, she straightway attacks and disfigures it, and with tooth

of rust and rot begins to devour it above his head. When he puts his thought upon the canvas, she makes the colors fade; and when he puts it into stone, she chips it with the hammers of the frost, and gnaws away its symmetry with relentless chemistry of sun and rain.

To this extent nature is man's sworn and inveterate foe, and the story of civilization is simply a narrative of how she has been conquered. The history of every science and every art is a record of struggle, of partial and temporary defeat, and of ultimate victory. By slow degrees and in stubborn conflict the human mind has overcome nature's secrecy, discovered her occult laws, wrested from her the sceptre of her ancient reign, chained her, and compelled her, like Samson of old grinding in the prison-house, to discharge the most menial tasks for her captors. Every constituent of civilization resolves itself into a trophy won by man in this persistent conflict.

You will understand, of course, that I am looking at nature in her mother-in-law aspect only. If you have a disposition to argue, I dare say you might cite half-a-dozen proofs of her beneficence for every example of her antipathy that I have adduced. Nevertheless, this is to be accepted, that it is only to him who fights and conquers that nature is benign, and that she is relentless to all men and races that give way before her.

The necessity of struggle holds also in the higher departments of living. The path to knowledge, for

example, is overspread with many impediments. As a result of long experience men agree in declaring that no one can hope to make satisfactory progress in intellectual pursuits without taking pains. Let me call your attention to the wealth of wisdom bound up in that little expression *taking pains.* It implies that one voluntarily submits himself to pain of some sort for the sake of the advantages accruing. He that is not heroic enough to brave the pains cannot hope to receive the reward.

A thousand obstacles confront the ambitious student. It is just as true now as in the days of Ecclesiastes that "much study is a weariness of the flesh." The higher intellectual energies are hampered by the body. The flesh wars against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. The mind is like a frisky colt, and must be tamed and disciplined, before it will do anything that deserves the name of work. Nature guards her secrets with sedulous care, and reveals them only to the most patient and industrious investigator. The truths that are deepest elude and perplex us; so difficult is it to grasp them that it is still a burning question whether they are truths at all, or only will-o'-the-wisps that float above those unexplored and marshy regions which form the favorite resort of the unscientific mind.

Every student is confronted by these obstacles, and never yet has a commanding thinker appeared who did not owe his power to his victory over them. No matter how advantageous may be our circumstances, this battle is inevitable. He that would have the

truth must fight for it. And I venture to say that amidst the discordant voices of this present age, when it is so easy to settle down into mean and cowardly agnosticism, to fight on until the precious boon of truth is won, requires more genuine courage and resolution than is ever needed in overcoming those purely outward circumstances that are unfavorable to study. If we can only surmount the obstacles that stand in the way of the truth itself, there is no difficulty in our earthly lot that should be able to debar us from culture. Jean Paul declared, "I have made as much out of myself as could be made out of the stuff!" Every man has a hand in his own making; and should it appear at last that he is badly made, the blame attaches to himself, rather than to circumstances, which are only another name for Providence. It

> "is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

George Stephenson taught himself to read after he had become a full grown man. John Hunter, the famous anatomist, could barely read and write when he was twenty years of age. Linnæus was so poor as to be compelled to mend his shoes with folded paper, and was frequently obliged to beg his meals from his friends. Hugh Miller began his study of geology while working as a stone-mason. Elihu Burritt, though he started in the world as apprentice to a village blacksmith, mastered fifty languages, and eventually distinguished himself as a speaker, a

writer, and a philanthropist. Let us recognize, therefore, that even under the most favorable circumstances scholarship must be fought for, and that even under the least favorable circumstances it may be gained by him who is willing to do battle for it with all his power.

Even such a thing as our own personal happiness falls under this great law: it cannot be maintained except by struggle. Without the strenuous co-operation of the will, the most favorable combination of circumstances that heart can imagine, does not suffice to ensure a life of unalloyed enjoyment. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The child crying amidst a profusion of toys and the millionaire restless amidst the most sumptuous surroundings, are sights familiar to us all. There is always something for us to overcome before we can be happy. Troubles may cease to appear from without, but they do not cease to arise from within. Even when the outward sky is clearest, the mental horizon is apt to be overcast. In whatever lot we may be placed, the imagination is sure to raise its spectres and marshal them against our peace. Our tendency is to scan the future with anxiety and foreboding, and we have to fight this tendency and put it down, before we can be happy.

These imaginary evils of life are unquestionably the greatest that we have to face; but at the same time there are real evils that find an entrance into every lot. The depressing influences of the weather, the drudgery of work, the embarrassments of poverty,

the faithlessness of friends, the ravages of death—these are all as old as the race, and as common as hands and feet.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!
The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted."

While human life is thus liable to be invaded at any time by disaster and adversity, let no one expect to live happily in the world without mustering all his resources of strength and courage against these disturbing influences. It is easier to give way to grief, to brood over it, and to nurse it until it has grown beyond all rational proportions, than it is to restrain and suppress it. But the latter is the only wise and manly course. The easier course is never the one upon which rewards and premiums are likely to be bestowed.

Virtue itself is not attainable without the most strenuous and unremitting conflict. It is awarded only as a prize to those who overcome their temptations. There is not a single hour of our existence in which we are perfectly free from inducements to evil. How universal and inveterate are these foes of our manhood! They surround us on every hand, lie in wait for us at every ambush, leap forth upon us at the most unexpected seasons, and lay siege to the

soul by night and by day. Working or resting, in country or town, behind the desk, at the fireside, and even in the sanctuary itself, temptation obtrudes itself upon us, and challenges us to come forth to battle. Until we meet these enemies of all that is good, we are simply characterless; after we have met them, we have a character good or bad, according as we have overcome or been vanquished.

If you have any ambition to rise in life, what has been said will indicate the method by which your success is to be won. Whether you measure success by the money-standard or by some higher spiritual gauge, in either case it is something for which men must do battle. The great merchants, inventors, discoverers, poets, scholars, generals, and legislators are men who have steadily fought their way to the front against all resistance.

> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night."

There is not one of them who had not to wrestle with and overcome difficulties before which less resolute spirits would have succumbed. Milton was blind. Calvin was a life-long invalid. Josiah Wedgwood was a cripple. Pope was a poor little hunchback whose spindling legs had to be padded out every morning with three pairs of stockings in order to prevent him from becoming a laughing-stock. Henry Fawcett, England's late Postmaster-General,

was blind; yet not only did he fill with acceptance the chair of political economy at Cambridge, but so conversant was he with the practical affairs of his office and so capable in conducting them, that it is said he deserves to rank next to Sir Rowland Hill in point of the service that he rendered to the public. The poet Wordsworth was compelled to work steadily along with but little recognition, until the standards of English literary taste had become completely transformed under his influence. The manuscript of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" is said to have gone a-begging, and to have been rejected by a dozen different publishers before it came forth to the outside world. Charlotte Bronte, likewise, was compelled to send the manuscript of "Jane Eyre" from one publishing-house to another, until she almost despaired of seeing this, her greatest work, in print. Sheridan's first speech in the House of Commons was a complete failure; and it was only through invincible determination and prolonged study that he became able, at length, to rise to that height of eloquence which marked his famous impeachment of Warren Hastings. Robert Hall broke down completely at the very beginning of his first sermon, and covering his face with his hands, cried, "Oh, I have lost all my ideas!" and burst into tears. Yet Robert Hall became one of the most brilliant pulpit orators that the world has ever known.

The school of adversity has many brilliant graduates. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-chandler, and wrote his plays, not for fame, but for the remuneration that they brought him. Ben Jonson was a mason,

and is said to have worked with his trowel in the erection of Lincoln's Inn. Sir Richard Arkwright remained a barber until he was almost thirty years of age. Robert Burns was the son of a poor farmer; Benjamin Franklin was a printer; and Edison, whose name is associated with so many of the valuable electrical appliances of these recent years, began life as a newsboy. In the honor roll of this Republic man after man has risen from the disadvantages of early poverty to the highest positions in the gift of the nation. The stories of Jackson and Lincoln and Garfield are too well known to bear repetition.

The career of the younger Disraeli well illustrates the manner in which a determined will may win success against the most discouraging circumstances. When, as a young man, he made his maiden speech in the English House of Commons, he adopted so grandiloquent a style that every sentence was received with shouts of laughter. The whole proceeding was described as "more screaming than an Adelphi farce." Compelled to take his seat, the young orator could not refrain from crying, "I have begun many things several times, and I have often succeeded at last; ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me! He labored under peculiar disadvantages. He belonged to that hapless race of Jews, which for centuries has been made to feel the spite and spleen of Christendom. He lacked the discipline and prestige which pertain to a university training, and was without aristocratic connections. And yet, notwithstanding the set-back of that humiliating failure,

against prejudice, exclusiveness, and derision, he steadily won his way, till he became at last the personal friend of his Queen, and a leader in the literature, politics, and society of what has, not without reason, been called, "the most conservative country in Europe."

You can always forecast the future of a young man by his disposition and ability to overcome circumstances. If he dreads trouble, if he shirks hard work, if he is continually stipulating for the least amount of labor and the greatest amount of remuneration, if he seeks the easiest, softest places in life, and looks for success to "turn up" through some favorable freak of fortune, he is almost sure to be a nobody as long as he lives. But where a young fellow takes hold of his work, resolved not to spare himself, but to win an honorable place against all costs and obstacles, that young man is going up, and no power on earth can keep him down.

There is not any business in the world, from that of street scavenger to that of prime minister, that has not its difficulties and disadvantages. But few indeed are the obstacles that will not yield to the man who confronts them fearlessly and resolutely. If there were no dangers, where would the heroes be? And if there were no difficulties to be overcome by him who would be successful, where would you find the apparatus for winnowing out the nobler souls from those less deserving of attention?

Hence, if I had to designate that one power which, more than anything else, gives a guarantee of success, I would say that it is the power of overcoming difficul-

ties. Men of intellect and talent may fail, but he who has learned to meet and master difficulties is on the high-road to success. Fowell Buxton, who had a personal knowledge of what it meant to struggle, to persevere, and to triumph at last, declares: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

One child rules in the nursery, not because he is physically the strongest, nor because he is intellectually the brightest, but because he is resolved. One man says "Go!" and everybody flies to do his bidding; while another says "Go-o-o!" and they laugh at him. There are positive men, who are as firm as a rock and as forcible as a thunder-bolt; and there are negative men, who have no more force than a zephyr and no more stamina than dough. The difference lies in the will. Erasmus said, "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ—at least so far as the age will permit me!" The teeth of circumstance snap clear through such creatures, as if they were nothing more than thin bread and butter.

Leaders of men are always conspicuous for their power of resolve. They are characterized by that positive and unbending resolution which makes it so much easier for the average man to fall in behind them than to antagonize them. You see this in Napo-

leon, the imperious, and still more in that conqueror of Napoleon, who, from the patient and resistless strength of his resolution, has been termed the "Iron Duke." You see it cropping out in Knox and Wesley, who, though not exceptionally remarkable in intellectual power, were nevertheless leaders in mighty religious movements. It comes out strongly in Columbus, who "importuned in turn the States of Genoa, Portugal, Venice, France, England, and Spain before he could get control of three small vessels and one hundred and twenty men." And so marked was this element in the character of William of Orange that Motley says, "The rock in the ocean, tranquil amid raging billows, was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness."

But, perhaps, as the noblest, the most conspicuous, the classic example of will-power, there should go down to history that thrilling picture of Martin Luther making his way to the Imperial Diet at Worms, and confronting the greatest powers of his age for the sake of what he believed to be the truth. When advised that the fate of Huss might be his, should he persevere in his journey, he replied, "Huss has been burned, but not the truth with him. I will go to Worms, though there were as many devils there as there are tiles on the roofs!" Oh, if there is any event of which these modern centuries may well feel proud, if there is any event that should lift the soul into the highest with its revelation of heroic strength, it is surely this picture of the lonely monk standing face to face with the power, the pageantry, and the

prejudice of the world and of the church, as bodied forth in that imposing assembly, and declaring as his final answer to the question whether he would recant: "Unless convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by the clearest reasoning, I cannot and I will not retract. Here I stand. I can do naught else. God help me. Amen." Friend, hang this picture up in the most sacred cloister of the mind; and should ever the feeling come upon you, that the human soul is too weak to cope with the powers of the world, stand before it, and worship, and grow strong!

The mightiest power under heaven is that of a human will thoroughly decided and resolved. Circumstances yield to it as the water yields to the weight of the giant Cunarder. Society, with instinctive prudence, makes way for it to accomplish its purpose. And even death itself has been known to pause for a time at its injunction. When Douglas Jerrold was told that he must die, he exclaimed, "What! And leave a family of helpless children! I will not die!" And he kept his word. In the human constitution it is the will that holds the sceptre of imperial sovereignty. The body is its obedient slave. It commands, and the mind straightway becomes alert, active, and concentrated. Through it the spectres of the imagination are laid; and by its aid happiness may be wrung from the most barren soil of earthly conditions. When it cries, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" temptation slinks away into the darkness, and the angels of God in gracious ministry fill the wilderness with song.

"O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd."

Your life, then, is sure to be a battle more or less prolonged, unless you begin by playing the coward's part, and permit it to take on, all the way through, the character of an ignominious defeat. For when high Heaven has endowed you with this superb power of will, defeat could be nothing else than ignominious. The noblest kind of success, the choicest culture, the sweetest joys, the most gracious type of character and influence may all be yours, if you will. Why should you be content to lead a life low and ignoble, when you might be living the highest life that is open to a rational being? When you have it in your power to win the grandest prizes that this world can offer, why should you be content with anything less? I would have you set your affections on the very highest things, and determine with all the force of your manhood or womanhood that you will either have these things, or go down in the attempt. I would have you form at once the strong and firm resolve that you will not permit yourself to live as a child of circumstances, but that, with all the power the Creator has given you, you will make circumstances bend to the attainment of this imperial purpose. I would have you learn, not

by rote simply, that you may repeat them, but by heart, that you may live them, the noble stanzas of that poet whose words I have quoted twice already, our own cultured and immortal Longfellow, who has sung with an energy and enthusiasm quite unequalled by any similar composition in our English speech the Battle-Hymn of Life:

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

HEALTH.

## IV.

# HEALTH.

"The stream of life flows through the biliary duct. When that is obstructed, life is obstructed. When the golden tide sets back upon the liver, it is like backwater under a mill; it stops the driving wheel. Bile spoils the peace of families, breaks off friendships, cuts off man from communication with his Maker, colors whole systems of theology, transforms brains into putty, and destroys the comfort of a jaundiced world."

—*J. G. Holland.*

"Let the young man, then, remember, that for every offense which he commits against the laws of health, nature will bring him into judgment. However graciously God may deal with the heart, all our experience proves that He never pardons stomach, muscles, lungs, or brain."

—*Horace Mann.*

HERE are only two ways in which a man can learn the advantages of health—by reasoning the matter out with himself, or by experiencing a period of sickness. You may always have your choice. If you will not give your mind to the subject, nature will, sooner or later, teach you through your body. Like charity, she "suffers long and is kind;" but she is nevertheless a schoolmistress of the ancient sort, and will make you learn your lesson with aches and pains, if

she perceive that you are not disposed to master it through moral suasion. Should you attempt to live as if you were a disembodied spirit, freed from all interest in things material, and from all responsibility to the laws that govern your physical system, nature will clip your wings for you, bring you down to facts, and make you realize that man is not an immortal spirit, pure and simple, but an immortal spirit enveloped in flesh.

We cannot too early become convinced of the wisdom of that ancient proverb which speaks of the desirability of "a sound mind in a sound body." Let the choicest wine be poured out at the altars of Hygeia, for among all temporal blessings there is none to compare with that which she imparts. For thought, for happiness, for virtue, for work and usefulness,—for the sake of everything that is included in our idea of success, what is more desirable than health? Look over the lists of the great; look at the men who hold prominent positions to-day, in the senate, on 'change, at the bar, and in the pulpit, and you will see that the preponderating majority have strong constitutions and well developed bodies. Those who are noted for generalship, for fertile thought, for inventive genius, for executive ability, are, in nine cases out of ten, sound in nerves and heart and lungs.

Napoleon declared that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. Cicero, becoming a victim of dyspepsia, hastened to Greece, and submitted for two years to the severe regimen of the gymna-

sium; after which he was able to return to public life, strong and well, and with renewed hopes and prospects. Isaac Barrow, when a boy, was noted for his pugilistic propensities; and Adam Clarke was remarkable for the prowess he displayed in "rolling large stones about." Washington had such prodigious physical strength that he was able to lift into position a massive stone which the united efforts of three workmen had not sufficed to move into its proper place. John Wesley wrote on his eighty-first birthday, "To-day I entered on my eighty-second year, and found myself just as strong to labor, and as fit for exercise in body and mind, as I was forty years ago." Burns and Byron were both endowed with magnificent constitutions, which they wore out by protracted dissipation. Goethe preserved his splendid physical development to the very last. Sir Walter Scott would ride for hours together over the moors, and broke down his health at length only by herculean exertions. Charles Dickens could walk for miles through the streets of London, peering into the faces of his fellow pedestrians, that he might derive from them suggestions for his literary work. Lord Brougham had such a constitution that, it is reported, he once worked for six days and nights at a stretch, without a wink of sleep; after which he ran down to his country house, slept through from Saturday night to Monday morning, and returned again to his labors as vigorous as before. Palmerston was noted in his youth for his proficiency in athletic sports, and maintained his love of physical exercises to the last. Being asked when he considered a man to be in

the prime of life, he replied, "At seventy-nine. But," added he, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it."

Not long since, three giants stood abreast in the American pulpit: Henry Ward Beecher, short, thick-set, corpulent, stout as an oak to all appearances, notwithstanding the terrific wear and tear of a long and stormy life; T. De Witt Talmage, tough, fibrous, muscular, doing the work of three ordinary men as preacher, writer, and lecturer, and discharging it all with ease; and Phillips Brooks, of Boston, as commanding in his six feet four of physical stature as in the breadth and beauty of his spiritual utterances. And at the same time, across the sea, the fate of Europe seemed to turn on the movements of Bismarck and Gladstone—the one, that deep chested veteran whose colossal labors had given to Germany the first place among continental nations—the other, a "grand old man" of almost eighty, who from time to time could forsake the joy of felling trees at Hawarden, to lead on to new victories the cause of British reform. But when one begins to cite examples of the importance of physical health and strength to the attainment of success, it is difficult to know where to stop, since illustrations are to be found on every page of history.

Your reading, however, may have put you in possession of a number of facts that seem to point in the opposite direction. Some of the greatest men of the world have been noted for anything but a good physique. Paul had his thorn in the flesh, and Pascal

was a confirmed invalid. Keats was feeble from birth, and Pope was accustomed to speak of his life as "a long disease." Milton wore his eyes out before the age of fifty, and Johnson was all his life long troubled with a scrofulous affection and haunted by the fear of insanity. William of Orange was weak and sickly from childhood, and was compelled to fight his way from the very beginning through the force of his indomitable will. Nelson, Napoleon, and Aristotle were almost dwarfs in stature. Carlyle endured the horrors of dyspepsia; and Rufus Choate, when reproached for jeopardizing his constitution, retorted, "My dear fellow, my constitution was all gone years ago, and I am now living on the by-laws!"

In reply this may be urged: that many of the individuals in question started out with strong constitutions, and ruined their health eventually through carelessness, anxiety, or exhausting application. With others success has been owing to an exceedingly fine and sensitive organization, such as is easily put out of adjustment. And in other cases a fair measure of health has been enjoyed, though the element of muscular strength has not been conspicuous. At most such cases are only exceptions to the general rule; and where a man has been able to accomplish much with a frail and rickety constitution, there is no saying how much more he might have done if the physical organization had been capable of intense and protracted effort. In searching for laws we cannot afford to confine ourselves to the apparent or real exceptions. Exceptions are held to prove the rule; if there were

no rule, how could they be exceptions? The rule is, that good health is a prime condition of success; and this is so well understood and so universally conceded, that it seems almost needless to spend time and labor in insisting upon it. Much as may be said about the achievements of weaklings, there is not one man in a million who would recommend you to seek success through breaking down your constitution or cultivating a feeble habit of body. The importance of health is so generally recognized that the first question we always ask another is, How do you do? Everybody knows that the vigor of mind and the power of concentrated and continuous toil, without which success is never likely to be won, are generally associated with vigor of body. Put it down, then, as a settled principle that, other things being equal, the healthier you are, the more likely will you be to reach the goal of your ambition.

So far as the labor of life is concerned, you may regard yourself as an ingenious and complicated machine, bound to turn off so much work of a certain quality under certain conditions. Any defect in the machine, or in the energy that keeps it running, will manifest itself at last in the inferiority and meagreness of the manufactured products. There are days when the whole being seems elate and energetic, days when in a few short hours we discharge work that at other seasons would consume the greater part of a week. Now, there cannot be any doubt that the exhilaration and energy which we experience at such periods are induced by physical conditions; and it should

be our study to ascertain the nature of these conditions, and the means by which they can be rendered permanent. How to keep the working machinery in the best possible order, how to accumulate the largest amount of energy, and how to expend it with the least possible waste, are questions of the most vital importance. The problem of health in this stirring age is not simply how to live and work, but how to work at the highest possible pressure with the least possible danger of breaking down.

Health and happiness are boon companions. "When a man destroys his health," says Horace Mann, "he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor, and of savor, the teeming earth can produce. To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectareous juices of orange or pineapple, are but a loathing and a nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac and aloes."

Ill health is at the bottom of most of the morbid and unwholesome views of life that are disseminated to-day. When you hear an individual discoursing on the hard and stony path of life, it signifies that he has rheumatism or gout, either of which is sufficient to make the smoothest road seem full of obstructions. When men tell you that the sweetest cup of earthly pleasure becomes bitter in the drinking, it indicates indigestion; and when they assert that the world is getting worse and worse, it is simply a sign of old age and senile decay. Those whose vitality is on the ebb

are apt to speak of the rising generation as a band of young reprobates.

But to him who is really healthy, existence itself becomes a positive luxury. The physical machinery works on with normal regularity; and normal action anywhere—whether in body, mind, or morals—always brings pleasure. The man of health will expose himself to unnumbered dangers, put forth prodigious exertions, surmount obstacles, withstand fatigue, endure hardship and privation, and assert all the time that this earth is a very Paradise. Like the bee, he can gather honey even from thorns and thistles. The things that work decay and death to others, are made to do him service. The sun does not smite him by day, nor the moon by night. The east wind becomes bracing to him; and the presence of danger exhilarates like a draught of choicest wine. He sups at kings' tables and sleeps in a bower more sweet and peaceful than ever palace of monarch contained: for hunger turns the homeliest fare into a royal banquet; and after a day of work, night, like a genial mother, folds the toiler to her breast in dreamless sleep. The value of health is above that of rubies. The treasures of the millionaire can never buy back those fresh and precious experiences of living which fled from him with the vigorous days of youth. The fool, according to the Bible, is the man who sells his soul for temporal benefits; according to physical science, he is the man who sells his health at a similar ruinous price.

It is a significant fact that healthiness and holiness

come from the same old Saxon root. Our personal character stands in most intimate relations with our physical condition. The state of the soul depends upon the state of the body. When Dr. J. W. Alexander was asked whether he enjoyed the full assurance of faith, he replied, "Yes, I think I do—except when the wind is from the east." The physical derangement wrought by the east wind seemed to interfere with the religious consciousness. Dr. Johnson said, "Every man is a rascal, when he is sick;" and Hannah More averred that there are only two bad things in this world—"sin and bile." The healthier you are, the better you will be, other things being equal. Good health and good morals have a natural affinity for one another, and you can hardly cultivate the friendship of the one without at the same time winning that of the other.

For confirmation of this statement, look at the phenomena of the social world. Bad morals do not, as a rule, flourish amid healthful surroundings. In the process of its development vice goes down to the slums, where fever breeds and the pestilence finds victims by the score. There, in cellars dank and dark, where a whiff of pure air seldom finds its way, and where the sun is never suffered to work its subtle chemistry of cleansing, sin finds its final and most congenial home. The improvement of the tenement houses is usually attended by an improvement in public morals.

It was in accordance with this principle that the children of Israel were trained. He who strove to

make Israel holy sought first to make them healthy. The primary step in their moral and religious development consisted in placing them under the best of sanitary conditions. The Mosaic legislation is largely concerned with matters of public and private health. The laws of physical well-being are enunciated with all the sanctions of Sinai. Incidentally, it is worth while noticing how perfect the Mosaic legislation is on these matters; how that little nation of Jews has been preserved in the midst of famine, plague, and persecution; and how its members have been conspicuously free from crime, and conspicuously successful in the ordinary affairs of life.

The virtues follow in the train of health. Cheerfulness is inseparable from it, and charity, kindness, and patience are its constant associates. It easily resists temptation, meets its foes with a dauntless courage, and holds itself ready to do and dare all things in behalf of every high and cherished ambition. The Duke of Wellington was not far astray when, looking at the sports of the school-boys at Eton, he declared that but for these health-giving exercises, the battle of Waterloo would never have been won. Where you find one who is crabbed, mean, cowardly, passionate, jealous, unforgiving, it usually transpires that he is more or less of an invalid.

This view, that health is an invaluable assistant of morals and religion, belongs distinctively to the modern world. Pascal held the strange doctrine that "disease is the natural state of Christians." And our forefathers seem to have entertained a similar opin-

ion. For whenever they found a young man more sickly than his fellows, lean, lank, cadaverous, dyspeptic, they were accustomed to lay violent hands of consecration upon him and make him a minister. And he would straightway array himself in black, and give it back to them in the way of theological discourses that made the hair stand on end and the blood freeze in the veins. Now, however, we are living under a revival of muscular Christianity, and the tone of the pulpit has decidedly changed for the better. There is no prejudice to be set aside to-day, before proclaiming that the ideal man is a normal man throughout— one whose health, morals, intelligence, and religion have all been restored to the old harmony and vigor of Eden.

After saying so much in favor of health, I may venture to give a few commonplace directions for keeping oneself in the best physical condition. These rules have no claim to professional wisdom, but simply express those general principles whose truth is everywhere recognized. There are seven things upon which the preservation of the health depends: cleanliness, food, air, light, sleep, exercise and recreation.

1. Cleanliness. — If you were to purchase a bicycle or a type-writer, you would find among the other instructions this caution, that the machine must be kept scrupulously clean in order to do perfect work. Nor can the human machine work well except when this condition of perfect cleanliness is observed. There are in all some two and a half millions of small holes,

or pores, on the surface of the human body, each pore being the opening of a little sewer through which the waste of the system is continually washed out in the form of perspiration. When we are at rest, this perspiration passes off insensibly as vapor; and in a healthy individual as much as a pint and a half of water will be thrown out of the system in this way within the space of twenty-four hours. But when we are exercising, the perspiration becomes sensible, and as much as five or six pints may be dispelled in the course of a day. Now, it is very easy for these minute pores to become choked up, in which case the health is apt to become seriously affected. Bathing and friction are the only means by which they can be kept open. Where one is in anything like vigorous health, some kind of a bath once a day is none too much for cleanliness. One prefers a sponge-bath with cold water, accompanied by vigorous rubbing; another finds that cold water gives too much of a shock, and takes it luke-warm. The bath ought always to bring the blood to the surface, producing warmth and glow. Where it does this, the beneficial effect of it is felt at once, and the whole system seems to be invigorated.

It was not without good reason that our fathers declared, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." There are many sins in society that go only skin-deep, and that might consequently be eliminated altogether by a cleansing of the cuticle. Of the moral advantages of the bath, Carlyle speaks as follows: "What worship is there not in mere washing? Perhaps one of the

most moral things a man in common cases has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool of a running brook, and there wash, and be clean; thou wilt step out again a purer and a better man. The consciousness of perfect outward purity,—that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck or imperfection,—how it radiates on thee with cunning symbolic influences to thy very soul! Thou hast an increased tendency towards all good things whatsoever."

2. Food. — What fuel is to the work of the steam-engine, food is to the work of a human being. Without food the machinery of life would have to cease, and the finished products of mental and physical action would no longer appear. One need not be a materialist in order to assert that, so far as this matter of food is concerned, man is simply a machine by which meat and potatoes may be turned into love-sonnets and prayers and political speeches. Every thought and feeling of the soul is, in part, the offspring of brain-tissue; and the relation between brain and stomach is as close as that which subsists between brain and thought. You can almost tell the nature of a man's diet by the flavor of his thought. Byron's lucubrations smell of gin; Wordsworth's are at times redolent of thin bread and butter; and once in a while, even to-day, you will hear a sermon that, beyond all question, has been wrought up out of the leaves of the tobacco plant. When the elder Kean was playing on the stage, he adapted his diet to his part: "Pork for tyrants; beef for murderers; and

boiled mutton for lovers!" For this latter part some soft and sheepish food seemed to be requisite.

Food is the fuel that is consumed in the manufacturing processes of life; and the amount and kind of food to be used, is to be determined by the tastes and needs of each individual. Bismarck says, "If you want to get work out of me, you must feed me." You might as well expect to drive a locomotive with dead leaves as expect the human machine to work well on a diet of gruel and potatoes. You need good strengthening food, properly cooked, masticated, and digested, in order to turn out work of the best quality.

The trouble with us Americans is that we eat too rapidly. We do not masticate our food. We try to impose on the stomach work that should be done by the teeth. As a consequence, we are in danger of becoming a nation of dyspeptics; and what pen is sharp enough, what ink is black enough to portray the horrors of such a fate! In respect of eating and drinking, the British are much wiser than we. A great part of Mr. Gladstone's good health is attributed to his leisurely method of dining; he is even said to chew every mouthful of meat twenty-five times before swallowing it. Nothing short of a foreign invasion would induce an Englishman to slight his dinner.

3. Air.—Open the dampers of your furnace, and the fresh air will rush through with a roar, and the fire will burn bright and fierce. Air is to you just what it is to your furnace: you need plenty of it, and it must be pure. If you were to send thoroughly foul air through the furnace, it would put out the fire; it

has a similar effect upon the fires of life when it is taken into the lungs. You remember the story of the Black Hole, at Calcutta. Into this apartment, twenty feet square, with only two small windows, one hundred and forty-six persons were crowded, and remained over night; in the morning only twenty-three were found surviving, the rest having perished for want of air. There are Black Holes on a small scale in many a home in this land—places where life is diminished or extinguished utterly for want of pure air. Learn to open the windows and doors of your dwellings; throw back the shoulders; expand the lungs; walk out under the open sky. When you are weary and tired, nature leads you to sigh. That is her way of filling the lungs with air, and restoring the jaded spirits.

Breathe through the nose rather than through the mouth. In the old primer of our school-days, we used to read, "What is the nose for? To smell with." And thus the facts of physiology became perverted in the unquestioning mind of the child. For the nose is useful principally as the organ by which air is conveyed to the lungs. It is given that we may breathe through it; and its smelling function is quite subordinate and incidental. Its passages are so arranged as to sift the atmosphere of impurities and warm it before it reaches the more delicate structures within. Mouth-breathers are almost sure to suffer from throat troubles.

4. Light. — The Italians have a proverb, "Where the sun does not come, the doctor does." You need

sunlight almost as much as air. See how prone vegetation is to die out on the north side of the house. Try the plan of keeping a plant in a dark cellar, and you will notice that it becomes pale and sickly under the treatment. Catch a little tadpole and confine him in such a place, and he will never develop into a frog. Take a singing bird away from the light, and at once it is stricken mute. See how the dog loves to stretch himself in the sun, and thus drink in energy direct from the central fount of physical life. There is cheer in the sun. Its light and warmth are just as necessary to you as to beast and bird and plant. In the deep mountain valleys of the Alps, where the sunlight penetrates with difficulty, the inhabitants are frequently afflicted with a species of idiocy, accompanied by enormous swellings on the neck, known as goitre. If you desire an illustration nearer home, just walk for an hour or two through some of the dark alleys of our great cities, and notice how common is the sight of sickly and deformed children. A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city, the cases on the shady side of the street outnumbered those on the sunny side five to one. Our grandmothers took great care to exclude the sunlight from their dwellings, on the ground that it faded the carpets. In such cases the carpets were preserved, but the health of the household was sacrificed.

5. Sleep. — The importance of sleep is to be emphasized because of that great drain upon the nervous energies which is made by our modern life.

Menander, the Greek poet, more than three centuries before Christ, declared, "Sleep is the natural cure of all diseases." The poet Young calls it, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and Shakespeare speaks of "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care." The life that is frayed and worn by the cares and labors of the day is thus supposed to be knitted up and repaired at night by sleep. Our most recent science and experience are all confirmatory of what has been written by the poets. Henry Ward Beecher, whose capacity for mental work was almost unlimited, took from eight to nine hours of sleep regularly. General Grant declared that during his campaigns he could do nothing without nine hours' sleep. James T. Fields, the author and publisher, was so impressed with the value of sleep that he declared, "Late hours are shadows from the grave." And Gladstone says, "In all my political life, I have never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in parliament." He alludes, of course, to the period after the House had risen, when somnolence could not be construed into a slur upon the speakers.

There have been men who could survive and do work on less sleep than this. Alexander von Humboldt, happy man, was satisfied with four hours. Napoleon, apparently, could get along very well on a similar amount, though at times he made up for previous losses by sleeping twenty-four hours at a stretch. John Wesley took six hours, but in his later years he was prone to nod off at any moment. The Duke of Wellington declared, "When it is time to turn over,

it is time to turn out." But the Duke himself is known to have snatched a few moments for sleep on the field of battle, while a subordinate officer was detailed to watch the manœuvring of the enemy.

In general, it is safe to trust nature. Sleep just as long as you can; make a real business of it while you are at it; and then, after you have had enough and can sleep no longer, turn out and get to work. The best time to sleep is at night. The best place to sleep is in bed, though the habit of some indicates a preference for ecclesiastical surroundings. "Now blessings on him that first invented sleep," cries Sancho Panza. "It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot." Sleep is the most abundant fountain of vitality from which you can drink. When you lie down to rest, you give yourself back into the hands of God to be remade and reinvigorated.

6. Exercise. — Just as it is better to use a house than to leave it without a tenant; just as machinery that lies idle is destroyed far more rapidly than when allowed to go on doing its normal work; so the physical system quickly degenerates when debarred from regular exercise. See what nature's indications are in this respect. As a general rule, the higher up you go in the scale of being, the more vim and animation you discover. I do not know that clams and molluscs ever go through any great degree of physical exertion; but look at the lambs, the calves, the colts! See how a baby jumps, how a child plays, how every

creature that God has made busies itself muscularly when left to its own pursuits, with the result of keeping in perfect health.

There is not the slightest question but that the man who is active physically stands the best chance of preserving his vitality. The lungs work more vigorously during such exercise, the blood becomes better aerated, the waste of the system is more easily eliminated, the appetite is improved, digestion is facilitated, and sleep is made sweeter and more restful. Exercise has an almost magical power in ministering to health.

If, therefore, your business does not call the muscles of the body into play, you will have to find some pastime that does. A course of regular gymnastics under a wise teacher is probably the best thing in the world for giving symmetrical development to the body in its growing period; but it is only those who get out into the open air that experience the very exuberance of health. Pedestrianism, rowing, cycling, and open-air sports in general are capital for toning up the system, when they are not carried to excess. Too much exercise makes a drain upon the vitality, instead of replenishing it. When Rowland Hill was asked what physician or apothecary he employed, to be always as well as he was, he replied, "My physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass!" George Bancroft, after sixty years' experience, declares that horse-back riding is the best elixir of youth that can be found. Leonardo da Vinci took such delight in horsemanship that, though frequently re-

duced to poverty, he could never be persuaded to sell his horses or dismiss his grooms. The poet Goethe was passionately fond of all kinds of physical exercise, "swimming in the Ilm by moonlight, skating with the merry little Weimar court on the Schwansee, riding about the country on horseback, and becoming at times quite outrageous in the rich exuberance of his energy." "Christopher North," when in the Highlands, would run for hours bareheaded over the hills, "his long yellow hair streaming behind him, stretching out his hands, and shouting aloud in the simple exultation of life." Horace Smith, who was for many years a contributor to the sporting papers, was in his youth declared to be dying from consumption, and was told by his physician that he had better close out his business and endeavor to lengthen out the remainder of his days with dog and gun. He immediately followed this advice; and so charmingly did the prescription work that Mr. Smith died many years after at the advanced age of eighty.

The best time for exercising is when you feel like it, that is, when the work of digestion is pretty well advanced, but not so far advanced as to leave you faint and hungry again. When somebody advised Sydney Smith to take a walk upon an empty stomach, he enquired, "Upon whose?" And surely that was an eminently sensible reply. For if one is bound upon doing so insane a thing as walking upon an empty stomach, for pity's sake, for health's sake, let him take some other man's stomach, rather than his own.

7. Recreation. — Abernethy declared that the two

things most dangerous to human life are "fret and stuff." Fretting is a mental habit that works downward, and brings ultimate disaster to the body physical. For this reason you need to escape from time to time, from all those cares by which anxiety and worry are apt to be induced. All work and no play is poor economy. If you would keep the bow strong, you must learn to unbend it from time to time. Charles Kingsley hints at the secret of his exuberant vitality when he says, "Luckily for me, I can stop from all work at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation for a spell."

Be sure, however, that your recreation answers to its name, and really recreates you, or makes you over anew. If you come back to your work rasped and tired, heavy and dull, the recreation you have taken has certainly failed to accomplish its purpose. The majority of fashionable amusements squander vitality instead of renewing it. An afternoon with old mother nature, in the fields, on the roads, by the lake, or beside the quiet stream, will do more for you than a whole dozen of evening parties, where impure air, exciting games, and artificial conventionalities leave the spirits more limp and worn at the end than they were at the beginning.

These are simply general hints upon the best methods of preserving the health. You will have to make special application of them for yourselves. What is good for one, is not necessarily adapted to another. Every man should make a special study of his own individual case, and vary his course accordingly. And

you will probably find that the work of keeping the physical organization in perfect condition is not by any means an easy task. There is an old proverb to the effect that "everybody is either a fool or a physician at forty." By the time you have reached that mature age, if you have not learned the laws of your physical constitution, and have not trained yourself to obey them, there is no question but that your folly will be rendered apparent to all.

The laws of health are God's laws. We may possibly doubt whether the Bible comes from God and gives expression to the Divine will; but we cannot doubt that the laws which are written in the human constitution come from Him, and reveal the way in which He would have us walk. And we must not overlook the fact, that He who always stands before us as our living and true example in the duties and emergencies of life, fulfilled in a remarkable manner those conditions of physical well-being which we have been considering. We have but little knowledge of the early years that Jesus spent at Nazareth, but we have a very full account of the subsequent period of His career; and was ever ministry of man so packed with incident, with labor, with privation, as those three years in which He journeyed and taught in Galilee and Judæa? We read of the vicissitudes of His unsettled life, and of the unceasing drain made upon His sympathies and resources,—His hardships, His nightly vigils, His exposure to the perils of land and sea, His long marches, His constant addresses to public assemblies and private individuals, His miraculous cures, His fasting and

tears,—we read of these; but we find no hint of His ever giving way beneath these trials, or of His manifesting the slightest sign of physical degeneration. Though the Gospels do not make very much of this element, as was not to have been expected of them, yet they contain abundant evidence of our Lord's powers of vitality and physical endurance. And you will find it an exceedingly pleasant and profitable experience, to think of Him as the strong and healthy man who could endure fatigue and hardship beyond even the best of us, and to remember that in seeking the highest physical development for yourself, you are only following in the footsteps of Him who stands forever as our example, the one perfect man, perfect in word, perfect in deed, perfect in the depths of His great mind and heart, and perfect also in that matchless physical organization which was the constant and faithful servitor of his tireless and devoted spirit.

## V.

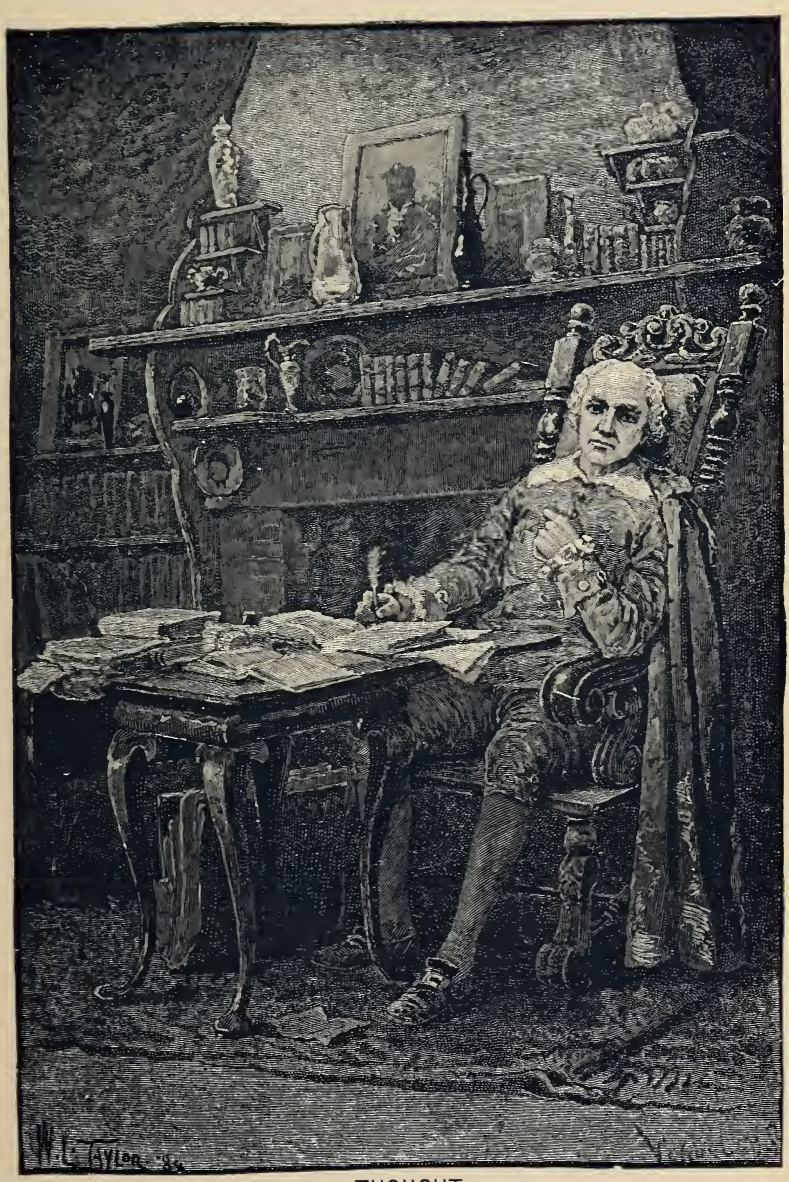
# BRAINS.

"Man is but a reed, the feeblest reed of nature; but he is a thinking reed."—*Pascal.*

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span
I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."
—*Watts*

"To send an uneducated child into the world is injurious to the rest of mankind; it is little better than to turn out a mad dog or a wild beast into the streets."—*Paley.*

IN this age of the world one cannot be an ascetic. Human beings do not stand under the slightest obligation to pour contumely upon those bodies which the great Creator has given them. The human body is the most interesting, the most wonderful, the most beautiful thing in this material world. But at the same time it is only a precious casket holding the priceless jewel. In our human nature there is something nobler than the body, something whose interests are superior to those of the physical man, something that is not only more marvellous and interesting to the student, but also



THOUGHT.

more practically serviceable to the race than this complex physical organization which presses its claims so imperiously upon us. In short, the conviction forces itself upon us, that when the wise Creator set about building a man, He had the very best of reasons for putting brains on top. Hence, in any wise economy of life, in any plan that seeks to be true to the facts of our nature, body must be servant, and brain must be king.

This truth is almost as old as the hills. Away back in the very beginnings of speculation a philosopher declared,

> "On earth there is nothing great but Man,
> In Man there is nothing great but Mind."

As men began to reflect upon their own natures, the majesty of that mysterious principle which thinks and feels and energizes in so many ways impressed itself upon them to such an extent that the bodily powers appeared dwarfed and insignificant beside it.

The intellect is a subtle flame that conquers and illumines the world. It forges the fetters by which nature is reduced to servitude and made to carry on the drudgeries of men. It compasses the strength of rushing wind and roaring torrent, and compels them to pay tribute. It discovers the gigantic power of steam, drags it forth from its place of concealment, and "harnesses it down with iron bands." Mind makes the sun an artist, and the lightning a lackey. Mind wages successful war against the wrath of pestilence and famine, hurricane and thunderbolt. Mind

spans the rivers, pierces the mountains, and turns the pathless sea into a highway of commerce. At its command, forests disappear, cities rise in the wilderness, and the earth stands forth, bright with the shimmering gold of the harvest, or dressed in living green and gemmed with flowers. The victories of mind over matter are everywhere apparent.

It is the mind alone that can turn nature into an oracle. To "the intellectual ear" the Sphinx opens her stony lips, and tells a story, thrilling and awful, of the beginning of time. For the student alone are the curtains of the firmanent thrown back, and to none but him do the distant stars disclose their elements. To the intelligent vision, nature reveals her laws and her Lawgiver. The mind interprets her mystic language, discovers the system on which the universe is organized, searches out the eternal thought that lies embodied in things material, and, breaking through the stubborn barriers of sense, stands face to face with that mysterious Being in whom the world lives and is.

Thus the intellect, of itself, gives to our human nature a splendor and grace that distinguish it from everything which is of the earth. By the mind rather than by the body, man is to be judged and known. He alone lives the ideal life who is filled and thrilled with the consciousness that he is an immortal intelligence, and that the universe waits for him to exercise the sovereign powers of mind upon it.

Hence when the Divine Being would send forth one who should live the perfect life under the limitations of humanity, He gave to the world him who "spake

as never man spake." Jesus of Nazareth marks the the highest point to which the human intellect has ever attained. First among the honored ones of time He stands, conspicuous as much for the vigor, the originality, the breadth and penetration of His mind, as for the beauty and holiness of His life. And through all generations the thought of Jesus shall endure, not simply because the providence of God gives to it an exceptional preservation, nor because it is the thought of one whose work has specially endeared him to the hearts of men, but because it is fitted to endure, because it is vital with intelligence because it is as broad as the world, because it voices that eternal truth of God which was and is to be, time without end.

I put these things to you, because I would have you realize that when you go to the village church on Sunday morning, you are supporting that religion which bears the name of the greatest intellectual genius that the world has ever known, the religion which bids fair to conquer all others on the ground of its superior intelligence, the religion which puts a premium upon the unseen spiritual element in our nature, and urges men with the voice of divine authority to "keep the body under."

The history of the race manifests a continuous progress from that which is physical to that which is spiritual. It is only what one might expect, that the civilization of this century should be so organized as to put a premium upon brains. There was a time in the development of society when force was supremely reverenced and supremely honored, and when simple

brute strength gave a passport to the highest offices, and ensured wealth, position, and respect. But that day has passed long since. We are living in an age that values brains, in an age that uses brains, in an age that confers the highest honors on the man who thinks. Human life to-day is much more pervaded by the intellectual element than it was a couple of generations ago. Not only have educational institutions and the various instruments of culture come to play a more important part than was given to them then, but even those interests which men hold in common with the lower orders of creation have become ennobled. The mind has mingled in common concerns to such an extent that they are no longer common.

For example, there is not a man on this continent who would be perfectly content to live as his grandfather did fifty years ago. Human beings, through all these years, have been learning to respect themselves, and now demand that they shall be housed, clothed, and fed in a manner more befitting their immortal dignity. In the matter of house-accomodation, how much more exacting we are than were our fathers! The old two-roomed log cabin in which we were born is now designated as a hovel; and we feel no compunctions in transforming it into a stable or into firewood. We ask for dwellings commodious enough to give scope to the higher energies of our being. We want books, pictures, pleasant outlooks, rooms for reading and for entertaining. We demand that our intellectual and spiritual interests, as well as the inter-

ests of the body, shall be consulted in this matter, and so refuse to be herded together in human stables, as if we were nothing better than cattle. The average American of to-day is better housed than was the nobleman of a former age.

Housekeeping, also, is fast rising into the dignity of a fine art. We are becoming too intellectual, too sensitive, too refined to gorge ourselves with a mess of fat pork and cabbage, and rise from the table satisfied. Except among the lowest and most backward classes, a meal has ceased to be simply an opportunity for glutting the swinish appetite. The meal now represents a common interest round which all that is noblest and sweetest in the family life rallies and organizes. By skillfully compounded dishes, by dainty surroundings, by cheerful, brilliant, or witty conversation,—in short, by mixing mind with our food, we are striving to eliminate, or at least, to render inconspicuous the grosser animal element in eating and drinking.

A similar state of affairs appears when we consider the matter of dress. Our grandmothers dressed to make their bodies comfortable; we dress to satisfy our minds. We give to the element of beauty an emphasis almost sufficient to make the ghosts of our defunct ancestors throw up their hands in holy horror. We insist upon having fine fabrics, well woven, handsomely colored, admirably fitted to the person, and embellished with various adornment. The flounces, frills, flowers, laces, and embroidery now worn by a single individual, would have been sufficient, a century

ago, to exclude a whole village from the sacrament.

Or to take another line of thought, let me suggest to you that machinery, which plays such a conspicuous part in our modern life, doing the greater portion of the work in our manufacturing industries, and giving promise of eventually revolutionizing the labor of the farm and of the home,—machinery is only another name for mind; it is brains put into iron and steel. Every water-wheel, every locomotive, every puff of steam, every cloud of smoke that floats above our great manufacturing cities, testifies to the fact that this is emphatically the age of brains.

When the English artist Opie was asked with what he mixed his colors, he replied, "With brains, sir." Therein lies the real ground of distinction in the labor market. One man mixes his colors with oil only, and paints signs and houses; and another mixes them with brains, and gives to the world a Madonna or an Angelus. One can hew the marble into a square block, and another can hew it into the Laocoon. One has brains enough to become a brakeman at thirty dollars a month, and another has brains enough to manage a railway at fifty thousand a year. One can become a merchant prince, while another is worsted in his efforts to superintend a little corner grocery.

The value of brains is recognized in the product of every trade and profession. Here is a vase worth just sixty cents; and there is another of precisely the same size, which cannot be purchased short of sixty dollars. The difference in the cost between a garment by

Worth and one by your village dressmaker depends not so much on the grade of the material used as on the amount of brains expended in its manufacture. I can get a fair cook at twelve dollars a month, but I cannot begin to get a *chef* short of ten times that amount.

When John Wanamaker was questioned as to the most useful of his opportunities, he replied, "Thinking, trying, toiling, trusting in God, is all of my biography." He gives the first place to thinking. If you wish your business to honor you, you must honor it by putting your very best thought upon it. The man who fertilizes his farm with brains reaps larger crops than he who uses nothing but manure. The clerk who brings brains as well as industry to the discharge of his employer's business, is soon promoted above the man who does his work mechanically. Leaders in new industries—men who are quick to see the opportunity and avail themselves of it—reap great rewards, whereas the crowd that follows in their wake has to content itself with the gleanings. The merchant who is ready at reading human nature, who can foresee fluctuations in the market, who can make extended plans for the future, and who is all the time studying improvements in his business methods, comes to the front, while the dull plodder who is wedded to routine invariably brings up in the rear. In this race of life, brains count for more than strong limbs or sound wind. If it is your wish to get on in the world, keep your eyes open and your mind a-going. If by any means you can acquire quickness of perception,

breadth of outlook, diligence in searching for information, judgment, taste, comprehension and mastery of details, and good mental habits in general, you will find that these things have a market value, and will bring you, year by year, a return in dollars and cents. The thinker has a hundred chances of success where the dolt has but one.

There is no good reason why the value of brains should not once in a while be estimated by the money-standard. For this standard is a serviceable one, a comparatively just one, and one that is easily applied. But at the same time one should remember that it is the lowest and most imperfect standard that can possibly be employed in determining the worth of spiritual entities. To estimate the value of intelligence by the amount of money it will bring, is like estimating the value of a bronze statue by the number of the coins into which it might be cast. Intelligence, like beauty, has a value of its own. It is desirable in itself, and not merely as a means toward the accumulation of a fortune. It brings its own enrichment and reward to the life of the individual and of the race.

Brains are beginning to play just as prominent a part in the social world as in the affairs of business. The kind-hearted gentleman and the good-natured boor differ only in this respect, that, while both are willing to communicate happiness to their fellows, one has those delicate perceptions, fine sensibilities, and polished tastes, which fit him for the higher ministry, while the other has them not. The development of our social life is such as to give increasing prominence

to the men of mind. There was a time when the "starveling poet" was either excluded from, or barely tolerated in, the company of the millionaires and aristocrats; but to-day it makes the success of almost any social gathering, to have some literary lion present, who will condescend to roar a little for the edification of the assembled guests. The man who could simply drink, and dance, and pay a few amorous compliments to the ladies, has been left behind in the march of civilization; and to-day the young exquisite, whose claim to social regard rests on nothing save his faithful following of the fashion-plates and his affected manners, has become a butt for the jests of the comic papers, and is being hounded from society by that most contemptuous monosyllable which American ingenuity has ever devised—that is to say, he who a generation ago might have passed for a gentleman, is to-day held up to the laughter of an intelligent world under the title of "the brainless dude."

It is in the sphere of morals and religion, however, that the mind receives its highest employment, and manifests its greatest utility. For just as the mental life rests on a physical basis, and is enfeebled or deteriorated by unhealthy conditions of the body, so the moral and religious life rests on a basis of intelligence, and never attains its noblest development where the intellectual powers are torpid and inactive. Intelligence is as necessary in wandering through the ethical and religious domain as eyes are in wandering through the physical world.

At the beginning of our endeavors to live the

moral and spiritual life we find ourselves possessed of a number of opinions which have come to us without any effort of our own, opinions which have grown in the mind, just as the germs of vegetation, wafted by vagrant winds, find a lodgment and mature in the uncultivated garden. These early opinions are nothing but prejudices; for a prejudice is simply a prejudgment, a judgment formed before all the facts have been examined and the weight of evidence honestly and carefully determined. Some of these prejudices are purely personal and peculiar to ourselves; others are social, having been derived from the society in which our lot has been cast; others, again, are national or sectarian. Prejudices of one sort or another are the invariable characteristic of the untrained and uncultured mind.

In morals and religion, therefore, one of the first things to be done, consists in supplanting these prejudices by carefully matured opinions. If I am to walk in the light, I must have eyes that see. If I am to live by the truth, I must know the truth for myself. The highest morality is an intelligent morality, a morality that understands itself, a morality that establishes itself on universal and incontrovertible principles, a morality that is able to sweep aside the veil of the future and discern the far-off consequences of present deeds. Although I am gifted with a conscience which prompts me to do always that which is right, yet conscience is as blind as love, until the intellect supplies it with eyes. Conscience gives no encouragement to mental indolence and incapacity. Conscience has come down

the centuries making the most egregious blunders for lack of knowledge. From the days when Paul strove to render God service by persecuting the Christian church, down to the present, there is no base or abominable thing that has not been perpetrated under the plea of conscience. Innocent women have been burned as witches, great estates have been confiscated, and human beings have been tortured and killed, with the idea that such atrocities fulfilled the will of God. In short, cruelty, robbery, and murder have been perpetrated in the name of conscience, not because men wished to do wrong, but because they did not know enough to do what was right. Their conscience lacked enlightenment. They endeavored to live the moral life without building it up on a basis of intelligence.

In like manner, the nobler phases of the religious life are possible only to him who thinks. A religion that does not rest on a basis of knowledge is nothing better than superstition. If I am to worship the Divine Being, I must know Him for myself, and must be assured that He possesses qualities that render Him worthy of all praise. To worship a God of whom we know nothing, is to adore a cipher. If we are not sure that God is the grandest and best of beings, what right have we to apply to Him the most exalted of titles, and thus convert worship into a mockery—a mere passing of insincere and empty compliments!

One of the greatest mistakes that can be made is to urge upon men the necessity of receiving the opinions of others about God, rather than the necessity of forming opinions and convictions for themselves. A

purely conventional religion has but little value. If you do not understand why you believe, your faith will be timid and helpless against cultured scepticism or keen-witted ridicule. The youth who takes his opinions ready-made from the society of the country village in which he is bred, is apt to fling these opinions to the winds during the first few months of his life in the city. The noblest, the strongest, the most efficient faith is that which we work out for ourselves with fear and trembling. Such a faith is not cheap. It can never be possessed by the indifferent, the indolent, or the cowardly. He that would have it must be prepared to face doubts and problems without number, and to wrestle with them through long and weary watches of the night, until at last the truth reveals itself in its strength and splendor, and satisfies the heart. To interpret the Bible aright, to interpret aright the fundamental principles of our own religious nature, to behold God in nature and in history, to adjust the latest discoveries of science to the great doctrines of religion, to establish the claims of religion itself in the face of all the arguments that scepticism is urging against it,—to do that which the very necessities of our religious life impose upon us, requires no small degree of intellectual effort. But when once this mental labor is undergone, there can be no question but that the assured faith and the intelligent piety resulting from it are infinitely better than a faith founded on ignorance, credulity, and self-distrust. The highest type of religion is not that manifested by some ignorant creature who faithfully

attends the ordinances of the church, but who has not interest enough to read, courage enough to question, nor brains enough to grasp what may be said on the great themes of revelation; the ideal piety is disclosed rather in that trained and scholarly Pharisee whose vigorous and commanding intellectual ability has given to our Christian theology for so many years a distinctively Pauline coloring.

Though the intellectual life demands more toil and struggle than a life of brainless inanity, it brings ample compensations in the way of happiness. Blessed is the man who thinks. He discerns the cloud of mystery that hangs above this little life of ours; but he also perceives the light that fills the earth with splendor, and that discloses the path of peace. He has doubts and questions; but he has also assurances and revelations. The normal exercise of his intellectual powers brings to him a delicate and protracted enjoyment and a consciousness of superiority and worth. Through studies wide and varied interests are opened to him, such as are able to redeem the most ordinary life from commonplaceness and insipidity. A nobleman once contemptuously asked a sage, "What have you got by all your philosophy?" "At least," was the reply, "I have got society in myself." The man of intelligence and education is rendered in a great measure independent of circumstances, and can find at any time solace and companionship in a book or a picture. The commonest of natural objects, the most ordinary of human lives,—a bit of sky, a pebble, a human face, become most entertaining and suggestive

to him. If it is your ambition to be happy in life, the culture of the intellectual powers will abundantly compensate you for any time, pains, or money that you may expend upon it.

Hence I have no hesitation in commending to you the advantages of a liberal education. By this I mean something very different from a technical education, one that fits you for business pursuits and nothing more, an education in the line of the work that will fall to you in after life. This, in its own place, is a desirable thing. A liberal education, however, is one that liberalizes you, one that makes you liberal, one that liberates you from narrowness, prejudice, and provincialism. A liberal education is one that enables you to search for the truth in a disinterested manner, and to rejoice in it whenever it may be found. Such an education will give discipline, tone, and inspiration to the mind; it will lift you above the tyranny of the senses; it will open up to you a hundred sources of joy from which you would otherwise be debarred forever; and by making you broad-minded and quick-witted men and women, its tendency will be to make you better merchants and mechanics, milliners and house-keepers.

The practical question is, How may such an education be acquired. The mind dreads exercise and toil, and the problem of all education is how to so discipline and develop it, that toil will become habitual and easy. For this purpose there is nothing to be compared with that thorough training in science and literature which is furnished by our higher schools and

colleges. I would not affirm that these institutions have a monopoly of culture, or that they are indispensable in the development of the mental powers. But I insist that the man who attempts to climb to intellectual power and refinement without their aid, places himself under serious disadvantages. One may get to San Francisco by travelling on foot; but one would get there much more easily and rapidly by taking the train.

What the railway does for travel, the college does for culture. It places a man for four years amid such surroundings as compel him to keep his powers of observation, memory and judgment in constant exercise. It furnishes every incentive toward intellectual effort. The very atmosphere of the college is charged with mental stimulus. Through the daily routine of study, the student is brought into contact with the greatest thinkers of the world. The lights of the ages become his intimate companions. For him Plato weaves the meshes of his thought, and Homer tunes his lyre. For him Linnæus examines the flower, and Kepler measures the spaces of the firmament. For him planets are weighed, and rocks are broken, and the depths of the sea are made to disclose their secrets. For him History outspreads its glowing panorama and Philosophy probes the mysteries of the soul. The nine Muses wait upon the student, ever beseeching him, "If there be any beauty, if there be any truth, if there be any goodness, cleave to these things!"

Now, the man who can come forth from such a regimen as that, without having profited by it to an

almost unbounded extent, must certainly have slighted his opportunities. If there is anything adapted to wake us up and form the habit of mental toil within us, it is surely just such a course as I have described. No matter what the after career may be, discipline like this must be exceedingly serviceable. There are narrow-minded men, who, because they see no immediate connection between translating Cicero and manufacturing stoves, declare that a college course is a waste of time, labor, and money. Could there be a greater mistake? In the college-gymnasium many a young fellow spends time and strength in learning to lift heavy weights, and box, and circle the horizontal bar, though he has not the remotest intention of ultimately earning a living by becoming a professional acrobat or prize-fighter. The gymnastic exercises find their value in that development of body which they facilitate. And in the same way the study of the higher mathematics, the classics, and the natural sciences, is of inestimable value in the development of the mind. It is a mental gymnastic. It forms within us the habit of using the mental powers, a habit which eventually becomes so fixed that we think without any consciousness of effort, and find it easier to use the mind than to let it lie idle.

So far as the practical value of a college course is concerned, experience shows that by far the larger proportion of the most lucrative positions in the country are held by college graduates. But at the same time, this whole matter needs to be viewed in something other than the mercenary light. A liberal

education is not so much an education for work as an education for manhood. Even though it should never help you to earn an extra penny, it will unquestionably make you more of a man. The college is a standing protest against the sordidness and materialism of the age. It emphasizes the essential spirituality of human nature, and witnesses to the fact that the intellectual powers have a value of their own, and are worthy of being trained and disciplined on other considerations than that of the financial profit that may result therefrom.

One needs to be somewhat urgent in enforcing the claims of this higher culture upon those who are young, because of the great danger that attends delay. If you do not seize the opportunity of receiving this education in youth, the chance will never return to you. There are changes going on within you and without, which will effectually prevent a return of present opportunity. When you are young, the mind readily yields to discipline, and receives deep and permanent impressions. Mental habits are then being formed with great rapidity. But soon these habits will become fixed and unyielding. Soon, too, you will be going out into the world, and taking your own part in its affairs; and the years will pass so quickly that, long before you realize it, you will become entangled in pursuits and interests from which nothing but death can extricate you. Very soon you will be too old to take a college course; no man or woman in middle life can become young again, and go to school.

For you who are young, therefore, the matter of receiving an education is a question of now or never. And I cannot overemphasize the statement that no sacrifice is too great to be made for this development of your higher nature. I have known young men to endure almost every conceivable hardship in order that such an education might be acquired. I have known them to wear old clothes, and live in mean lodgings, and subsist on humble food, and mortgage their future heavily by involving themselves in debt; but I have never yet known a single student to regret the sacrifices and hardships by which the delights of learning have been opened up to him. I believe that such a course will abundantly pay you in the future, not only in money, but in self-respect, in joy, in enlarged influence, in that finest coin of manhood and womanhood, beside which the gold and jewels of this world are only tinsel and dross.

TAKEN TO TASK.

# VI.

## HABITS.

"Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserable weakness."

—*Carlyle.*

"For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Choose that course of action which is best, and custom will soon render it the most agreeable."—*Pythagoras.*

ALEY says, "Man is a bundle of habits." There is no domain of human nature in which they fail to manifest their presence. They pervade body, soul, and spirit. The tones of the voice, the changes of the features, words and deeds, thoughts and desires are all regulated by them. In our eating and drinking, our sleeping and waking, our domestic, social, business, and religious affairs, we are little more than creatures of habit. Take away from a man all his habits, and what have you left? Nothing, surely, except the undeveloped and characterless substance of babyhood. All else is habit. Through the summers and winters

of your life habits of various kinds have been growing; and now, according to Paley, these habits are all bundled together, and that bundle is you!

So great are the results wrought by habit, that it astonishes us to discover what a simple and apparently insignificant thing it is in itself. Look into the word, and you see at once that it comes from that old Latin verb *habeo* which means, to have. Habit, then, is something that we have. We may say that it is what men have after certain actions or experiences have been repeated—the tendency or facility that is acquired by this repetition. Nature appears to have no preferences as to what we shall do or leave undone; but when once we have established a precedent for ourselves, she holds us to it by making every deviation a source of discomfort to us. It is always easier for us to act as we have previously acted than it is for us to adopt a new line of conduct. Cherish a certain thought to-day, and when that thought returns to you to-morrow, you will find it easier to harbor it than to dismiss it. Slight to-day's opportunity, and you will be all the more ready to slight to-morrow's. Yield to the feelings of anger once, and you will find it easier to yield again. The first time any deed is performed or any experience undergone, the seed of habit is sown; and every time that action or experience is repeated, this seed matures with increasing rapidity.

Habit, therefore, brings with it more and more of facility in the performance of things that at first may have required a great degree of conscious effort.

The child who is learning to speak, labors in the articulation of every syllable; but when once the tongue has become habituated to its work, it prattles along as tireless as a machine. The boy who is learning to write, finds that every stroke of the pen requires an express volitional effort; but in time habit comes to his aid, and the writing does itself, without making any conscious drain upon his energies. The first step towards sin or righteousness is always the most difficult, but with each succeeding step, habit makes the upward or downward way easier. Indeed, to such an extent does habit grow upon us, that it is said to form in time a second nature. The only reason we can assign for many of the things that we do in later life is that, through long practice, they have become so habitual to us that we cannot help doing them. Our second nature enforces its claims quite as strongly as our first nature; so that it becomes as imperative for us to act in the line of our habits as to eat or sleep or breathe.

The wits have suggested, therefore, that instead of saying habit is something that we have, it would be nearer the truth to declare that it is something which has us. The schoolboy who was detected in the act of whistling excused himself by saying, "I did not whistle; it whistled itself!" The action had become so habitual to him that he lapsed into it unconsciously and involuntarily. Dr. Johnson was to such an extent the victim of habit that he could not refrain from touching every post he passed as he walked along the street. The philosopher Kant, while pondering the

great problems of speculation, had so accustomed himself to fasten his eyes upon the tower of a certain church that was visible from his study-window, that when some poplars grew up, obscuring the view, he found it impossible to continue his meditations; and at his earnest request the trees were cropped and the tower brought once more into sight, after which the current of philosophical thought flowed on as satisfactorily as ever. The story is preserved to us of an advocate who could never plead a case without having in his hand the end of a thread which was wound tightly around one of his thumbs. The wags spoke of it as "the thread of his discourse;" and when on one occasion it was stolen from him by way of a joke, so disconcerted did he become over the privation, that he found himself unable to speak, and lost his case. A certain Scotch clergyman after involuntarily helping himself to a liberal pinch of snuff, announced as his text, "My soul cleaveth to the dust," and then wondered why the congregation lapsed into a smile. And mention is made of another preacher who, endeavoring to recall some passage of Scripture that referred to Peter, repeated, "Peter, Peter"—and then yielding to the habit that had been fostered in his nursery days, recited to the horrified congregation, "Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater!" "Thus use," as Shakespeare says, "doth breed a habit in a man;" and instead of saying that we have the habit, it might be more correct to say that the habit has us.

If we compare the soul to a garden, habits will stand for the various plants that grow in it. In classi-

fying these plants, men usually make two divisions. On the one side they put all the things that are useful or beautiful,—the flowers, the vegetables, the shrubs; and on the other side they put the weeds. Thus may habits also be divided into two classes, those that are useful or beautiful, and those that are ugly or pernicious—good habits and bad ones. If you wish weeds to grow in your garden, what must you do to it? Just leave it alone, and the weeds will come of themselves fast enough. But if you wish your garden to bring forth flowers and fruit, you must care for it, and spend thought and toil upon it. Bad habits grow just as easily as weeds. They come of their own accord, and will, if you permit them, infest and take possession of the fairest portions of the soul. But good habits come not without care and culture. He that would form them must be prepared to toil and to put forth the entire amount of virtuous energy that the Divine Being has placed at his disposal.

Because bad habits grow in this way like weeds, demanding no expenditure of thought or effort on our part, they are very likely to reach a considerable degree of development before our attention is called to them at all. Where it costs us something of an effort to form a habit—where we have to till the soil, and plant the seed, and water it, and hoe it, and give some attention to it daily and even hourly, there is very little danger that we shall become unconscious of the fact that it is there and growing. But where habits plant themselves and grow without care, they are liable to attain a surprising degree of strength before thrust-

ing themselves upon our notice. How true, then, is the poet's statement:

> "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Now, it is possible to control the brook at any part of its course; but as it expands into a river and the river swells toward the sea, there is, there must be, some point at which the ordinary powers of man prove insufficient to curb and control the volume of waters. Or, to return to our former figure, when the little seed, borne on the wings of the wind, falls into your garden-plot, and there comes up a tiny maple, it is at the beginning so exceedingly feeble, that with your two fingers you can easily pluck it up and destroy it. But the second year it becomes stronger and larger; and as time passes there comes a period when not all the strength you possess suffices to tear it out from its lodgment in the earth. Thus it is with evil habit. As it is beginning to form within you, it may be uprooted easily; but if you suffer it to remain and grow, it will, with time, pass beyond the region of your control; and it will do this so gradually and insensibly that you will not be able to point to the day nor the month when the transition occurs.

For this reason, those who are forming bad habits are invariably deluded into supposing that they can at any time reform themselves. The growth goes on so gradually that they do not realize it. He who is just treading on the brink of a drunkard's grave is apt to resent any manifestation of concern on the

part of his friends, and assures them that he is not a child, that he holds himself well in hand, and that he can abandon his cups at any time, if he so desire. This danger is always before us. We never know how strong the current is, until we try to swim against it; we never know how tenaciously the sapling grips the earth, until we endeavor to uproot it; we cannot realize how strong is that bondage to evil habit in which we are enthralled, until we make some effort to escape from it. Habit that seems weaker than a film of silk to those who are quiescent, becomes stronger than dungeon-bars to those who would escape.

A moderate drinker who felt that he possessed perfect control of himself, once became exceedingly angry with a friend who was urgent in pressing the argument that the only safety is to be found in total abstinence. "What, sir," exclaimed he, "do you think I have lost control over myself?" "I do not know," was the reply, "but let us put it to the proof: for the next six months do not touch a drop." This proposition was accepted, and for a month the moderate drinker kept his promise. At the end of this period he said to his friend, with tears in his eyes, "I believe you have saved me from a drunkard's grave. I never knew before that I was in any sense a slave to drink, but during the last month I have fought the fiercest battle of my life. Had the test been tried later on, it might have been too late." The poet Burns declared that if a barrel of rum were placed in the room, with a loaded cannon guarding it, the habit to which he had enslaved himself would compel him to approach

the intoxicating liquor and perish. Not without reason did Augustine declare, "Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity."

From the depths of his own bitter and terrible experience, Charles Lamb, witty, gifted, ruined, lifts up his voice in warning: "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set one foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scene of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all its mantling temptation."

I would have you realize that to play at raising bad habits, is the most dangerous and delusive practice in which you can engage. On every hand you see men of wealth, men of culture, men of social position, men of talent who might have made a mark in the world

drifting down to ruin, because they have fancied that for a few years they might experiment in growing bad habits in this garden of the soul, and then uproot them without trouble or retribution. What you see around you should teach you to avoid making a similar mistake yourselves. Even those few who, after a few years of indulgence, succeed in breaking away from their sinful courses, are never, so far as human eyes can follow them, the individuals that they might have been with better discipline. The habit may be uprooted, but it leaves a disfiguring mark behind.

"Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain and make
Confession.
Lost innocence returns no more,
We are not what we were before
Transgression."

The only thing for you to do with a bad habit is to break it off as quickly as possible. Nothing is to be gained by postponing the day of amendment. The longer it remains, the stronger it grows. You will need to exercise great patience with yourself in this matter; for you can hardly expect that in a single day or month you will be able to get rid of habits that have been developing themselves for years.

"How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strand we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown."

The Comte de Buffon gives great encouragement to those who are trying to eradicate bad habits, by telling how he broke himself of the custom of lying abed in the mornings. Being removed by his hereditary wealth from the necessity of toil, and having through natural indolence allowed this habit to grow upon him for years, he found that he had set before himself a most herculean task. After repeated failures, he called his servant Joseph to his assistance. He says: "I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he would make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to wake me and to torment me; but he only received abuse. The next day after, he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged to confess at noon that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats. The following day he employed force. I begged for indulgence; I bade him begone; I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply; but he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen volumes of my works."

You do well to notice here that Buffon endeavored to form the habit of early rising not as an end in itself, but simply as a means of saving time for the

prosecution of his literary and scientific labors. Therein lies the secret of all moral reform. Where we strive to form a habit as an end in itself, the probability is that we shall never acquire it. But where we have something to do that we feel is well worth doing, we shall not allow bad habits to stand long in the way of its accomplishment. Take the positive rather than the negative method. As Thoreau says, "Be not simply good, but be good for something." Try to do that thing which is worthiest of you, and bad habits will be conquered easily. If you make it the end of your life to keep your garden free from weeds, there might as well be no garden there at all. But if you make it the end of your life to grow something good and precious in that garden, you should not find much difficulty in keeping the weeds down.

Strive to find some larger purpose in life than is involved in any little plan of self-culture. You need to get out of and beyond yourself. You need the anvil of some great conviction on which your soul may be shaped by a power mightier than your own. You need to be lifted up on the wings of some glorious enthusiasm, something that can command the noblest energies of your being. And then, as you are making straight for the goal, if any bad habit interpose itself, you will leap over it at a single bound.

By wise choice and persistent effort habit may be made to render us the most signal and inestimable service. There is no good quality of mind or heart, hand or conscience, that it will not develop. Habit gives cunning to the fingers of the artisan, and facil-

ity of utterance to the orator, and an assurance of victory to the struggling saint. When you see the student drawing information from the printed page, or the accountant rapidly casting up a column of figures, or the editor dashing off, as if by magic, a pungent article that will be quoted everywhere the day after its appearance; or when you behold the practised fingers of the musician gliding over the keys of his instrument and provoking the richest harmonies, you may know that it is habit that renders such results possible. The sure touch of the painter, the skill of the victorious general, the superb tact of the accomplished hostess, and the inflexible righteousness of a godly man are all the result of habit. Habit can make the lumbering brain quick as lightning in its movements; habit can tame the shrewish tongue, and give grace to the clumsy foot. Habit can develop power, precision, and beauty in every movement, where aforetime there was nothing but weakness and awkwardness. Habit inures the body to hardship and wears away the edge of grief. Habit, that builds a dungeon for the bad, builds for the good a palace, rich, radiant, and eternal.

Do not suppose, however, that good habits can be formed easily. You will need to summon all the resources of wisdom and moral strength that you possess in order to acquire them. Weeds grow without care, but flowers and fruits do not. Even on the lowest physical plane, we find abundant illustrations of this law. The proper carriage, condition, and control of the body are attained only by putting thought and resolution upon them. A lower animal takes a posi-

tion of grace, of dignity, of beauty, by the inherent law of its being; but man takes such a posture only by resisting one or more of his natural tendencies. It is easier to be unkempt, slouchy, and awkward, than it is to form habits of the opposite character. Good habits, in the way of eating, sleeping, and exercising, never come of themselves. We must think about them, and cultivate them with patient care. Even in matters physical, the excellent things come as the reward of intelligence and resolve.

But when we come to examine the intellectual part of our being, and note how the mind is forming habits, the necessity of exercising the will becomes still more apparent. If these intellectual faculties of ours are to work at their best, they must be roused and maintained in an alert condition until the habit of attention is fully formed. Here, as in everything else, birth and circumstances may do a great deal, but they cannot do everything. At great critical seasons, no special effort towards alertness and attention is required. The magnitude and importance of the circumstances in which we are placed give sufficient stimulus for the time being. But in the ordinary affairs of every-day life, where no such stimulus is afforded, the natural tendency is to allow the intellectual energies to stagnate. How easy it is to be stupid; how hard to keep always wide awake!

The principal aim of education, therefore, is to cultivate in the child good mental habits; and to this end he is surrounded by such circumstances and associations as compel him to observe and think. After a

time habits of observation and reflection become fully formed, mental activity becomes a second nature, and the mind responds to the promptings of this acquired nature to such an extent that it becomes easier for it to put forth its energies than to permit them to lie dormant. Those in whom education has made mental activity a necessity go forth into the world better equipped for any and every career.

How much can be done for the mind by the aid of habit, is shown in the remarkable feats of the Houdins, father and son. It was their custom to train the powers of observation by passing one shop window after another, and, with a single glance, attempting to write down all the articles that the window contained. And so expert did they become in time, that a single look enabled them to take in all the objects exposed to view, however many these might be. It was toil, and not magic, that brought about this astonishing result.

In the formation of business habits, also, experience shows that the bad ones come of themselves, while the good ones are developed only by culture. Lax, easy, slipshod methods of working can be acquired without any effort, and, when once formed within us, are apt to become as irreversible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But careful, prudent, and thorough-going methods of work can be established only with pains and toil. How much habit does for the worker, can hardly be overestimated. Every acquired facility that we possess is to be attributed to its agency. A recent visitor to the mills where the bank-note paper is manufactured for the Government,

thus describes the swiftness with which the sheets were examined and counted: "I saw one girl whose motions resembled those of a machine in their accuracy and lightning-like rapidity. My eye could not follow the monotonous, flashing movement of her fingers; yet so delicate and unerring was her touch that every imperfect sheet was instantly detected and dropped." The narrator adds that in this girl he discovered an old schoolmate whose fingers two years before had been as clumsy as his own. It was habit that had given them their dexterity.

Any amount of energy may be expended in the formation of good business habits with the consciousness that it will be amply repaid. What at first is nothing but drudgery becomes through habit a positive pleasure. Good business habits are like so many well trained servants, each one taking from us the strain and anxiety of some particular branch of our work. "The great thing in all education," says a recent writer, "is to make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and to guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the infallible and effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work. There is no more miserable being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects

of express volitional determination. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding or regretting of matters which ought to have been so thoroughly ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all."

The historian Hume declared that the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth more than an income of a thousand pounds a year. But because this habit is a good one, it does not come unsought. The easier course is for one to look always on the dark side of things, and to give way to the "blues." We fall into darkness; we climb into light. The great reason why so many people are unhappy in this world is because they have never made any effort to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness. They have not habituated themselves to face misfortunes and surmount them. Fully half the blessings of life go to waste because human beings have not accustomed themselves to take note of them and appreciate them. To him who makes an effort to enjoy the world as he is passing through it, no day ever dawns that does not afford countless opportunities for satisfaction and delight.

How much habit can do in the way of making a man happy, is shown by that aged prisoner of the Bastile who had so adapted himself to his dungeon that, when released, he prayed to be restored again to the old and familiar confinement. If one, amid such dreary and comfortless surroundings, could find life tolerable, surely there is no earthly lot that will not present pleasant features to him who searches for them patiently and resolutely. Little by little we

may cultivate within ourselves pleasant frames of mind and a disposition to face the future with a cheerful courage; and the habit that thus ensues will not only bring to us strength and influence, but it will also yield us such joys as wealth and kingdoms cannot furnish.

So far as growth in moral character is concerned, our success or failure depends almost entirely on the use we make of our powers of will. It is only as we are strenuous and earnest and self-denying that growth in righteousness becomes at all possible to us. The way to ruin is a down-hill road, and where one is lax and indifferent, he is almost sure to take it. Bad moral habits require no care or culture, but begin to form within us the very moment that our vigilance is relaxed. Where we yield to the solicitations of our lower nature, and decide upon living an easy life rather than a noble one, our doom is sealed; but if we can only accustom ourselves to deciding promptly and firmly for what is wise and right, a future rich with infinite promise opens before us. After the first step in moral living has been taken, habit comes to render the next one easier. In this respect it is like the little garrison that holds the conquered citadel, while the main body of the army is left free to press forward to new victories. In the course of time, the habit of right doing may so grow upon us as to become a second nature, leading us to do the right thing always, instinctively, without a moment's hesitation. Moral results that were realized at first only by dint of the severest effort are then achieved with almost

unconscious automatism. And when one has become so habituated to right action as to make wrong doing a moral impossibility, with joy unspeakable the soul glories in her freedom and her power. Invisible forces seem to wait upon her and set her forward in her lofty flight. Not for her the easy road, the path of self-indulgence. Thrilling with the blissful exhilaration of her moral strength she strains every energy to the utmost, and presses up that straight and narrow way which leads through the storm-cloud to the mountain summit, where the heavens and the earth kiss one another, and where alone the perfect vision and the perfect rest can be secured.

Habits of some kind we must form, whether we wish to do so or not. They are developing in us all the time. If we lie still and do nothing, they grow upon us; but they mature equally when we are busy and energizing with all our powers. If we were stones, we should not stand under this law of necessity; but being human, we are compelled to form habits of one kind or another. The most important question that we can undertake to answer is, What habits will we cultivate, and what ones will we avoid? The critical importance of this question cannot be overestimated. The entire future turns upon the answer that we give to it. After the work of life, with its disciplines, its lessons, and its opportunities, is finished and over, habits are all that remain as our inalienable and eternal possession. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. This law is as constant and as inevitable as the law of gravity. He that allows habits to

mature without thought, without toil, without moral strenuousness, can reap nothing but weeds; but he that is thoughtful, watchful, earnest, self-denying, will reap a harvest, precious, plenteous, and eternal.

If you were building a house in which you knew you would be compelled to live forever, what infinite pains you would expend upon planning it aright and perfecting every detail in its construction! Habits form the soul's eternal dwelling-place. Little by little the structure grows; but when once it is complete, there is no escaping from it: we must abide in it forever.

# VII.

# DRESS.

"From little matters let us pass to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of dress;
The outward forms the inner man reveal,
We guess the pulp before we eat the peel.
One single precept might the whole condense—
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

"To make dress the grand object of life; to think of nothing and talk of nothing but that which pertains to the drapery and artificial ornament of the person, is to transform the trick of a courtesan into amusement for a fool."—*J. G. Holland.*

RESS is as old as Eden and as common as the race. It is a distinguishing mark of the human species. Men and women differentiate themselves from everything that swims or crawls, walks or flies, by the fact that they alone are arrayed in garments. What nature furnishes spontaneously for the lower orders of creation, industry and skill must provide for man. The horse and the dog are supplied with ready-made clothing of a perfect fit, free of all expense; but the great Creator has evidently intended that you and

IN A GARRET.

I shall spend time and thought and strength in solving that most pressing question, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

In assuming garments, man is guided by rational considerations rather than by blind instinct. Instinct, indeed, seems to cast its vote against clothes. The human being upon whom they are placed for the first time instinctively kicks them off as speedily as possible. The reasons which eventually lead him to content himself with going clad are of three kinds, considerations of modesty, of comfort, and of beauty.

To modesty belongs the first place in the moral and also in the historical order. That wonderful story of Genesis, whose main principles are receiving constant confirmation from the discoveries of science, declares that it was modesty which led our first parents to clothe themselves. To this motive considerations of comfort, beauty, and utility must be subordinated. Civilization pays to modesty the highest tribute. Even in climates where the heat is most intense, civilized beings, at their own discomfort, go clothed. Partial nakedness is a sign of barbarism. As we advance from the savage toward the civilized peoples, clothes play a more and more important part in giving satisfaction to the promptings of modesty. It is because the feeling of modesty is so poorly developed among savages that they permit so much of the person to remain exposed.

This indicates the rational ground on which the pulpit has seen fit, from time to time, to deliver invectives against some of our immodest customs in the

matter of dress. The essential principle of modesty is to conceal the person as far as possible; and where dress is so cut as to expose rather than conceal, the inference is irresistible. On this general principle one is compelled to admit that the garment which exposes the person is immodest. But it must be distinctly understood that it is to the dress, rather than to the being who wears it, that the character of immodesty is to be ascribed. Those who adopt the fashion are, generally speaking, as much creatures of their environment as are the natives of Fiji or of the interior of Africa. It never occurs to them to antagonize the custom, the unwritten law, of the set in which they move. They think little about the matter, and have no conscientious convictions upon it. The utmost that criticism can establish, is that they are morally undeveloped rather than morally depraved.

At the same time we must insist that dress which exposes rather than conceals the person, is behind the demands of modesty in this present generation. Not only Christian sentiment but also the convictions of the great majority of the people are against it. At one time it was universally tolerated; but to-day it is advocated and retained only by that small circle which, throughout the course of history, has invariably brought up the rear in every moral reform, the circle of the fashionable aristocracy. It is only a question of time when its immodesty will be universally recognized and it will sink into disuse.

As we advance towards the civilized peoples, we are confronted with a very striking fashion, namely

this, that some of the semi-barbaric Oriental nations seem to exceed us in modesty, inasmuch as their women not only cover the person but also veil the face, leaving only the eyes exposed. A slight acquaintance with the interior social life of these peoples is sufficient to dissipate any ideas that we might feel disposed to entertain concerning their superior purity; and the question is forced upon us, How is it that our advanced civilization deems it no infringement of modesty for the face to be left exposed? The answer undoubtedly is, that the human face is pre-eminently a revealer: it mirrors the thoughts and feelings of the soul within. The face is an open bible, on which the finger of God has written in unmistakable characters this great truth, that man is not simply a living body, but that to all intents and purposes he is a living soul. And whatever reveals this truth, whatever keeps it uppermost in the minds of men, is so subservient to the great interests of modesty that it must be suffered to execute its mission without restraint. To cover up that face which mirrors all that is holiest and divinest in human nature, smacks of immodest pruriency rather than of modest reserve.

Next to the face as an index of character comes the human hand. The custom of having the hand photographed, which is coming into prevalence to-day, rests on a more rational foundation than the mere caprice of fashion. That cast of Abraham Lincoln's hand which has fortunately been preserved to us, gives a suggestion of massive strength and imperturbable resolution, such as well comports with the character of the

man. Nevertheless, because the hand is so far behind the face as a revealer of character, because the expression that it gives to spiritual reality is so imperfect, custom requires that, on the streets and in promiscuous gatherings, it also shall be concealed in gloves. Beyond all question, then, the teaching of modesty is, that any style of dress which calls attention to physical qualities rather than to spiritual, is to be avoided.

A second motive that induces the human being to assume clothes is the consideration of personal comfort. The Persian proverb declares, "It is the same, to him who wears shoes, as if the whole earth were covered with leather." And to him who goes clad in wool, the blasts of winter become genial as spring-zephyrs. So far as intrinsic importance is concerned, personal comfort is to be placed ahead of beauty; but it is very probable that in so doing, the historical order is violated. The undeveloped savage of to-day will make any sacrifice in order to improve his personal appearance. He counts not his comfort dear to himself. Wretched and shivering, he will choose a trinket, a string of beads, a looking glass, in preference to the blanket that would keep him warm. But civilization emphasizes comfort. The intelligence of any individual may be tested by ascertaining whether he seeks first of all to be comfortable or to look beautiful. There need be no conflict between these motives, in deciding what we shall wear. The comfortable house need not be ugly; nor need the comfortable garment offend the most sensitive taste, in color, material, or shape. Indeed, so closely allied are comfort and

beauty, that to speak of the discomforts of fashion, is really to indicate some of the ways in which it has resulted in ugliness. Any fashion that makes human beings uncomfortable tends to make them uncomely also.

As illustrating what I mean, let me remind you of that clear perception of beauty, and that passionate appreciation of all that is beautiful, which characterized the ancient Greeks; let me call your attention to that ideal of female loveliness which they have bequeathed to the world in the Venus de Milo; and let me ask whether the august and queenly beauty of that masterpiece of Phidias does not bring strong, though silent, reproach upon those discomforts of fashion, by which, for generations back, civilized women have been deformed. Out on the Pacific slope, there dwells a race of Indians known as the Flatheads, whose craniums have been distorted through the infernal ingenuity of man. Across the sea from them dwells another race, the Chinese, the feet of whose women have been so compressed from infancy, that a company of Chinese ladies is nothing but a band of ungainly, hobbling, and comparatively useless cripples. And here, on these broad prairies of the West, in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Hudson, on the shores of the great lakes, and among the New England hills, dwells another race, whose women, under a mistaken idea of improving the Divine workmanship, have so laced and distorted their figures, that Phidias would search in vain among them for the counterpart of his masterpiece.

Whence has come the ridiculous idea that where the waist and the feet are concerned, it is smallness rather than symmetry that constitutes beauty? Certainly it has not been derived from the study of nature or the fine arts. It is surely nothing more than a remnant of savagery, a false and pernicious prejudice, which, in the light of our modern ideas, is doomed to extinction. The historian of the future will lift up his hands in horror and surprise at the discovery that intelligent women in this nineteenth century could be so oblivious of the teachings of Greek art, to say nothing of physiology, as to follow customs analogous to those of the "Heathen Chinee" and the Flathead Indian.

To tell of all the atrocities to which the body has been subjected with the idea of enhancing its beauty, would require a volume in itself. There is hardly any part of the person that has escaped mutilation. The skin has been tattooed; the nose, the lips, the ears, have been pierced, and in the openings thus made have been inserted pieces of wood, shell, bone, or metal. The teeth, even, have been filed into various shapes, colored, and decorated with metallic knobs. In short, every conceivable device has been adopted to improve upon nature, with the invariable result of making the human body hideous rather than beautiful. It is well for us to realize whence we derive the custom of interfering with nature's workmanship, and what consequences always proceed from such interference.

For the dress or ornamentation that really beauti-

fies the person, I can express nothing but approval. I believe that God desires us all to become as beautiful as possible. He who at morn and eventide makes the skies a blaze of color; He who stars the meadows in spring with flowers of a hundred hues; He who arrays the autumn woods in glories of crimson and gold, and in winter makes every gaunt branch glitter with incrustation of diamonds, is surely not averse to beauty. The Bible is true to this idea, in representing that, in the great hereafter, the saints shall be arrayed in garments whiter than the snow and more glorious than the light. If our ideas of beauty are to be consulted in the other world, why may they not be consulted in this? If there are no robes or jewels too beautiful for an immortal spirit, why should the followers of Christ make themselves a blotch upon the landscape, and go about in ugliness and drab? Whatever such a course may gain by doing violence to one's vanity, is more than counterbalanced by its tendency to encourage self-righteousness.

Make yourself as beautiful as possible, and have no fears that either your character or your influence will suffer loss. Dress develops taste, observation, judgment, modesty. A becoming dress gives evidence of refined culture; it is an open letter of credit, read and honored by all. It prejudices the world in favor of the cause that you espouse, and paves the way to influence and honor. The first thing we note about an individual is his dress; and our opinion of him begins to form itself accordingly.

Dress, too, has a reactionary influence upon the

character. A pure and modest spirit cannot long be maintained in a body that is foully clad. The woman with a rasping tongue in her head is proverbially "down at the heels." The moral influence of curl-papers—what a theme for a homily! When the hair goes into crimps and tangles, the temper follows suit. Put a child into his Sunday clothes, and he will don his Sunday manners along with them. Blest be the woman whose beautiful dress perpetually radiates sweetness and light throughout the home! When God would develop a set of priests for the ministrations of His tabernacle, He prescribed with rigid exactness every detail of their garments.

Let your dress be as beautiful and becoming as you can make it. You owe this to others as well as to yourself. But at the same time, beware of carrying ornamentation too far. It is possible to gild the sculptor's masterpiece, but the result is far from satisfactory. It is the barbaric mind that revels in adornment. The lady of the Orient carries a fortune on her back. In brilliancy of dress and in profusion of jewelry, she far outshines her sister of the West. She has but one competitor in our Western civilization, the over-dressed creature whose lavish adornment gives evidence of the vulgarity of her mind and the size of her bank account.

The Irishman who was discovered writing a letter in characters an inch or more in length, explained that the missive was intended for his mother, who was afflicted with deafness, and that he wished to "write it loud." There are individuals who prefer to dress in

this way. They proceed on the assumption that humanity is deaf, and they would have their garments and their jewelry loud enough to procure notice. But through thus seeking to attract attention to themselves, they violate not only the principles of taste, but also that principle of modesty which should take precedence of everything in matters of dress. Their notions of beauty are very properly stigmatized as crude and untrustworthy. For the highest beauty is not that which glares and dazzles, not that whose aggressiveness compels attention, but rather that whose quiet, unobtrusive grace waits discovery at the eye of the connoisseur. It is not the leonine sunflower of Oscar Wilde, but the shrinking violet, that moves the sweetest chords in the poet's lyre. "Virtue," says Lord Bacon, "is like a rich stone, best plain set." Talents and graces of mind and heart need no meretricious setting to make the world cognizant of their existence. The true principle was disclosed by Dr. Johnson when he declared that a certain lady must have been well dressed, because he could not remember what she had on. The lady uses dress as an auxiliary, and would feel humiliated to have the world take notice of her wardrobe rather than of herself. Over ornamentation is worse than no ornamentation at all.

Another evil which we do well to avoid is manifest in those who, judged by their dress, appear to reverence no god but Fashion. What Fashion prescribes, they blindly and scrupulously follow. When you think of all that Fashion enjoins, you see how small a mar-

gin is left for the exercise of individual taste and preferences. The size of the foot and of the waist, the material of both dress and ornaments, the styles of garments, hats, bonnets, and shoes, and even the color of the hair are subject to its regulations. When you see people painting, powdering, bleaching, pinching, deforming and behumping themselves, and adopting any discomforts, indecencies, or atrocities that may come with the sanction of Fashion upon them, the picture of human nature that is thus afforded is not a very flattering one. The fashionable world is like a flock of scampering sheep, not one of which has any intelligent or acceptable reason for following the leader.

Now, it is interesting and profitable to enquire who are the leaders of the fashions, and what claim they have upon us, that we should blindly and slavishly follow them? These leaders are sometimes to be found among the *demi-monde* of Paris; sometimes they are popular actresses of whose private life the less that is said, the better; sometimes they belong to the aristocracy of Europe. In nearly every instance, you will find that either the political or the ethical principles of these people are diametrically opposed to your own. You would not for the world follow them in politics, morals, or religion: then why should you follow them in dress?

Fashion is the most arbitrary and autocratic of sovereigns. Fashion takes it for granted that the majority of people are nothing better than children, and must be taught to dress becomingly by blindly

imitating a few self-constituted European preceptors. Fashion maintains a species of tyranny that should be considered more humiliating and intolerable to intelligent Americans than was ever the tyranny of King George III. of England. And I cannot but anticipate the day when rising democratic sentiment here and elsewhere will hurl Fashion from her ancient throne, and inaugurate a new era, in which men and women shall be left comparatively free to consult their own taste and comfort in the matter of dress, without occasioning surprise or ridicule.

That day, however, lies far in the future. For the present, we are compelled to keep more or less close to the fashion-plates, lest we should appear singular. That principle of modesty which governs everything in dress, will not permit us to be so far unconventional and eccentric as to invite the attention of the world to ourselves. No sane minded person can ever be satisfied to give to dress such an ethical importance as to make himself or herself a martyr for its sake. But all the same, there are occasions when we think it well to groan for deliverance from the tyranny of Fashion. Doubtless that deliverance will come by slow degrees, rather than by sudden revolution. The habit of giving more attention to the differences that exist in height, complexion, and figure, and of dressing more with regard to one's own peculiarities than with regard to the prevailing modes, will work steadily towards this emancipation.

The people who are built after the similitude of the round and spreading beech are ceasing to think

that they must dress after the pattern of the Lombardy poplar.

Before leaving this subject, it may be as well to remind you that it is not simply the women who need deliverance from the caprices of Fashion. Far as their dress may go at times in the way of ugliness, it never goes so far as the dress of the men who affect to ridicule it. You will, in your day, see many an artistic attempt at representing masculine beauty; but I venture to say that you will rarely find an artist of any merit attempting to depict it in the conventional evening dress of the gentleman of the period. The "swallow-tail" coat, with its usual accompaniments, peremptorily refuses to lend itself to the investiture of the ideal. Nor, in like manner, will you find many artists daring enough to preserve in marble or on the canvas that crowning atrocity in the attire of the fashionable gentleman of the present, the stiff, the senseless, the ungainly "plug" hat. A statue with that prodigy of ugliness on top of it would reach the height of the ridiculous. Its hard and inartistic lines would prove ruination to the masterpiece of a Titian. The ladies may take it for granted, that if, in their wildest craze for some new style in spring bonnets, they should ever devise anything bearing the remotest semblance to these awful hats of the "lords of creation," the monstrosity would furnish material to the comic papers for the remainder of the century.

Such fashions, of course, have their root in a desire to amplify the person, and give to the onlooker a suggestion of size and power. The philosophical

explanation of the "plug" hat is, that the male of the human species likes to make himself look tall. He also likes to make himself look fierce, a peculiarity which leads him at times to wax the ends of his mustache until they look quite bristling and formidable. The effect, however, is often as ludicrous as that of the hat. A certain soft-hearted and amiable young man who had been invited to tea by a friend, carefully prepared his moustache after this highly approved fashion, and went with his upper lip looking positively murderous, while the rest of his body seemed as peaceful and benignant as a Quaker meeting. During the process of the meal, he was quite disconcerted by the peculiar and furtive glances cast at him from time to time by the youngest daughter of the family. Finally he mustered up courage to ask,

"Little girl, you know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child, following that habit of politeness which she had acquired at the public school.

"Well," said the young man, coloring under the stare of the company, "what makes you look at me so curiously then?"

"'Cause I was just thinking, my kitty's got smellers too!"

Now for a word or two as to that evil in dress which is probably more marked than any other, the evil of extravagance. Sharp lines of demarcation between the rich and the poor, in dress, manners, or anything else, are to be deprecated as foreign to the democratic spirit of our age and country. In a previous

era, the aristocracy were to be distinguished always and everywhere by their dress; but it is to be hoped that the ladies and gentlemen of the future will neither need nor tolerate any such badge. Indeed, we need have little fear that anything of this kind will take place. We are rapidly coming to the conviction that such extravagance in dress as brings one into special prominence is hardly consonant with modesty; while, at the same time, the fact that it tends to absorb the thought of others upon our garments rather than upon ourselves, is humiliating to our pride. Surely no woman who respects herself could be persuaded to wear that bonnet which is said to have been exposed in the shop-window of a Parisian milliner, with this sign accompanying it: "This bonnet to be worn with the mouth slightly open."

The most striking examples of extravagance that we can find to-day are as nothing compared with those which were prominent a few centuries ago. The shoes of Sir Walter Raleigh were covered with diamonds, worth in all some four hundred thousand dollars. Diamonds of an equal value decorated the white velvet suit of George Villiers, and were so loosely fastened to the garment that, by a slight movement of the person, they could be detached and allowed to fall to the ground—to the infinite delight of the crowd that attended the steps of their wearer. When we think of those aristocratic ladies and gentlemen of the past, who decked themselves in all the colors of the rainbow, and flashed like dazzling comets, in rich embroideries of gold and jewels, we

see that the day of this tinsel magnificence has gone, never to return. Our civilization relegates it to the space behind the foot-lights. And yet, when, only a short time ago, the newspapers chronicled the fact, that the wife of a wealthy New York millionaire had invaded Saratoga with two hundred costumes, all of which must be worn by herself during the short summer season, it was difficult to repress the reflection, that the age of foolish display and of reckless extravagance has not completely disappeared. To men and women there are opened up in this world immense possibilities of rising and falling; but seldom do they appear more contemptible than when they degenerate into mere clothes-horses, brainless figure-heads, good for nothing but to display upon their persons the resources of tailors and milliners.

Extravagance in dress is the mark of a low and vulgar soul. When people become conspicuous for squandering their means upon the body, it only indicates to the world that they have no perception of those higher interests to which wealth may be devoted. It is to be taken for granted that where people have gained a perception of the advantages and beauties of culture, they will be more disposed to expend their resources upon the mind than upon the body. But while in many cases there may be no marked expenditure of money upon the dress, there may, nevertheless, be such an extravagant expenditure of time and thought upon it as will in the end prove equally ruinous to the higher interests of the life. The intellectual, social, and religious welfare

suffers through this absorption of interest upon a comparatively unimportant matter. The type of a numerous class is to be found in that young student in one of our seminaries, who, when asked what was to be the subject of her graduation essay, was so intent on other themes that she replied, "Pale blue, trimmed with real lace!" It is to be feared that even the hour of public worship loses its sanctity for many minds, because of their interest in examining the garments and bonnets of the worshippers. Surely if there is any place in which these trivial concerns may be suffered to sink into abeyance; if there is any place in which the part that clothes play in ministering to life should be allowed to pass from sight, in which plain and simple attire is appropriate, that place is the house of God.

Where dress becomes a ruling passion, a main concern of the life, it impedes the way to all higher attainment. To borrow Dr. Holland's forcible figure, how can a woman avoid degeneration, when she sinks into becoming nothing more than her own groom? A society devoted to dress is invariably marked by an absence of refined and ennobling instincts. The critical spirit is allowed to dominate everything else, and jealousy, envy, and back-biting supplant the better feelings of the heart. Surely if sinful spirits must grow jealous and envious of one another, it ought be over something more important than flounces and feathers.

The cure, however, can never be wrought out on purely negative lines, that is, by disparaging dress and

preaching against it. So long as the life is destitute of higher aims and ambitions, questions of physical adornment will inevitably receive an undue amount of consideration. What is needed, is that men and women shall have high domestic, intellectual, political, and spiritual interests, to which such minor matters as those of dress may be subordinated. On the whole, we shall find no better advice than that which Peter gave upon this subject to the ladies of the early Christian churches. He had noticed a tendency among them to devote themselves almost exclusively to the adorning of the person. Hence he intimates to them that there is a higher spiritual beauty which should be made the main concern in their lives; and he says, "Whose adorning, let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The passage does not mean that Christian people are to become ascetics, casting aside gold and jewels and doing violence to their ideals of beauty, and thus making Christianity ugly in the eyes of the world. It means, rather, that they are to seek the spiritual beauty which is so infinitely higher than the physical. It is as if one should say, "Ladies, you wish to be beautiful: then do not devote yourselves to that beauty which can be enhanced by silks and gold alone; devote yourselves rather to that which manifests itself in beautiful thoughts, beautiful affections, and beautiful deeds." This is the highest

kind of beauty, the beauty that is noblest and most enduring, the beauty in which man shows his superiority to the peacock and the woodpecker. Beautiful thoughts and words and actions give a higher pleasure than beautiful forms and complexions. The beautiful mind and heart exert a transfiguring power upon the body, and even make one unconscious in time of the physical defects of those in whom these higher graces have been fostered. Therefore this advice of the Apostle Peter is to be placed among the wisest things ever uttered on the subject of dress.

THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

## VIII.

# MANNERS.

"'I am a gentleman.' 'I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon.'"

—*Shakespeare.*

"Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning and owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

—*Emerson.*

"Subsists no law of life outside of life,
No perfect manners without Christian souls."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

EALOUS as we all are to be spoken of as ladies and gentlemen, it is doubtful whether many of us could define the several qualities on the posession of which a claim to these titles may be founded. I can hardly ask who are the ladies and gentlemen of this modern age, without suggesting some great and radical changes that have taken place almost within the memory of men now living. For the title of gentleman, which is now applicable to so many individuals in all ranks of society, was at one time the prerogative of a limited class. This fact comes out in the

etymology of the word. It is not, as might at first sight be supposed, a compound of gentle and man, but comes rather from that old Latin noun *gens*, which means, race, stock, family. The gentleman was, in the first instance, a man of family, that is, a man descended from people of importance. Even at the present day in France, the word for gentleman, *gentilhomme*, is restricted to signify a descendant of the aristocracy. But in England, and in our own country more especially, this limited signification has long been outgrown. So great has been the progress of democratic ideas that this title, which was originally applicable to the aristocracy only, may now be appropriately given to any deserving son of the people. Following the ancient usage, we continue to speak of the gentleman as a man "of good breeding;" but all the same, we acknowledge that there is no man in the land, be his parentage ever so lowly, who may not earn and receive that highest badge of honor which a republican society can confer, the title of a perfect gentleman.

Whatever may be said about the faults of the aristocracy, it becomes us to remember that through them there has come down to us that ideal of the gentleman which exercises so benign an influence in our lives and times. Before the rise of an aristocratic class in society, the gentleman, as such, was not even dreamt of.

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Such is the conundrum with which the feeble lips of

childhood have been accustomed to confound the mighty men of science. But now science appears to have solved the problem, and is telling such stories of primeval man as might well make John Milton's corpse grow restless in the tomb. Notwithstanding the engaging picture that he has furnished us in the pages of Paradise Lost, it is safe to say that if our primitive ancestor and his guileless consort could present themselves upon our streets to-day, they would be promptly arrested as dangerous characters by the guardians of the public peace. It is to be feared that the ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance Adam had the pleasure of cultivating were little better than savages, roaming in search of food by rivers and seas or through the tangled fastnesses of mighty forests. They had the same amount of good manners as a hurricane or a polar bear. When they feasted, they discarded the embarrassments of etiquette, and helped themselves liberally and hastily; and their toilet was of such primitive simplicity as gave the moralists of the time no scope whatever for descanting on the vanities of dress. In all seriousness, that remote age appears to have been one in which the lower passions of human nature were turned loose, and in which selfishness and ferocity, gluttony and lust, murder and rapine, were the order of the day. The men who with rude weapons of pointed stone waged battle against the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the cave bear, could hardly have been, in the conscious scope and purpose of their lives, so far superior to the creatures that they overcame.

" Noiselessly as the daylight comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek grows into the great sun ;
Noiselessly as the Springtime her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves ; "

thus, silently, steadily, resistlessly, out from the darkness of that awful past has emerged the beauty and refinement of our present civilization. And the principal instrument in ushering in this better day has been the aristocracy. So long as society was all on a dead level, struggling incessantly to maintain a bare existence in this world, there was neither occasion nor disposition to cultivate bows and smiles, gifts and graces, and the various proprieties of modern civilized life. But when, above the struggling masses, an aristocratic class began to erect itself, a congenial soil was afforded for the growth of refinement, grace, and dignity in character and conduct. In this class the wealth of the community was largely concentrated, and with wealth there came leisure, and opportunity for the pursuit of the higher interests and the development of the nobler sentiments. Upon the aristocracy devolved the duty of playing the prominent part in the world's affairs. In council-chamber, at camp-fire and conference and festival, in pageant and ceremony, through travel and converse—in countless ways and by varied experiences, the intellectual and social qualities were called into action. Thus, through long generations, in this class released from the necessity of drudgery and summoned to the constant exercise of sagacity, tact, and decision, the savage qualities became eliminated, and certain feelings, dis-

positions, and facilities were developed, which, in process of time, were recognized as constituting the character of the gentleman. The lady and gentleman of that aristocratic circle gave evidence of their "breeding" not simply in their outward environment, but also by their graceful bearing, their careful attire, their sensitive features, their fine conversation, their carefully modulated voices, their thoughts, feelings, aims, and ambitions. In all those things that are now comprehended under the term manners, they stood at an almost infinite remove from that primitive savage out of whose loins they had sprung.

Of course many exceptions to this rule were to be discovered. There were members of the aristocracy in whom the process of eliminating the animalism from human nature did not make any satisfactory advance. There were "gentlemen" who repeatedly sought a resting place under the table after the wine had been passed, and whose jests ran far across the border-line of propriety. But these cases must be looked upon as exceptional rather than typical. Their own circle regarded them with disfavor. Coarseness was felt to be alien to the aristocratic set, and he who exhibited it stood in danger of losing caste. The nobleman had a very distinct perception of the truth that it was his conduct, rather than his circumstances or possessions, that gave him a claim to the title of gentleman. When King James was asked by a nurse to make her son a gentleman, he replied, "I will make him a baronet, if you will, but no power on earth can make him a gentleman." Notwithstanding its many

faults and shortcomings, it is the aristocracy that has given us a developed code of etiquette, that has instilled into us a fine sense of honor, that has taught us grace, flexibility, and tact, in our dealings with others, and that has quickened within us an appreciation of the refinements and dignities of life. It was among this privileged class that there grew up that conception of the gentleman, that ideal of beauty in character and conduct, which is among the noblest treasures in our heritage from the past.

Hence it is not surprising that when the modern world comes to determine who are ladies and gentlemen, it should go back to this old school of the aristocracy, and lay great stress upon the outward characteristics by which its members were once distinguished. Many things are constantly occurring to remind us that we are still in a period of transition, and that our democratic principles have not yet succeeded in perfectly leavening our thought. Since the gentlemen of the aristocracy were to be distinguished by their dress, their manners, their wealth and leisure, from all the rest of the world, there are many among us who fail to remember the great and radical changes that have already taken place, and who unconsciously keep up the old traditions by regarding the gentleman as the man who has plenty of money, good clothes, and nothing to do. I hardly need remind you that the remnant of the ancient aristocracy which still survives, would be the first to repudiate these crude standards of gentility.

Wealth, in our day, does not argue the posession of

those nobler qualities which were once associated with it. Never has it been so easy for men of small desert to accumulate a fortune within the space of a few years as it is to-day. Wealth even fails to bring with it the leisure and opportunity for cultivating the sunnier side of life, which invariably attached to it in former generations. In many cases the life of the modern millionaire is nothing but a struggle, as intense, as prolonged, as selfish, and as stultifying to the higher instincts, as was the life of the lowest drudge in centuries gone by.

It is said that a certain French marquis, riding out one day on horseback, accosted in a somewhat scornful tone a priest who was jogging contentedly along on a donkey. "Ha, ha, ha! How goeth the ass, good father?" inquired the supercilious marquis. "On horseback, my son, on horseback!" replied the priest blandly. Well, that is frequently the way the ass goes to-day. Honesty and Merit are often compelled to jog along in the humblest manner, while Dr. Quack and the Honorable Mr. Fitz-Noodle ride out on parade. Wealth has long ceased to be a criterion of the gentleman, and men universally acknowledge the truth of the poet's lines.

> "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
> The rest is all but leather or prunella."

In like manner, some commit the mistake of attempting to distinguish the modern gentleman by his dress. His aristocratic predecessor was easily recognized by this outward mark. But now broadcloth

is as common as buckram, and the thief and the harlot ride forth together in kid gloves and immaculate attire. A few centuries ago, when good clothes were almost unknown outside the pale of the aristocracy, the tailor-made gentleman had an easy task to deceive the world. But to-day the sham has been exposed, and this elaborate creature, shorn of his honors, is curtly spoken of as the "gent." The world perceives that he has learned only the first syllable of gentlemanship, and dubs him accordingly. It is safe to say that Beau Brummel would knock in vain for admission to our best American homes. The very boys on the streets would poke fun at him.

Another mark of the gentleman of a former age has ceased to be available, namely, the peculiarity of having nothing to do. When the aristocracy was pre-eminently and almost exclusively the leisured class; when all the more irksome tasks of the community might be deputed to slaves and underlings, the gentleman was to be recognized by the fact that he held himself aloof from labor. John Randolph's negro valet gave expression to the current idea when, on seeing a dog and a sheep churning together in England, he exclaimed: "Marse John, I nebber did see such a country as dis in all my life. Everything works here; man work, woman work, child work, horse work, sheep work, dog work—everything work 'cept 'tis de hog; he do nothin'; he be de gentleman!" From the fact that the gentlemen of the aristocracy refrained from work, it was only a step to the conclusion that work is menial, degrading, ungentlemanly.

Our English cousins are still so fettered by this ancient prejudice that whenever they attempt to differentiate the gentleman, they draw the line at shopkeepers. To-day, however, men are asserting a long forgotten and much needed truth, that of the dignity of labor; and they are emphasizing it to such an extent that he who does no work for the upbuilding of society is looked upon with suspicion. John Randolph's valet thought the hog the gentleman among animals; but the rising generation will brand the elegant idler as the hog among men. A life of self-indulgence and indolence is now recognized as ignoble and unmanly. It is felt that the real gentleman will care enough for his fellows to work for their prosperity. The spirit of the age is reaching forth an ennobling hand to men whose clothes are covered with the marks of toil; nor is it an idle prophecy to declare that the day is coming when the smutch of black across the laborer's face will be deemed no more of a disgrace than if it were a powder-mark on the face of some heroic general. It will simply signify to all beholders that the man who bears it has been contributing his mite toward the progress of civilization and the upbuilding of the race. The most significant victory of the ages is that which is now being won by those working classes, who, until the present time, have been compelled to take so inferior a place in the estimation of the world. That victory is assured; and he is the wise man who anticipates it and adjusts himself to the future. So far from work being held to be a disgrace, the first criterion of the gentleman of the days to

come will be that he is a worker. He who does not work will have to forfeit all claim to the title.

We cannot distinguish the ladies and gentlemen of the present by their wealth, dress, or leisure; but when we attempt to discriminate them by their manners, we all feel that we are taking higher ground. The gentleman of the old school, with his powder and ruffles, his stiff and stately airs, and his elaborate compliments, would surely be a Rip van Winkle in our modern world. And yet we feel that his courtliness, his deference, and his unconscious dignity must have their equivalents in the gentleman of to-day. The form changes but the spirit is conserved. Just as, in the progress of the world, certain plants and animals have been developed within some most favorable locality only to subsequently overspread vast districts; just as that religion which was fostered and perfected in Palestine is rapidly disseminating itself throughout the earth; so that ideal of behavior which was developed among the wealthy and leisured aristocracy, is being held up to the admiration and imitation of the masses. And so general is the ambition to realize it, so confident is the assurance that it is being realized, that one of the most rankling criticisms we can pass upon the conduct of a fellow-man is to declare that he is not a gentleman.

And surely this ambition to realize the beautiful in all our acts and words is deserving of the highest commendation. To aim at conquering our own awkwardness, rudeness, and boorishness, is as noble as to aim at conquering an empire. "A beautiful behavior,"

says Emerson, "is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." Great is the artist who struggles and succeeds in realizing upon the canvas that divine idea which burns within his soul; but greater is he who, by patient and well-directed efforts, succeeds in realizing the beautiful in himself. Fortune may deny us wealth and culture and accomplishment, and nature may have given to us homely faces and forms; but it is within our power so to act and live as to produce upon all beholders a sensation of beauty greater than was ever awakened by statue of Phidias or fresco of Michael Angelo.

But to-day I fear we are disposed to subordinate the higher considerations of beauty to the meaner ones of utility. We think rather of the profit to which good manners may be turned than of their intrinsic worth. Our ideas are moulded after Lady Montagu's famous assertion, "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." Hence we retail anecdotes of the results that pleasing manners have accomplished in the past. Did not they win for George IV. the title of "The First Gentleman of Europe," although he could hardly write his own name, and furnished as much material for scandal as any historical personage in the annals of the English people? Was is it not his air and manner, quite as much as anything else, that won for John Churchill the title of Duke of Marlborough? The speaker with a good manner always commands the attention of his auditors; the clerk with a pleasing address ingratiates himself with the customer, and sells

the largest quantity of goods; and other things being equal, it is the maiden of finest breeding that succeeds in effecting the speediest and most promising matrimonial alliance. Manner wins the day always, on the platform, behind the counter, or in the affairs of love. Whitefield's manner was so potent that it is said he could move an audience to tears by simply crying "Mesopotamia!" Garrick, the actor, said, "I would give a hundred guineas if I could say 'Oh!' as Whitefield does." Fenelon was so winning in address that Lord Peterborough said he had to run away from him to prevent the French divine from making him a Christian. The story of John Wilkes, the English demagogue, reads like a romance. So repulsive was he in personal appearance that the keeper of a lottery office once offered him ten guineas not to pass the window while the tickets were drawing, lest his ugliness should bring ill luck upon the house. Yet Wilkes boasted that with half-an-hour's start, he could eclipse any man, however handsome, in obtaining the favor of any lady in the kingdom. So fascinating was his manner that even gruff old Doctor Johnson, after spending an evening with him, confessed, "Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman." And George III, who had previously smarted under Wilkes's stinging invectives, acknowledged that he had never met so well bred a Lord Mayor.

Good manners are like keys of gold that open hearts and homes and pocket-books the wide world over; but a bad address is apt to nullify the noblest

motives and bring the most honorable cause into disrepute. Some men will ask you to join the church in a way that makes you wish to knock them down upon the spot; while others will invite you into a saloon with such grace and cordiality that you have to struggle to say no.

All that is said as to the potency of good manners is undoubtedly true; but it is to be feared that our constant preaching upon this topic tends to subvert the very ends which that preaching has in view. For when the emphasis is placed upon manner, people naturally endeavor to acquire it, rather than the living principle from which it grows. They make the book of etiquette a bible, and instead of developing a beautiful manner, only school themselves into airs and affectations. The hypocrisy that lurks in all this is readily detected, and one frequently hears the criticism that the manners of certain individuals are "put on." The ass may don the lion's skin, but the ears and the bray reveal the impostor. The chafing of the world wears away any veneer at length, and the most consummate actor cannot always be counterfeiting nature.

> "The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
> His want in forms, for fashion's sake,
> Will let his coltish nature break
> At seasons through the gilded pale."

When people say that a certain individual can be a gentleman when he chooses, they are simply indicating the fact that he is not a gentleman at all, but that he can play that role when it suits his purpose to do

so. One of the most caustic criticisms ever passed upon an English statesman was put into this sentence, "Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time."

A man's manners should be as much a part of himself as the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose. They ought to grow up from within, rather than be put on from without. Good manners must come to the individual as they came to the race, by a process of development. Away down in the heart there are the living germs of politeness which, with culture, will develop into beautiful living. This truth has been recognized by the wisest teachers of the race. Sir Philip Sidney declares that the essential character of the gentleman consists in having "high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesie." Thackery asks, "What is it to be a gentleman?" and answers, "It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner." Sydney Smith looks on manners as nothing but "the shadows of virtues." And Tennyson puts the truth thus:

> "Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

Indeed, one might instance that highest authority of all, whom Dekker, the old English dramatist, entitles, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed,"—Jesus Himself, who, in delineating the ideal man, places all the stress of His injunction on having the heart right, while He says not a word as to what is counted

"good form" in the circle of the "upper ten." In acquiring a beautiful manner, the first thing to be done consists in determining what is that inner principle from which, as from a living germ, are developed dignity and deference, a high sense of honor and winning and gracious courtesy. To put the truth in a single sentence, it is regard or respect for persons as such—respect for yourself as a person and respect for others as persons—that goes to constitute the character of the lady and gentleman of to-day. Our modern conditions give this principle a somewhat different manifestation from that which it had in a former time; but the principle itself remains the same. The democratic gentleman of to-day is recognized as the spiritual child of the aristocrat who preceded him.

The true lady or gentleman is always distinguished by a sensitive and unconquerable self-respect. In former days this self-regard arose largely out of class-distinctions which do not now prevail. The aristocrat who played a leading part in the world's affairs could not help feeling that he was somebody, and that he was entitled to deference from others. But in our modern world men and women respect themselves not so much for the prominent part they take in society as for their inalienable characteristics as men and women. The ground of self-respect is not the accident of birth but the fact of humanity.

Self-respect of this sort is among the noblest qualities that one can possess. He that has it enters into the spirit of the aristocratic gentleman of old, and

acts as if he were descended from a royal race and felt himself to be kingly. Self-respect lies at the root of all dignity; it prevents politeness from degenerating into puppyism. It differs in the most marked manner from self-conceit. The conceited man lays emphasis on certain desirable characteristics that he conceives to be peculiar to himself—his wealth, his lineage, his beauty of person, his intellectual cleverness, his ease of manner, his culture and accomplishments. He prides himself on the possession of things which others have not, or cannot have. And so he is always contemptible,—a snob, a coxcomb, a braggart, a prig. Self-respect, on the contrary, prides itself on the possession of those things which it holds in common with every human being,—on the matchless and inexpressible worth of simple manhood.

He that is rooted and grounded in this respect for himself as a person, will manifest it in all his doings. Even such a trivial matter as dress will not be counted immaterial. A careless and slovenly attire is never consonant with a sensitive respect for oneself. If there is anything in the world that it is worth your while to keep clean, surely it is yourself. The lady cannot be tempted to wear a costly and attractive dress over garments that are cheap, common, or unwashed; her own exquisite self-respect imperatively prohibits it. Nor can the gentleman condescend to do anything for mere display. He will not dress that others may see his good clothes, nor will he build a house or maintain an equipage for others to admire. His self-respect demands that things shall be used as the accom-

paniments of himself rather than himself as the adjunct of things. He recognizes that in himself there is something worth more than clothes, carriage, and estates, all put together. He does the fitting thing at all times because it is the fitting thing, and not because he wishes thereby to ingratiate himself with the public. He cannot condescend to angle for compliments.

Self-respect of this sort culminates in that sense of honor which has always been a mark of the true gentleman, and which effectually prohibits him from doing anything dishonest or mean. It finds expression in the reply of that boy who, when solicited to do some dishonest act on the ground that nobody would be there to see, replied, "But I should be there to see, myself." Self-respect takes offense at the barest insinuation of dishonor. When the Duke of Wellington was offered half-a-million to divulge some unimportant state secret, the keeping of which was of no material advantage to the Government, he enquired of the individual who desired to bribe him, "Are you quite sure you can keep a secret?" "Certainly." "Then so can I," replied the Duke, bowing his visitor out of the room.

Where a man has learned to respect himself simply on the ground of his humanity, he will naturally be led to respect his fellows for the same reason. In his dealings with others the gentleman of old was largely influenced by questions of rank and social position which do not now obtain. Sir Walter Raleigh, flinging his costly cloak into the mud for Queen Elizabeth

to step on, gives a typical picture of the way in which the courtly aristocrat conducted himself toward those of his own or of a higher rank. He respected his queen; he did not respect his washerwoman. If in his dealings with those of a lower class he exercised a courteous manner, his politeness was prompted more by regard for his own position than by regard for them. The nobleman felt that it was incumbent upon him to act nobly, a principle which embodied itself in the law of *noblesse oblige*. George Washington, who was to all intents and purposes a gentleman of the old school, promptly returned the salute of a colored man, and explained his action by saying that he would not suffer himself to be outdone in courtesy by a negro. He thought more of himself than he did of the negro.

The gentleman of this modern age, however, goes considerably farther, and respects every man for the sake of his manhood. As he comes into the presence of human beings, he feels and acts as if something better than dogs or cattle were before him. He instinctively adjusts himself to that immortal personality whose value is so inconceivable, infinite. Robert Burns voiced the modern idea when, after saluting a rough farmer on the streets of Edinburgh, he replied to the companion who reproached him for this excess of courtesy, that it was "not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunders boot-hose" that he spoke to, "but the man that was in them." And true to these principles Burns sang with intense and fervid enthusiasm those lines that have vitality enough in them to live on for centuries to come:

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that."

Out of this sincere respect for man as man come that deference and courtesy which have always been held essential to the character of the gentleman. Sir Philip Sidney takes rank as the model gentleman of modern times because, when mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, he hands the cup of water which is given him to quench his dying thirst, to the soldier who lies helpless and suffering at his side, with the simple explanation, "He needs it more than I." Sir Ralph Abercombie plays the gentleman when, finding under his head the blanket of a private soldier, which had been placed there to ease him in his last moments, he enquires, "Whose blanket is this?" "Duncan Roy's." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," was the reply, and Sir Ralph died without its comfort. Arnold, of Rugby, is heralded to the world as the model Christian gentleman, in the words of that poor old creature whose cottage he had just visited: "Why," exclaimed the delighted crone, "he talked to me as if I were a lady!" The Duke of Wellington revealed a similar spirit when he made room for a poor man to kneel beside him at the altar-rail, and whispered, "All are equal here." And Napoleon at St. Helena, evidenced the feelings of a gentleman, when, on meeting a laborer with a heavy burden, he stepped graciously aside from the narrow path, and said to his companion who seemed disinclined

to follow his example, "Respect the burden, Madame; respect the burden!"

Where maners are the outcome of a sincere regard for others, they are not likely to change when outward circumstances alter. The gentleman is quite as much a gentleman in the privacy of his own home as when before the public. He is as studious of the feelings of others when speaking to his own servants as when conversing with kings. To find out whether a man is a gentleman at heart, you have only to learn how he treats his wife, his children, his dependents. To discover whether a woman is a lady, find out how she acts toward those whom the world regards as her inferiors. Is she gracious, courteous, studious of their feelings? Then she is probably a genuine lady. But does she delight to snub them, to mistreat them, to make them conscious of their inferior position? Then may you be certain that she is not a lady at all, but only some common creature whom the chance of the day has suddenly lifted into refined and wealthy surroundings. A real lady would as soon think of cutting off her right hand as of slighting a poor acquaintance on the street.

Lord Chatham gave a very apt definition of politeness by saying that it is simply "benevolence in small things." If you try to please and benefit others by being mindful of the little things that minister to their comfort and gratification, you will unconsciously become polite. We have the word of no less an authority than Michael Angelo himself, that in the fine arts "trifles make perfection, and pefection is no

trifle." It is this sensitive regard for what might be considered minute and unimportant things that marks the accomplished gentleman. He takes no liberties, plays no practical jokes, passes no witticism at your expense, speaks not of his wealth in the presence of those who are poorer than himself, and refrains from urging his opinions upon those to whom he knows they are distasteful. Some will ask, with the best intention in the world, how it comes that you are wearing crape; others will reveal their consciousness of this fact only by sympathetic tones of the voice and the careful avoidance of such topics as might jar upon you in your bereavement.

Make it your constant study to minister to the happiness of others. Think of them rather than of yourself. Love will teach you the secret of a behavior more beautiful than that of princes. You may find your first attempts at politeness like your first attempts at walking, distinguished more for awkwardness and failure than for anything else. But practice makes perfect. Practice in the effort to adapt ourselves to others brings in the end that sure and sensitive tact, which, like the skilled hand of the accomplished artist, makes every trifling touch contribute to the beauty of the general effect.

# IX.

## SELF-CULTURE.

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

—*Dyer.*

"Learning may be got from books, but not culture. It is a more living process, and requires that the student shall at times close his books, leave his solitary room, and mingle with his fellow-men."

—*J. C. Shairp.*

"The love of study is in us the only eternal passion. All the others quit us in proportion as this miserable machine which holds them approaches its ruin."—*Montesquieu.*

GREAT as are the advantages of that intellectual training which is furnished by our higher schools and colleges, it must not be supposed that culture cannot be obtained outside their walls. The emphasis which has been placed on the assistance that others can render you in the matter of education, needs to be offset by laying equal, if not greater, emphasis on the work that each one of you can do for himself. Gibbon, the historian, declared, "Every man who rises above the common level receives two edu-

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cations: the first from his instructors; the second, the most personal and important, from himself." And Sir Walter Scott, following this line of thought, said, "The best part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself." In this chapter, therefore, our attention is to be directed to that part which each one of us should take in the development of his own mental powers.

In dealing with self-culture, we have to consider a range of activity that is peculiar to man as distinct from the lower animals. For no lower order of being has the power of changing its disposition or character. You cannot conceive of a cat as sitting down and meditating thus: "I am hardly as intelligent or imaginative a cat as I might be and ought to be, and therefore I will immediately adopt means for my own self-improvement." The supposition is absurd. The lower animal takes no part in its own education. As nature and circumstances make it, it must remain. But man is never entirely dependent upon his surroundings, and possesses at all times the ability to perceive his own deficiencies, and to shape himself towards the realization of ideal ends.

This is what we understand by self-culture in its broadest sense: it is that change for the better in the physical, intellectual, and moral man which he effects by his own agency. It includes the development of heart, conscience, and character, as well as that of the mind. Yet the ordinary usage restricts the meaning of the word almost entirely to the development of the intellectual powers. When we speak of a man as cul-

tured, we are not supposed to imply anything as to his social affections or his moral character; we understand culture to refer only to the increased beauty and efficiency that have been given to the intellectual life. For our present purpose, it will be just as well to confine ourselves to culture in this limited sense.

Well, when we wish to acquire anything in this world, it is always a help to define to ourselves exactly what we desire. If, as is the fact, the great majority of people do not know what they wish, can you wonder that they do not get it? To define the object of our desire to ourselves, will very probably suggest the means by which it may be acquired. What, then, are we to understand by this culture which we are all so anxious to possess? What are the marks by which the cultured mind may be distinguished from all others?

We have to do a little negative work at the outset, by declaring that true culture is a very different thing from those superficial accomplishments which play so prominent a part in the fashionable education of to-day. In most cases such conventional accomplishments are all on the surface, and are only used, like thin veneer, to cover up the baser quality of the mind beneath. A little smattering of music and drawing, a superficial acquaintance with the great names in science, art, and literature, an affectation of rapture over beauty in form, color, or expression, do not constitute culture. One may be able to sing and play and dance acceptably, and even to read French novels and Italian sonnets, and yet have a mind almost as un-

couth and barren as that of a savage. Douglas Jerrold tells us that he once knew a man who could speak twenty-four different languages, but could not say a sensible thing in any one of them. When Sydney Smith was told that a few deer were essential to the appearance of his lawn, he tied antlers to his donkeys' heads, and stood them in front of the house. The effect of much of our modern training is not less grotesque: the antlers tower aloft with imposing grace, but the body and ears remain those of an ass! If it is the mission of culture to turn the ass into something presentable, we may be sure that the transformation will not stop short at the ears. True culture must reach all the way from sole to crown; it must go clean through the mind. The man who has it cannot well lose it without losing himself. It is not to be dropped off, or forgotten like some little accomplishment; it is an integral part of the self, and abides forever. Culture may be useful for dress-parade; but its chief value lies in the satisfaction and enrichment that it brings to the life of him who possesses it.

How, then, may the cultured mind be distinguished from all others? In two ways,—by the quality of its intellectual taste or appetite, and by the quality and quantity of its intellectual products.

If you can discover a man's intellectual appetite, it will go a long way toward indicating the degree of culture that his mind has received. What plays, poems, companionships, interest and delight him? Does he admire a brown china dog and pass by "The Greek Slave?' Does his taste incline toward the Gospel

Hymns, or toward the creations of Barnby, Dykes, and Sullivan? Does he prefer "Peck's Bad Boy" to "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice," and spend his nights over "Bloody Eye, or the Wild Squaw of the Sierras," while "David Copperfield" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" lie untouched at his elbow? *De gustibus non disputandum!* You can't dispute as to matters of taste, but neither can you help drawing your inference.

In Dante's description of his journey to the infernal regions, he tells us how, at one juncture, the monster Cerberus guarded the way, and refused to let the strangers pass until the poet's escort had flung a handful of earth into the rapacious creature's mouth. There are minds whose appetite is no more discriminating than that hungry maw of Cerberus which could be satisfied with a handful of common dirt. But where culture has been received, the mind disdains everything that is common or unclean. Its taste has been chastened to select and appropriate only those things that are most worth knowing. From the great mass of facts that are passed under its experience; from that incessant mental stream which washes up upon the shores of consciousness all kinds of objects,—sand and pebbles, things unsightly and grains of gold,—the cultured mind selects only the most valuable and discards the remainder.

We have an example of this in the manner in which the trained intellect seeks for truth and appropriates it at all costs. Even where former opinions have to be given up and cherished theories are involved in

overthrow, the man of culture always acts as if he perceived that the truth is the pearl of great price, the most valuable of all intellectual possessions. But where the mind is destitute of culture, or has received it only in an imperfect degree, the truth is commonly compelled to knock loud and long before a welcome is accorded it, and not infrequently it is driven from the door with insolence and upbraiding. For, as we have already seen, the opinions of the average mind are little more than prejudices which have been allowed to grow up in the line of a man's own predilections. He believes just what he wishes to believe. He assumes that his business is an honorable one, that his character is unimpeachable, that his village is without a peer, that his political party is invariably in the right and its opponents invariably in the wrong, that his nation is the greatest on earth, and that his own particular sect presents the one pure type of Christianity that exists upon the earth. "The narrow-minded man," say the Japanese, "looks at the heavens through a reed." That is what the uncultured man is always doing—forever looking at the truth through the narrow reeds of his own personal preferences, forever fastening his eyes upon some single point of the great firmament, and maintaining that he sees it all. Now, it is the mission of culture to remove these reeds of prejudice from our eyes that we may perceive the truth in its entirety, measureless and majestic as that infinite dome of the sky which grows lustrous with the light of unexplored and countless worlds. It is the mission of culture to cast out the demons of pre-

judice from the mind, that when the truth comes a-knocking, it may find an open door. It is the mission of culture to teach men that truth is the pearl of great price for which they may well part with all their intellectual preposessions.

Hence I say that one of the marks of the cultured mind is its zest or appetite for the truth. You may remember the story of the automatic bee, which was so skillfully contrived that, in appearance, movements, and buzzing, it could not be distinguished from the living prototype. When the genuine bee and the automato had been placed side by side upon the table, it puzzled even the scientists to determine which was which, until one of them resorted to the expedient of placing a drop of honey between the two, whereupon the live bee made straight for the honey, while the counterfeit continued to buzz and walk about as unconscious as before. True culture, in like manner, may always be distinguished from the counterfeit by virtue of the fact that it makes straight for the truth. Of two individuals who seem to be equally well informed and equally polished, he is the cultured man who soonest detects the truth, and relinquishes his prejudices to meet its requirements. But where the truth is rejected, it becomes painfully evident that the mind has not been trained into the habit of selecting what is most worth keeping and discarding the rubbish.

The more you compare the cultured with the uncultured mind, the more clearly will you perceive that the great difference between the two lies rather in the

quality than in the quantity of the knowledge possessed by them. Both minds are full; but the one is filled with precious material, and the other with trash. The one is satisfied with the petty gossip of a babbling village, while the other contemplates the story of the creation and the history of the race. The one is eager to discover what the next-door neighbor is doing; the other revolves those great problems of thought, which, from the days of Moses and Plato, have been the stimulus and food of every noble spirit. The one mind may have as strong a desire of knowledge and as retentive a memory as the other; but the cultured mind is ennobled above its fellow, because it is stored with the more excellent material.

Raw material, however, is to the mind just what it is to the manufacturer. It has little value until it is worked up into something for use or beauty. Hence we have a second mark by which the cultured mind is distinguished from all others, namely, the quantity and quality of its manufactured products. The mind is a builder always and everywhere; but out of the same materials one mind will build a hovel, and the other a palace. On the same soil one will grow weeds, and another will bring forth harvests. Some are but reproductions of Wordsworth's Peter Bell:

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

Others, again, find

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

One sees in the fall of an apple nothing but the incident itself, whereas a Newton, as the story goes, arrives through this meagre event at that great law of gravity which holds the physical universe together.

Where the quality of the manufactured product is kept up to the standard, the quantity produced gives a valuable indication of the degree of culture the mind has received. Some think slowly and with toil; others, with ease and rapidity. Some are like children learning to play the piano, who make mechanical music with great show of effort and contortion; others are like the skilled musician, whose fingers, wandering over the keys in apparent aimlessness, draw forth the richest harmonies. Some minds have to be pumped vigorously in order to bring up the crystal stream of thought, while others are like perennial fountains, abating not for frost or drought. The finished result of culture is seen in those intellects that, like artesian wells, pour forth a constant and copious stream of wisdom, wit, and beauty. To this class belong the prolific minds of literature—Plato, Shakespeare, Bacon, Goethe. Of such was the mind of Jesus, whose rich and transcendent thought has given delight and stimulus to men during all these intervening centuries.

If we have now arrived at a definite idea of what culture really is, we may proceed to answer the practical question that naturally arises, namely, How shall we train our minds so that they will instinctively choose the most precious materials and easily convert these into finished and beautiful products? Certainly,

one cannot receive culture of this kind without desiring it so intensely as to be willing to make many sacrifices for its attainment. If we seek it simply for show, or for the gratification of our own personal vanity or ambition, or as an instrument in the accumulation of wealth, it is doubtful whether we shall ever obtain it. Until we have that disinterested longing to know the truth, which lies at the very foundation of all noble intellectual living, we are likely to remain blinded by prejudice, vanity, and love of self. But when once we perceive that culture is a valuable thing in itself; when we come to desire it more than wealth, luxury, or display, the way becomes comparatively easy to us. Then every day will contain something for our profit; life will become a training school, and all its experiences will prove our teachers. In love or war, in work or leisure, in busy street or open field, the process of furnishing and invigorating the mind will move steadily forward. On us there is laid the necessity of co-operating with the Power that is leading us through these experiences; but the rules for us to follow are few and simple.

1. In the first place, there must be attention. In the ordinary experiences of life, the mind is apt to doze; it must now be stirred up, and persistently kept awake. This cannot be accomplished without a sustained and vigorous effort of the will, though certain accessory measures may be found of great assistance. We must not overlook the fact that the mind is affected by bodily conditions as well as by the nature of our surroundings. A full habit of body may interfere

with mental brightness, in which case the old maxim of "plain living and high thinking" will be found wise and serviceable. On the other hand, where the body is enfeebled and the vitality is at a low ebb, it will generally be discovered that whatever conduces to vigor of health tends to promote vigor of thought.

Then, also, we may derive great help in forming this habit of attention by choosing some subject in which we are naturally interested. If a boy happens to be more partial to jack-rabbits than to vulgar fractions, he is the wise teacher who can make the jack-rabbit a text-book for the time being, and train the boy's intelligence thereby. Should you find yourself so interested in the latest Paris fashions that you cannot think for two consecutive minutes upon the age of Pericles, you might compromise a little by directing your study to the subject of woman's costume in ancient Greece. And if you despair of ever collecting material for an essay on the evolution of the horse, try your abilities at preparing a discourse on the evolution of the bonnet. Anything, everything, for the sake of riveting the attention! You will find the lesson hard enough to master, even after making it as easy and as simple as you can. An aged clergyman once advised a sleepy parishioner to take a pinch of snuff just before the sermon, in order to keep himself awake. But the layman retorted that it would serve equally well if the divine would put the snuff into his sermon. Both were right in a measure. Whatever is interesting naturally holds the attention; but at the

same time, the mind is sure to weary of even the most interesting subjects at length, and the intelligence becomes distracted, unless rigorously held to its work by an effort of the will.

I dwell upon this subject because without the habit of attention no progress can be made in the intellectual life. Old Dr. Emmons used to say that the successful student was the one who could look at the point of a cambric needle for fifteen minutes without winking. That is how they made theologians in those old days, and the finest points were not slighted in theological enquiry. No less an authority than Sir William Hamilton declares: "The difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of a Newton consists principally in this, that the one is capable of more continuous attention than the other." When you can hold the mind steadily upon one subject, notwithstanding lassitude, fatigue, and everything that tends to dissipate the interest, you have mastered the fundamental lesson in education.

2. Then must come the gathering of materials, first of all through observation. The great majority of people go through the world with their eyes half-closed. In the primers we read, "What are eyes for? To see with. What are ears for? To hear with"—and we straightway go and forget the lesson. You will not make any mistake in keeping both eyes and ears open as you go through this world. For the primary means of culture are not printed books, as we might at first suppose, but rather the volumes that have never been put into paper and type—the great

book of nature, the magnificent volume of the mind within, and that massive one of the world without. He who can read this unwritten literature aright is above the need of printed volumes. Culture reached its high-water mark in ancient Greece, centuries before the printing-press was dreamt of. Homer knew nothing of books, yet he wrote that immortal epic which became the very bible of classic training. Plato and Shakespeare were not bookish men, yet they lived the intellectual life in all its fullness and beauty. You may read great books, but the unprinted ones are always greater. If you disregard these unwritten volumes which form the primary means of culture, you will grow artificial and pedantic, and your best friend will by and by begin to excuse your lack of adaptability to a practical world, by whispering that you are a book-worm or a blue-stocking.

You should see as much of the world as you can, both at home and abroad. You need to travel. You should, if possible, visit the great works of nature in which this country abounds. Spend some time at the sea-shore; make a point of seeing, in the interior, the caves, the waterfalls, the mountains. Visit the large cities, the manufacturing communities, the great farms, the stock ranges, the wild West. Spend as much time as you can in the museums, art-galleries, colleges, and libraries. Do not neglect to hear the great actors, musicians, orators. Keep your eyes and ears open to all that is beautiful and worthy of remembrance. See and hear the very best.

As you accumulate materials from the world out-

side, fail not from time to time to turn your attention inward, and to note that great world of thought, feeling, imagination, and desire, which like a restless sea goes through its ceaseless transformations. To look in upon the soul in its formative period, is like gazing upon the primitive matter of the universe at the time when, out of the seething chaos, planet after planet began to come forth in ordered beauty. You will find in the human soul things as beautiful and mysterious as any that are to be seen in nature. You will discover there laws as fixed and unalterable as those that condition the physical universe. From such observation of the inward world you will derive peculiar benefit. For though this kingdom of the soul is more accessible than any other, though it costs but little time and no money to travel in it, though it has never failed to furnish delight to every diligent explorer, it is nevertheless the one region with which men seem least familiar.

Know thyself. He that unveils his own motives and finds the key of his own heart, understands all peoples and discovers the secret of all history. Without observation of the outward world, our thought inevitably grows hazy; without observation of the inward world, it inevitably becomes shallow.

3. Along with your observation there will naturally go a considerable amount of reading. For you will certainly be sufficiently interested in the things you see to read about them. The physical scientists, the poets, the artists, will aid you in observing the works of nature; and history will more than double

your interest in the works of man. After looking at a mummy in the museum, you will read of ancient Egypt with renewed satisfaction; and should you visit Cambridge, you will naturally dip into the works of Lowell, Holmes, and Longfellow. In the study of the human soul, some good work on psychology will answer for a guide-book; but the master minds in fiction will be found invaluable for giving you an insight into motive and character.

Thus we get at the true idea of a book. A book simply tells you how some great mind has conceived of nature, of man, or of God; and the object of reading is, that there may be reproduced in your own mind the processes which went on in the mind of the author. Books should lift us to the level of those that wrote them, and make us see with their insight and "think their thoughts after them."

In this connection let me warn you against a mistake which nearly everybody who does a fair amount of reading is liable to make, the mistake of supposing that the more you read, the more cultured you will become. You might as well hold that the more a man eats, the stronger and healthier he will grow. It is just as bad for the mind to read too much as it is for the body to be overfed. There are intellectual gluttons, we must remember, who absorb more than they can digest, and whose minds are absolutely too full to think. If you exhaust your intellectual energies in the primary processes of observation and reading, you will resemble the manufacturer who expends all his capital on the purchase of raw material, and finds at last

that he has none left for the running of his establishment. The mind is a factory, rather than a storehouse; and until the raw material is worked up through the processes of comparison and reflection, it has but little worth. The object in reading is not that our minds may become crammed with the opinions of other men, but rather that we may be aided in forming opinions for ourselves.

4. Hence I insist upon the necessity of thought. As you see, hear, read, do not hesitate to question, to make comparisons, and to enquire into causes. It is in this way that scientists, poets, and philosophers are made; and surely one can hardly make good his claim to culture without being something of a poet or a philosopher himself. You will undoubtedly do a great deal of bungling work at first; but even bungling work is better than no work at all. When Herbert Spencer tells of the English squire whose only classification of animals was "game, vermin and stock," we cannot repress a smile; and yet from such efforts, continued and improved upon from generation to generation, there develops at last a Cuvier or an Agassiz.

As you travel, compare other communities and nations with your own. What are the resemblances, and what the differences? What are the relative points of superiority and inferiority? What are the causes of the physical, mental, and social phenomena that come under your observation? If you will only keep your mind busy in such work as this, there can be no doubt that you will make intellectual progress. It is

just this process of patient thought that has led in the past to the most noble of intellectual achievements. Sir Isaac Newton declared that he had discovered the system of the universe "by continually thinking upon it." Galileo was led to discover the pendulum through noticing the swinging of the lamp that hung from the ceiling of the cathedral at Pisa. A spider's web stretched from one flower to another in his garden, suggested to Sir Samuel Brown the idea of the suspension bridge across the Tweed.

The great geniuses of the world have been accustomed to ascribe all their intellectual triumphs to hard work. We very properly insist that, notwithstanding all their modest assertions to the contrary, something besides hard work has gone into the making of their fame and influence. But still nothing can be more certain than this, that wherever you meet a finished product of the mind, somewhere, at some time, in some way, hard work has been spent upon it. What seem to come forth as the most brilliant spontaneous efforts, owe their brilliancy and rapid growth to that subsoiling to which the mind has previously been subjected. Thinking is hard work. It is infinitely easier to take things for granted, than to question and compare and ponder. But the mental world furnishes no exception to that great law of living, that without hard work nothing good or valuable can ever be produced.

5. Last of all, as helping on the work of self-culture, I would put writing and conversation. The effort to give expression to your ideas will render them

clearer and more intense. Bacon's familiar quotation is here in point: "Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man." It will repay you beyond your most sanguine expectations, to devote a certain proportion of your leisure time to writing. Take pains in elaborating your style. Make it as terse, as graphic, as beautiful as you can. It is no uncommon thing for an author to rewrite his manuscript a dozen times, inserting a word here, erasing another there, transposing the material, amplifying, correcting, embellishing, and making every possible improvement.

In this connection, I know of nothing better than the habit of keeping a diary, in which one recounts the noteworthy occurrences of each day, with such remarks upon them as may seem appropriate. A diary lends itself to almost any style of composition, descriptive, philosophical, humorous, or pathetic. It accommodates the most miscellaneous material—character-studies, conversations, literary criticisms, poems, proverbs, jokes, homilies, prayers. If you have an enemy, you can fulminate against him with perfect safety in your diary. If you read a book your diary will be open to receive your account of the volume and your criticisms upon it. If you hear Patti, Talmage, Booth, be sure to communicate your impressions of them to this serviceable volume. The period of travel is the diary's harvest season; if ever one can write, it is surely then. A diary of this sort, illustrated with pen and ink sketches, if such things are not beyond your power, would come to be valued

by you at something more than its weight in gold. In after years it would probably afford you an infinite amount of diversion, and apart from the intellectual culture involved in the keeping of it, it would exercise a peculiar influence on the development of the moral nature; for no man can day by day write down his thoughts, feelings, and desires, without realizing his deficiencies and making strenuous efforts toward amendment.

Mind sharpeneth mind. If you can find some companion whose pursuits and ambitions are similar to your own, you will always have an interested listener, and you will derive a stimulus from the companionship such as you never could have obtained in solitude. "Live with wolves," say the Spaniards, "and you will learn to howl." Live with thinkers, and you will learn to think. Where multitudes are found associated in some common cause or calling, there enthusiasm and achievement reach their high-water mark. In religion, in politics, in university life, we find abundant illustrations of this law, that a number of minds, working together, accomplish better results than are reached by the same number working in solitude. Reading clubs, debating societies, Chautauqua circles, are founded upon a philosophical principle.

Talk about what you read and hear and see. We never know anything thoroughly until we have tried to teach it to somebody else. The effort to communicate our knowledge to others exerts a reflex influence upon ourselves. We may not be selfish even intellectually, without suffering loss. He that would

reach the highest culture must disclose the truth that he has found. Silence is golden, when maintained by him who has never felt and seen; but silence in him whom the truth has made free, means loss, not only to the world, but also to himself.

In the development of the mind's nobler energies we receive an influence greater than that attained by any earthly potentate. The true sovereigns are those that rule in the intellectual realm. Kings and legislators have power over the outward life of men; but the philosopher and the poet have influence at the very centres of their being. Strong is he who can command, and enforce obedience against all remonstrance; but stronger is he who can win the voluntary obedience of men by making them think his thoughts and experience his desires. It is something to make a man do what he does not wish to do; it is something infinitely higher to make him wish to do it.

Culture is the safeguard of youth, the strength of manhood, and the solace of old age. The labor that you spend on the improvement of the mind can never go to waste. It abides when all else perishes. When the laurel drops from the brows, when the sceptre is wrenched from the unconscious hand, when the last good-by has been said to earth, culture is that one treasure which the mind carries with it in its lofty flight,

> "Unhurt amid the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

# X.

## THE EDUCATION OF THE WILL.

"There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will; there never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjection to moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties."—*Emerson.*

"So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air;
So working lees settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine."
—*Spenser.*

ETWEEN man and the lower orders of creation there is a great gulf fixed, in the fact that every human being is a free agent. The animal is simply the creature of its strongest impulse; man is the creature of his own choice and volition. The more of will-power a man has, the more of a man he is. Our ideal man, as we picture him to ourselves, is a being royally endowed with will. Every worthy development of character is the result of the will's activity, and from it issues all that is great and noble in human

DISCIPLINE.

conduct. Where the will is weak, not all the beauty of Apollo nor all the wisdom of Minerva can compensate for the deficiency.

The estimate that is thus placed upon the will is verified by the lessons that all are learning in the great school of life. For in the course of this earthly experience we are all being thrust back more and more upon the reserves of will-power that we possess. Things that the child does without any conscious expenditure of effort demand of old age vigorous and protracted exertion. Compare, for example, the physical energies of the boy with those of the middle-aged man. After a certain point in life has been reached, every added year seems to deplete our vigor. In infancy and childhood the steam seems to be turned on at full pressure, and the amount of energy consumed by the little midget of humanity is absolutely incalculable. The puny baby in arms assumes the most exhausting tone of impassioned oratory, and appears to have no difficulty in keeping it up for ten hours at a stretch, that is to say, from nine o'clock in the evening till seven the next morning. The boy in petticoats expends as much energy in the course of the day as an army upon the march. He rushes, jumps, shouts, tears, digs, builds; and in play, in noise, in general destructiveness, is active enough to put to shame even the industrious ant herself. Yet should you be indiscreet enough to invite him to romp with you at the close of such a day, he will come upon you like a giant refreshed, and the first notes of his strident voice will strike terror to your heart. To

every aging and contemplative mind there is nothing more mysterious, surprising, and awful than a growing boy.

Now why does not the middle-aged gentleman behave himself in this way? Not simply because he has been taught to think that such conduct would be indecorous, but because he has not the slightest inclination to indulge in it—except at election-times. Once he had all this tide of exuberant energy, but it ebbed away long ago and left him stranded high and dry upon the shores of will. When he would put forth his physical energies now, it costs him something of an effort; he has to make up his mind to exercise, and then summon his several powers to the task. All through the years nature has been steadily withdrawing the surplus stores of vigor with which she originally endowed him and compelling him more and more to energize for himself. Little by little, she refuses to do for us the things that we are so well able to do for ourselves, and thus thrusts us back continually upon our resources of will.

A similar thing is observable in the matter of health. The young man is permitted to do a thousand things that the elder dare not venture. Youth bears a charmed life, and may live on through riot and excess for many years. But age must be temperate, discreet, watchful. At first nature seems to maintain health for us even against our own ignorance and waywardness. But by degrees her fostering hand is withdrawn, and as time passes, she seems to command us with increasing emphasis to assume our own guard-

ianship and, through our independent choice and volition, to care for ourselves if we would enjoy her blessings.

And is not the same law manifest in the intellectual sphere? How readily the child learns, and how eager he is to understand the mysteries of nature and of life. He is a living interrogation point—he is ten thousand interrogation points all welded together into a lively and insubordinate mass! He adopts the Socratic method on all occasions, and makes his conversation fairly bristle with suggestions of the many themes upon which he would be pleased to receive your opinion. He is the most interested auditor that can be found—except when he happens to be at church. The baldest fact is precious to him, and the slightest discovery makes him as happy as

> "stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

But with time this intellectual interest decreases, and must be kept up, if it is to be maintained at all, by an effort of the will. Nature so stimulates you in your earlier years that you learn almost in spite of yourself. But as life advances she withdraws her stimulus, and if you are to continue learning, it must be because you have chosen to learn and are directing your energies accordingly. In youth nature helps you; in old age you must help nature.

This law finds illustration, also, in the working of

the social instincts. It is frequently said, and with justice, that no one in more mature life is likely to form as many and as ardent friendships as in the days of his youth. Your precious child will swear unfaltering devotion to every little ragamuffin on the streets; or if he does not do so, it will not be because he does not wish to. Nature has overfreighted him and made him positively top-heavy with friendliness, and he goes stumbling head-foremost into every little pitfall of opportunity that confronts him. But you, with your deliberate and well regulated habit of affection, could not be guilty of any similar indiscretion. Friendship, with you, has become more a matter of will than of impulse. It costs you something of an effort to make friends. At first nature did all the work for you, but now you must do it yourself. You choose your companions deliberately, and then deliberately put forth your energies to make them and keep them your friends.

It is thus also in that highest type of companionship which earth affords. Nature gives Darby and Joan a good start toward conjugal felicity. Love, for the young couple, is easier than tumbling down hill; it demands no more effort than dropping through the air. And I suppose it is for this reason that the young are always said to *fall* in love. But after the novelty has worn away, after that blissful period denominated the honey-moon has expired, nature grows worse and worse as a keeper of the peace, and the preservation of the conjugal felicity depends upon the cool and deliberate determination of the married couple themselves.

Or, to take an illustration from the religious life, the young convert whose soul is at first aflame with holy zeal, finds that with time his enthusiasm decreases. In the hot and searching noontide of toil, of struggle, of temptation and doubt, the wings of spiritual emotion are apt to drop off as did the wings of Dædalus when he rose too near the sun. The original spiritual impulse is only sufficient to last until we can get the will confirmed and habituated to the new order of living. Subsequent progress in the religious life depends upon the integrity and inflexibility of our own righteous resolve.

Thus does nature, by slow degrees, force us to discharge for ourselves the duties that at first she undertook for us. The river that bore us so swiftly along strands us, and compels us to get out and wade. A Power mightier and wiser than we conducts us to that border-land of decision where our battles must be fought and our knighthood won. The friend that preceded us into the enemy's domain, fighting all our battles for us gradually withdraws to the rear, and leaves us to continue the struggle single-handed and self-reliant. Our growing experience teaches us to reverence more and more that faculty of will by which alone man can meet and master the world.

It is well for us to realize that when we speak of the will as being weak, we are simply following a popular and misleading expression. The will is never weak; it is always strong enough to carry us triumphantly through all the emergencies of life. No man ever does a wrong or cruel deed without knowing at

the very moment of the action that he might have acted otherwise. He who says he "can't" do his duty simply means that he "won't" do it. He can if he will. Where a man fails of realizing his manhood and degenerates in consequence, the fault is always chargeable to himself. If this were not so, we could not carry any responsibility whatever.

And yet, as a matter of fact, there may be as much variation between different individuals in point of will-power as in point of bodily strength. One discharges duty with the ease of a practised gymnast, while another pulls himself up to the requisite place only by dint of laborious exertion. While every man's will is strong enough to meet his obligations, there are certain individuals who fulfil the duties of life easily, gracefully, and without any appearance of effort. How, then, may the will be so trained as to accomplish this result?

The secret, if there be any secret about it, may all be expressed in one word, exercise. If you wish the body to grow strong and graceful, you give it exercise; if you wish the mind to develop, you exercise it; and so, if you wish the will to work easily, strongly, without elaborate effort and without a sense of fatigue, give it exercise. The exercise to be taken all lies in the line of bearing or doing things that are unpleasant. Wherever we see a man bearing or doing disagreeable things without any show of strain or struggle, we are impressed with the strength of his will; and we know that to account for this strength, we must suppose that at some time, in some place, in

some manner, exercise of the sort just described has been taken: vigorous and protracted efforts have been put forth to bear burdens or to overcome obstacles.

Even when such a talent comes as an inherited race or family characteristic, it points back to an ancestry that struggled and endured and conquered. The sturdy conflict waged by the fathers brings to the children an endowment of power that is worth more to them than fortunes or estates. Luther, Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, are conspicuous examples of this inherited strength of will. William of Orange, distinguished among the English sovereigns for his imperturbable and unswerving resolution, affords only an example of characteristics that are always appearing and re-appearing in his countrymen.

He that would discover the secret of that indomitable perseverance, that unconquerable resolve, that dogged obstinacy, which distinguish the inhabitants of Holland, must study the character of their country itself, with its sluggish rivers, its reeking meadows, and its low-lying coasts. There for centuries have dwelt a people who, night and day, from year to year, without a single moment's respite, have been compelled to guard themselves against an enemy more relentless, tireless, and unscrupulous than any foeman that ever wore or wielded steel—the restless, the insatiate, the unconquerable sea. Lithe and sinuous as a serpent, subtle and tortuous, sullen and changeful, shrouded in lowering mists or brilliant with the sheen of emerald, opal, agate, and amber, it crawls inces-

santly along every inch of shore and far up the margins of the rivers, seeking for a single weak or undefended spot through which it may force its way into the flat meadows and rush headlong upon the defenceless villages. Or again, when fierce winds from the pole sweep over that desolate stretch of the North Sea, roaring, frothing, ravenous, like a monster swollen and foaming with rage, it hurls its awful strength upon the dikes, tearing them up as with venomous fangs and making the earth tremble beneath its thunderous assaults. And there for centuries, face to face with death, lynx-eyed, resolute, grim as statues, undaunted and uncomplaining, thwarting the guile and rage of the sea, have dwelt that sturdy race whose silent, dogged, unconquerable resolution finds illustration in William of Orange. Thus has that nation, compelled to redeem and protect its land from the ravages of the waves, won a hardihood, a pertinacity, an indomitable energy of soul, worth infinitely more to it and to the world than all the acres that have been wrested from the encroaching flood. Forced to face danger and to overcome difficulties, the fathers have been enabled to transmit to their children that most precious of all spiritual qualities, power of will.

If Providence has placed you in circumstances that compel you daily and almost hourly to face difficulties and do things that you would a great deal rather leave undone, you have reason to be thankful. John Stuart Blackie declares, "Difficult things are the only things worth doing." When Cavour, the liberator of Italy, was told how the Sardinian infantry had to strug-

gle with mud in the trenches, he replied, "It is out of that mud that Italy is to be made!" His meaning was that the hardships of the soldiers' experience would develop such hardihood and energy as would eventually enable them to win freedom for their native land. Lord Ellenborough, when a student at law, was accustomed to spur on his flagging energies by writing three words that never failed to bring the requisite inspiration, "Read or starve!" And there is preserved a pleasant little story of the Italian dramatist, Alfieri, to the effect that on every fine day, when he was tempted to squander the precious hours by indulging in his favorite recreation of driving, he would direct his servant to bind him securely in his chair with cords, place him at his desk, and then withdraw beyond call for a certain length of time. In this way the poet was literally tied down to his work.

The great majority of us may count ourselves fortunate, in that Providence has already performed for us the office that fell to Alfieri's servant. By rigorous cords of necessity He has bound us down to the irksome tasks that would otherwise remain undone. And by thus forcing us to the constant exercise of will, He would have us develop something infinitely more precious than all the temporal awards that wait upon the fulfilment of unpleasant duties—our manhood and our womanhood. The little newsboy who is compelled to fight his own way in the world, is likely to acquire more of genuine manliness than many a princely young gentleman who has been born into such genial and affluent surroundings that every

unpleasant obstacle is removed from his path, and whose very walking-stick and cigarette have been purchased at the expense of his mamma. Of course it is possible to have too much of a good thing; but in general we may say, Happy the boy whose austere lot favors his upward course by adding to every common incentive to rise in the world the additional one of escaping from poverty! Many a man is in this way fairly hounded on to greatness. We can hardly be astonished that the ranks of the world's worthies should be so constantly recruited from the poorer classes of society.

The principle thus disclosed indicates the line along which home-training should be conducted. Any system of education which proposes to render a man competent to take his place and play his part well in this unaccomodating world, should develop the will-power quite as much as the physical strength or the intellectual abilities. No child is thoroughly educated until he has acquired the habit of doing difficult and unpleasant things with cheerfulness and facility. The discipline of school-life can communicate this only partially and imperfectly, and the greater share of the burden must, of necessity, rest upon the home. It is a part of every parent's duty to train his child into the practice of doing things that he does not wish to do. The only way to strengthen the will of the growing boy, is to hold him steadily face to face with difficulties, until he forms the habit of mastering them instead of turning aside or running away from them. If ever you wish to find a perfect milksop of a man,

pick on him who, as a child, was petted and pampered and permitted to shirk every unpleasant duty. One cannot be surprised that the sons who have been trained in such indulgent homes should turn out at last spendthrifts and rakes and good-for-nothings. The superficial world looks on, and professes to be surprised and indignant at finding children wicked enough to requite parental kindness with conduct so disgraceful; but after the training these children have received,—or rather after their lack of training,—it would require almost a miracle to bring about a satisfactory result.

Here, however, I must speak with caution; for I am aware that once in a while you will find a father so bent on disciplining his child that he conceives it to be his solemn duty to break that child's will. I have no hesitation in saying that such a man is a monster, in cruelty or in ignorance, and ought to be dealt with by the strong arm of the law. Break a child's will! You might far better break his arm, or his leg, or anything else that pertains to him! You might almost better break his neck, and have done with him! To break a child's will is to render him abject, servile, powerless. What the will needs is not breaking, but training and development. And where a parent begins to play the role of dictator rather than that of preceptor; where he endeavors to enforce everything by the rule of the rod rather than by the rule of right reason, the child is trained into the habit of yielding always to the strongest force—an education very similar to that of the puppy dog which is taught to stand up or lie down at

the whim of its master. The only rational system of training is that which cultivates in the child the habit of being his own master—of mastering himself, in fact, and of standing always by truth and right, though the very heavens should fall about him. You need not therefore make the boy's life miserable by devising unpleasant things for him to do. Leave that to Providence. But when Providence brings him squarely up against an unpleasant duty, see that you hold him to the doing of that duty, no matter how great may be the cost or sacrifice.

A certain degree of will-power is developed by the training and discipline of school-life. The education of the intellectual faculties depends to a large extent on the consent and co-operation of the will; and where a child resolves that he will not be taught, not all the teachers in Christendom can fill his mind with knowledge. An educated man is always one who has reached a certain degree of self-mastery; he has at least learned to control that mental current whose rush of association does so much for the making of the intellectual life. By the power of will he can change this current or check it; by the power of will he can lift up a single thought from the sparkling stream and concentrate his attention upon it. But when the will relaxes its effort, the stream flows on again, as impetuous as before. By being compelled to check the mental stream at times when it would be so much more agreeable to allow it to continue in its course, the will receives a degree of discipline that fits it to act vigorously in the affairs of practical life.

Macaulay reproduces a beautiful little story from Ariosto, to the effect that there was once "a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war." Thus is it with all those circumstances in life that necessitate the exercise of watchfulness, patience, energy, and decision. At first their form seems repulsive in the extreme, and our inclination is to treat them with scantiest ceremony; but having borne them as best we may, we discover in the retrospect that they have been, not enemies, but celestial visitants in whose beneficent presence the soul has reached its highest character and its noblest achievement.

Whatever lifts you out of contact with the hard and stubborn realities of life or permits you to shirk unpleasant obligations, tends to cripple your power of resolve, and will prove in the end your greatest enemy. Even the mind, when suffered to take its own course, works toward the undermining of the will. Habits of revery and of novel-reading, when indulged in to excess, prove extremely pernicious to the higher interests. O what a charmer is the imagination! It

waves its wand, and you are straightway transferred as by magician's power, from this hard, prosaic life into an ideal world where everything is entrancing. Never were there such delights on earth as are to be found within the luxurious halls and dainty boudoirs of those castles in the air which the imagination is always building. And when it is some other mind that is providing the castle ready-furnished for us; when, in other words, the creations of another's imagination are put within our hands in the form of some entrancing romance, the descent from the heights of fancy to the stern realities of fact, seems like a fall from heaven to earth. Not much wonder that after indulgence in revery we find ourselves, like Tennyson's Lotos-Eaters, shrinking from the burdens and duties that confront us.

> "They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
> Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
> And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
> Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
> Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
> Then some one said, 'We will return no more';
> And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
> Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

Just here it seems to me that the Scriptures manifest a superhuman wisdom. Their revelations of the other world are such as rouse but never satisfy the imagination. We are continually asking questions about the future life to which the Bible gives no satisfactory answer. Its silence is phenomenal. It com-

municates an inspiration, speaks a warning, nurtures a hope, but holds us steadily down to the realities of the present. It seems as if the imagination of the stupidest saint were competent to frame a more definite and extended picture of the future than the sacred writers have given. The preaching of the Christian pulpit goes habitually beyond the letter of the word. But for some reason, that word itself is reluctant to throw back the curtain to the full. It is a light to our path here rather than our path hereafter. It seems to fear lest, were the future fully revealed, we should squander the time in idle dreams and vain imagining, rather than go forth to meet the unpleasant duty that stands upon the threshold.

But it deserves to be noticed that the imagination is able to form the most dismal pictures as well as those that are enchanting. It is possible to paint life in such gloomy colors that the energies become paralyzed on contemplating it. There are individuals who render themselves weak to wrestle against fate because of this chronic disposition to descend into the depths. The "blues" are even more enervating than the castles in the air. The depression to which they give rise is frequently the precursor of insanity. To allow the imagination indulgent rein is sure to bring catastrophe upon the practical interests of life.

But if it weakens the will-power to indulge the imagination simply, what shall be said of those more degrading forms of self-indulgence which are everywhere prevalent in society? There is not one of them that is not fraught with peril. To indulge in harsh

thoughts and cruel words, in angry feelings and evil tempers, in obstinacy or extravagance, in appetites or lusts, in bottle or pipe—any and every form of self-indulgence implies that the will releases its control for the time being, that it takes the easier rather than the more honorable road, and that in consequence its energies become enfeebled. No man can ever permit himself to be the mere creature of his own impulses without suffering loss. From a moral standpoint, the dreamer, the drunkard, and the debauchee are all incompetent to play a man's part in the affairs of the world.

What you need, and what you are sure to find sooner or later, is difficulty, hardship, danger. You will meet obstacles so antagonistic that it will tax all your energies to overcome them. You will be brought face to face with these difficulties, morning, noon, and night; but if, by long practice and persistent effort, you grow into the habit of overcoming them, there is not any real good that life can withhold from you. It is upon the question of what you will do for yourself, rather than on what circumstances will do for you, that the development of the future is conditioned.

If you desire to grow strong, the first thing you need to possess, is some definite purpose or aim. The most radical distinction that exists between men is to be found in the fact that while some are content to drift with the current, others are trying to make for a definite point upon the shore. That is to say, some lives have a plan and purpose in them, and others have not. A purpose serves two good

ends: it saves from mere wilfulness or caprice, such as one sees when a will naturally strong has not learned to subject itself to the rule of reason; and it also provides for a continuous succession of difficulties. Where a man is content to leisurely drift with the current, he finds the course of life exceedingly easy; but he who endeavors by wisdom, patience, and effort, to shape his life toward the realization of some worthy purpose, finds that the very purpose itself brings him up against difficulties, and rouses his energies to overcome them.

Strange as it may seem, half the battle is gained at the start by choosing that course which satisfies the demands of reason, conscience, and religion. You need some scheme of life so noble and inspiring that you can concentrate every power that you have upon it, without danger of subsequent regrets and misgivings. Such a plan always seems more arduous than any other to the self-indulgent observer; but he who entertains it finds himself upborne and carried forward by magnificent tides of spiritual enthusiasm. Think of the utter impossibility of diverting such a man as Martin Luther from his course, and you get an idea of that strength of will which a holy and disinterested purpose engenders. It is by keeping conscience and religion for your allies that you have the surest chance of growing in will-power. Aim at the highest things. You may not always get that for which you strive; but you will always get something better than if you had aimed lower, or if you had never striven at all.

First of all you need a purpose; then you need determination. Mere purpose, of itself, accomplishes nothing. Sam Johnson says, "Hell is paved with good intentions." Good intentions are very proper in their right place; but without a firm determination to carry them out at all costs, they are worthless and delusive. There are individuals who constantly boast as to what they could do if they were to try. But there is just the trouble: they never try. They dread the hardship, the pains, the conflict. They tell the world how swiftly they could run if they only wished to do so. But what does the world care for that? When natural ability is allied to moral weakness, the world brands the man as weak, and passes on to those that are worthier. The weakest of all weaknesses is moral weakness. The world does not care a straw how swiftly a man can run if he will. To use its own expressive lingo, it "takes stock" only in him who, whether he runs or crawls, always "gets there."

The Japanese say, "If you do not enter the tiger's den, you cannot get her cub." It is one thing to propose that we shall get the tiger's cub; but it is quite another thing to resolve that we will enter her den, if need be, in order to do it. Yet human nature is all the time showing itself equal to the emergency. Lord Lyndhurst's dictum was, "A difficulty is a thing to be overcome." When the elder Pitt was told that a certain thing was impossible, he cried, "Impossible! I trample upon impossibilities!" John Foster rallies his forces to the work of self-mastery by asserting, "My soul shall either rule my body or quit it!" And

John Hunter asks, "Is there a man who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails." It was a man of that sort who came out before the world when William Lloyd Garrison thundered forth in his *Liberator* "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!" To men of this stamp there are no impossibilities. What seem like insuperable obstacles dissolve into thin air at their approach.

After your purpose is established, and you have resolved upon realizing it, no matter what the cost, cultivate the habit of decision. The moment an obstacle presents itself, staightway attack it and master it.

> "Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
> What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it."

John Foster was so impressed with the necessity of prompt decision that he wrote a whole book upon the subject. Procrastination is commonly called "the thief of time"; but its larceny is really of a more mischievous kind: it is the thief of manhood. He that puts off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, does so because his will is weak and indolent; and by thus indulging it, it only deteriorates and grows weaker. We may feel disposed to say to ourselves,

> "He that fights and runs away
> Will live to fight another day."

But that couplet is as false as it is old. He that runs

away will be less disposed than ever to do any fighting. He that fights and runs away will live to—run away again the very next chance he gets. The time to begin the battle is at the first approach of the enemy, and the time to end it is after the enemy has been routed, but not before. It is infinitely easier for you to conquer the small detachments that meet you day by day, than it is to meet in battle the entire force after it has been allowed to consolidate against you. Carlyle, following Goethe, takes for his motto, "Do your nearest duty." By doing our duty as it comes to us from hour to hour, the will gains an impetus, a momentum, that in time renders it resistless.

We never know what we can accomplish, until we have been spurred onward by circumstances. When Quentin Matsys desired the hand of his master's daughter in marriage, and was told that he must first give proof of his ability, he set to work and painted his well known masterpiece, "The Misers," although he had previously despaired of ever becoming an artist. Michael Angelo positively refused to paint the walls of the Sistine Chapel, because he knew nothing of fresco; but when the imperious Pope Julian refused to accept such an excuse, and told him that he *must* do the work, he proved more than equal to the task. James Freeman Clarke says: "There was a story in our family, which I used to hear when a boy, that Governor Brooks, when an officer in the Revolution, received an order from General Washington to go somewhere, when he was lying helpless from rheumatism. He replied that he was unable to go. General

Washington sent back his order, 'Sir, you *must* go!' Then Colonel Brooks mounted his horse, and went, and did the required work."

Such anecdotes indicate that there are reserves of power in the will which may be drawn upon to meet emergencies. If emergency assists in developing this reserve-power, it is not to be looked upon as altogether evil. If you have a duty to perform which can, by dawdling, be accomplished in an hour, create an emergency for yourself by saying, This duty must be discharged within the next thirty minutes. Energy, as well as determination and decision, stands in need of cultivation. The self-indulgent man, who works lazily, makes no draft upon his reserve-powers; and thus, by giving them no exercise, leaves them wholly undeveloped.

It is related that on one occasion, when Dr. Samuel Johnson and the learned little Dr. Parr were disputing on the liberty of the press, the former endeavored to assist the argument by leaping to the floor, and stamping with his ponderous foot. But Dr. Parr, not to be outdone by superior size and strength, immediately imitated the action of his opponent. "Why do you get up and stamp, Dr. Parr? Why do you stamp, sir?" thundered the great Samuel. To which his testy little antagonist retorted, "I get up and stamp, sir, because you get up and stamp; and I am resolved not to give you the advantage of a stamp in this argument!" And the little Doctor was not so far wrong after all. For where other things are equal, the greater energy always carries the day, and he

that stamps most wins in the contest. "A politician weakly and amiably in the right," says E. P. Whipple, "is no match for a politician tenaciously and pugnaciously in the wrong."

But, last of all, in addition to purpose, determination, decision, and energy, there is such a thing as perseverance, without which we can hope to accomplish but little. "Our glory," says Confucius, "consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." So far as your life is concerned, you may be sure that you will break every good resolution and violate every plan you make; you will fail times without number. Concerning this there can be no question; the only question is whether, after failing, you will have grit enough to still press forward till success crowns your efforts. It was thus that Washington established himself as a general, although he is said to have lost more battles than he won. Not after the short and brilliant charge, but after the long campaign, success is given.

"These English," said Napoleon querulously, "never know when they are beaten." It was this indomitable obstinacy that brought them victory at last on the field of Waterloo. History, in handing down the picture of that day of carnage and doom, will always make mention of the unconquerable determination of those "thin red lines" that, crowning the slopes above Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, held the way between the French and Brussels. The artillery of Napoleon plowed them down, and his superb cavalry hurled its impetuous force against them; but

as man after man fell, another stepped forward into the empty space, silent, fearless, and determined. There, in those hearts of oak that disdained defeat, and that could not be made to move an inch before the skill, the valor, and the prowess of France, is revealed a power mightier than the sword—the power of a firm, fearless, and unflinching will—that power of resolution which, crushed to earth a thousand times, rises always from the shock, dogged and unconquerable as before. Perseverance refuses to recognize itself as beaten. Vanquished in a hundred battles, it still presses on, and comes out victorious at the end of the campaign.

If under any circumstances, you ever surrender a worthy plan, therein lies failure. But if, though defeated a thousand times, you still maintain your plan, and work and wait for its accomplishment, therein lies success.

# XI.

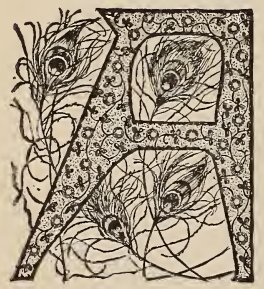
# TIME.

"I am: how little more I know?
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future from the Past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud."

—*Whittier.*

"To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived. Let us unmask the king as he passes."

—*Emerson.*



AS we think of Time, there comes before us the vision of a mighty river, emerging from a region dark and mysterious, and rolling noiselessly onward towards a shoreless sea. Boats and barges innumerable crowd the waters, some filled with pleasure-seekers, others laden with products of human industry, and others, again, funeral barges draped in black. Notwithstanding the many attempts that are made to run up the

FAREWELL.

stream, no skill or prowess avails against the strength of its current, and the laughing, the toiling, and the mourning are borne along together. Such is Time—a river that rushes from the darkness of the Past into the mystery of the Future, a river that floats the vast interests and concerns of men upon its bosom, and whose swelling flood sweeps everything before it.

A generation since we thought that the fountain-head of this mysterious stream was to be found at what then seemed the vast remove of sixty centuries; but now science multiplies the millenniums till the imagination grows dizzy in the effort to conceive them. Who shall say how long ago flourished those extensive forests that grew rank and dense in the balmy air of the new-created world? Or who shall declare the age of these fossil remains that were exhumed but yesterday—vestiges of uncouth and mighty creatures that held high carnival by sea and shore before ever a human eye looked forth upon the landscape, or gazed wonderingly upward into the silent vault of heaven?

In various beds of gravel that mark the ancient and abandoned channels of rivers, are found the first rude implements of stone that our race devised, lying in close proximity with the bones of the mammoth and other animals whose species are to-day extinct; but how long the race existed before human ingenuity hit upon these primitive and imperfect weapons, none may say. From recently discovered caves of Europe, where for ages the remains of human beings have been lying, there are now brought forth tools and

weapons of bone shaped by the patient hands of those early workers. Here is a lance-head, and here an awl; here is a bone knife, and here a piece of mammoth's tusk, on which some nameless artist of that forgotten age has scratched a rude representation of the creature itself. On the shores of the Baltic are to be found great mounds of shells, with the bones of quadrupeds and birds imbedded in them—relics of a race that feasted long before the dawn of history; while from the bottom of the Swiss lakes there are fished out memorials of little prehistoric communities that for twenty centuries went on building their houses on piles above the water.

Almost every word in our current speech entombs the experience of souls that were making their first ventures in living in those long forgotten times. Our word daughter, say the wise men, means in Sanscrit, the milker, and indicates the pastoral character of the early Aryans, among whom the custom prevailed that at night-time the daughters of the tribe should go forth to milk the cows.

Thus, in many ways, science is bringing home to us the conviction that man has existed on this planet for an almost infinitely longer time than we had imagined. Long before Abraham wandered beneath the starlit skies of Chaldæa, long before civilization began its course on the fertile banks of the Nile, myriads of men had been swept away into the realm of the invisible, and the voice of mourning had resounded through the forest. The men who fought the mammoth and the cave-bear, the men who devoured the

shell-fish on the Baltic coasts, the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, the early Aryans out of whose loins our modern civilization has sprung, have left not even the name of a single hero to grace and break the desolate stretch of that forgotten past. Here, across the theatre of this little planet, for uncounted millenniums the lives of men have been drifting. Here, in that remote age before ever a stone was chipped or a weapon of bone was sharpened, children were born, who grew into manhood and womanhood, who loved and hated, reverenced and feared, wrought and died as we are doing now. Here, from the time when the morning stars began their chorus, the witchery of love has been binding hearts together, and the ruthlessness of death has been tearing them asunder.

Oh, this mighty stream of time! This strange, mysterious, awful, unconquerable, insatiable stream, that floats us into the light for a moment, and then tosses us into darkness and oblivion! Time distorts the beauty and paralyzes the power it has previously developed, plants unsightly furrows on cheek and brow, bends the stalwart frame earthward, blunts the appetite, dulls the senses, sends the intellect into eclipse, nauseates the human being with the experiences of earth, drops the mighty into oblivion, buries empires, and sweeps whole races from off the face of the planet.

And yet deep down in our hearts abides the feeling that time is, after all, our best friend. The worst experience that could befall us would be to be suddenly lifted out of its current, and compelled to abide

upon the shore and watch all that we hold dear and precious drifting far from us on the resistless flood. Even if we might discover that fabled fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon sought among the everglades, its waters would prove a bane to us rather than a blessing. To be compelled to abide in any one experience, while friends and companions passed on from stage to stage, would be reckoned the severest of misfortunes. How tame, how intolerable would life become, if it were shorn of that variety which the progress of time alone can give!

Instead of quarreling with the current in which we find ourselves drifting, we are rather to accept it with rejoicing. Just as the tourist on the Rhine is carried forward from scene to scene, finding in each some new interest and delight, so man, travelling between birth and death, finds at every step of his journey some opening beauty, some new and precious privilege. Time, after all, is only another name for opportunity; and never does it seem baneful except to those who have slighted the opportunities it has given. When the current has carried us beyond what seems to have been the main chance of our lives, and we awake to realize that it is too late for us to take advantage of this chance, the rush and force of the river that sweeps us forward against our will, seems to be an evil. No man ever takes a retrospect of life without exclaiming again and again, "Too late!" Every stage of our journey has its own peculiar set of privileges, which do not reappear at any subsequent part of the course. Opportunity lost, is lost forever.

Childhood opens up to us a series of most gracious opportunities, not one of which is appreciated at the time. In this period of beginnings, life receives the trend that determines to a large extent its subsequent career. Many a man has expressed the wish that it were only possible for him to retrace his course and be a boy once more. The desire is not an idle or frivolous one. If we could but live our lives over again, with our present appreciation of those opportunities that have gone never to return, should we not live more wisely? But now it is too late. The day of opportunity is past. Youth comes but once in a lifetime. Never again can we be boys and girls. Never again can we become children within the old home, there to be nurtured and fitted for a birth into this larger world of trial and responsibility. The past falls more and more to the rear. The river rolls forever toward the future.

School-life is only another name for opportunities from which we are carried all too rapidly. The stores of knowledge that are then acquired invariably prove a mine of wealth for the enrichment of the after life. The training and discipline received by the diligent scholar bear most powerfully upon the happiness and efficiency of his future. But who is there that is not carried past this region with eyes blind to the peculiar value of the privileges it affords? Not one child in a thousand reflects upon the relations of the education he is receiving to his after career, or realizes the urgent necessity of improving the present opportunity. But by and by the region in which these opportunities

for education abound is past; and then, thrust forth into the world with a mind imperfectly developed and a memory unstored, we seldom fail to perceive our mistake. Some such experience comes to all of us. We cannot revisit the old school-house of our childhood, without a sigh for the bright and happy days that flew so quickly by, bearing their treasure of unimproved opportunity along with them. We cannot make a retrospect of life without experiencing a pang of regret for the waste, the folly, the ignorant profligacy of our wayward and intractable youth.

After we have passed the period of school-life, time brings us to another region in which opportunities of a different order are presented. We are called to make a choice among the various lines of business, and to prepare ourselves for that particular industry to which we propose to devote the remainder of our days. At first, opportunities are so many as to seem practically numberless ; there are a thousand different lines of business, any one of which we may make our own. But when once the choice has been made, the superfluous opportunities steadily withdraw themselves, until at last the possibility of choosing passes away from us altogether. At one time it was possible for you to become almost anything you wished ; but now you are a physician, say, of ten or twenty years' standing, and the probabilities are all in favor of your remaining a physician to the end of your days. That swiftly flowing stream of time has borne you beyond the region where opportunities for selecting industrial pursuits abound.

Look, again, how this principle finds illustration in the formation of our friendships. Far back along the years, it was possible for us to establish companionships of almost any character; but having once entered into intimate relations with others, our freedom of action became steadily curtailed. To wrench ourselves from the social circle to which we have become accustomed, is like attempting to uproot the full-grown tree. There is a time in every life when transplanting is not a difficult matter; but many a poor fellow finds, in the effort to amend his ways, that the greatest obstacle to his reform lies in dissociating himself from those unworthy friends who, in the former days of heedlessness, were admitted to his fellowship.

One may speak with even greater emphasis of that most intimate type of friendship which is cemented in the bonds of matrimony. No other form of companionship can exercise such a powerful influence upon the development of life. To the man marriage means much; to the woman it means everything. When you consider its bearings upon the happiness, the moral growth, and the usefulness of the future, surely the most critical occasion in the career of two human beings is that on which, amidst the most sacred and hallowing associations, each vows before God and the world to love and cherish the other until death. And yet, solemn and awful with responsibility as is this step, what important undertaking in life is there on which so little thought and caution are bestowed? In far too many instances falling in love means a leap in the

dark—a kind of spiritual gymnastic that is not always attended with the pleasantest of consequences. Before the final step is taken, there is a period of comparative freedom, wherein the power of choosing a companion for life may have fullest exercise; but when once the marriage-knot has been tied, the age of opportunity ceases, and that of necessity is ushered in. Thus time carries us beyond the period of mating and marrying; and those who have slighted their opportunity by choosing foolishly or sinfully are compelled to abide by their decision.

Last of all, we notice how time bears us from one region of opportunity to another in the development of the individual character, and especially in the formation of those habits that constitute this character and give expression to its fundamental principle. There is a period in every man's experience when it is possible for him to select and acquire any habit that may appeal to him as worthy or desirable. But this region of opportunity is not an extensive one. Whether a habit arise through a definite and conscious moral choice, or whether it come of itself, it tends to attain a strength before which eventually the most imperious will is prone to yield. Some men are bound with chains of iron, and others with chains of gold; but all are bound. Whenever we endeavor to struggle against and amend the habits already formed, we are made to realize how far behind us lies the golden age of opportunity. Time has carried us beyond the region where new habits are acquired with ease, and has brought us to another

stage whose privilege consists largely in the strengthening and consolidating of the habits that we have already chosen. There comes to all of us a period when, though we recognize some habit of ours as a bad one, we hesitate to expend the moral energy requisite to uproot and destroy it.

Thus in every retrospect of life, we are made aware of privileges that have been slighted and that will nevermore return. This mighty current in which we find ourselves, carries us so swiftly forward that we never dream how transient is our opportunity until it is gone forever. The spring-time of life gives place to summer; and when the autumn comes at length, the period for sowing lies far behind us, and we are compelled to reap according to the wisdom or folly with which we have planted.

It is a most solemn thought to which such a survey as this introduces us. Just as our after career brings into judgment the life of the home and the school, conferring rewards upon those who have embraced their opportunities, and executing penalties upon those who have slighted them; just as each subsequent stage of this earthly life constitutes a judgment upon the stage that preceded it; so will eternity bring into clearest view the folly or the wisdom, the idleness or the earnestness, of our conduct here on earth. And it is fair to presume, that as the opportunities for home training, as the opportunities for the discipline and instruction of the school, as the opportunities for making the most critical choices of life vanish away, so also shall we be ultimately carried beyond that region

in which the chances for repentance and the formation of a new moral character abound. Never does time seem so terrible as when it bears men beyond their day of grace, and leaves them to cry throughout the unending years, "Too late!"

But to those who make patient effort to improve their opportunity, time presents a different aspect, and is always gracious. There is hardly any beneficent work that it will not accomplish for him who does his best. It brings development always; and the physical, the intellectual, and the moral powers expand and ripen under its influence. Time turns the babe into a boy, and the boy into a man. Time trains the careless eye of the child into habits of accurate observation, matures the judgment, chastens the imagination, and enriches the speech. Time perfects the practical efficiency of men, giving strength, facility, and precision. Time enables us to get rid of our bad habits, and to grow up into all that is holy and pure and good. Time brings fortune and favor, power and usefulness, peace and prosperity along with it.

He who desires to make the most of himself and of his life, must learn to co-operate with time. It takes time, quite as much as energy and industry, to accomplish any worthy undertaking. In this busy and aspiring age, the tendency is toward impatience. We try to do everything with a dash. We travel by steam and conduct our correspondence by lightning. Our consuming desire is for short cuts and quick methods. The newspapers teem with advertisements of schemes by which

a fortune may be acquired in the course of a few months. Every profession is beset by quacks, who pretend to affect cures, culture, and salvation on short notice. Health with three doses! German in two weeks! Music in one lesson! Holiness in the twinkling of an eye! Short cuts are the craze of the age.

Our impatience is contagious. Our children imbibe it from their earliest conscious moments. The boy can hardly wait till manhood, before he begins to lay claim to a man's privileges and prerogatives. The youth finds it exceedingly galling to go through the long course of study requisite for the development of his mind, and wishes to plunge at once, all unprepared as he is, into the full tide of the world's affairs. The clerk apparently cannot understand that if he is making steady progress in his business or profession, he is sure to reach a high position eventually. We all want success at once, and are apt to grow despondent when it does not immediately appear. Where our fathers were content to amass a small fortune by forty or fifty years of unremitting industry, we are ambitious of achieving the same result in a single decade. So we have young men of twelve with cigars in their mouths, young ladies with beaux at thirteen, and languid gentlemen of twenty-one, who have gone through life's varied experiences, and stand ready to substantiate the statement of Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Do not be afraid to take time for the execution of any worthy purpose. Life is long: you can afford to wait. The best things grow slowly. Mushrooms

spring up in a night, but oaks thrive through centuries. A three year old horse can be put to a plow; but a three year old child is good for nothing but to be put to bed. God has evidently intended that human beings shall develop gradually. If you have not the strength of an ox at thirteen, you need not fancy that your constitution is undermined. If you cannot write Shakespearean dramas at twenty, that is not to be taken as a proof of imbecility. The more infant prodigies we meet, the more suspicious do we become of them as a class. Precocity is something to be shunned. The fruit that ripens early, rots soon. Body, brains, morals, stimulated under hot-house methods, are far from satisfactory. The mincing little lady of twelve, who is introduced to us as *Miss* Something-or-other, and who has learnt to smirk so sweetly and bow so prettily, will probably be detected using slang at seventeen and resorting to physical violence to gain a point. I have no faith in boy-saints. If they do not die, and get into the Sunday-school books, they live to get into the penitentiary. Give us a boy that is a boy, with awkward, shambling, disjointed ways—a boy with a large margin for development, and a habit of filling up that margin in a leisurely and almost imperceptible manner—and the day will come when even his sisters will be proud of him.

There are no short cuts to knowledge. "There is no royal road to learning." There is no limited express in the intellectual world, that will carry you through to the desired point without delays. The drudgery of study demands time. Good thinking

cannot be done with lightning rapidity. Wrong views, partial and one-sided ideas, may come like a flash; but there will always be something morbid and unsound about them. Ripe, rounded, reliable ideas demand a long summer of the intellectual life for their perfecting. It takes time to understand the world; it will take eternity to understand God.

How about business? Alonzo Cano completed a beautiful statue in twenty-five days; but when his sordid patron disputed the price, desiring to recompense the artist at so much per day, "Wretch!" cried the sculptor; "I have been at work twenty-five years, learning to make this statue in twenty-five days." When Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked how long it had taken him to prepare his sermon on the Government of God, he replied, "About forty years, sir." And Sir Joshua Reynolds, being questioned as to how long it had taken him to paint a certain picture, answered, "All my life!" It takes time to make a painter, a preacher, or a poet, worthy of the name. After years of preparation have been spent upon any particular line of industry, one may seem to do difficult and beautiful things with apparent ease. Henry Ward Beecher could go into his study late on a Sunday afternoon, select a text, and prepare and preach a sermon that should immediately receive recognition as one of the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence. But he accomplished this feat only because, in the long years preceding, he had spent time in accumulating facts, experiences, thoughts, and illustrations. His mind was a reservoir, always kept full by patient industry, and needing

only to be tapped to give forth a copious stream.

If you would live happily, you must be prepared to spend time on the matter of your own enjoyment. The busy, bustling, overburdened man, who is always on the rush, cannot be expected to find much pleasure by the way. You may ask the pedestrian how he has enjoyed his walk through the forest; but you would never think of putting such a question to one who had traversed a little patch of woods in a footrace. We must take life more leisurely than we do, if we would find pleasure in it. We ought to have more frequent holidays. We should allow a larger margin for the gratification of our individual tastes and predilections. Where a man is compelled to spend all his hours in sleeping, eating, and toiling, he becomes a slave. One cannot enjoy himself while trying to live as a pack-mule. We should make a study of adorning and beautifying these lives of ours, by rendering them as delightful as possible. Time for social intercourse, for study, for strolling through the woods or by the shore, for poetry, music, and religion, is not put to waste. There is an elegant refinement of living that none know, save those who make for themselves leisure to prosecute its cultivation.

It used to be supposed that this world, with all its wealth of beauty and contrivance, was formed by the creative fiat in the short space of six days. Science now reveals the utter inadequacy of this conception, and teaches that the days spoken of in Genesis must be regarded as ages of vast and indefinite extent, rather than as short periods of twenty-four hours'

duration. The method which God adopted in the creation and perfecting of the physical universe is that by which He works to-day in perfecting the spiritual condition of His creatures. "The mills of God grind slowly." We repeatedly come upon calculations as to how soon the world would be converted to Christianity if every follower of Christ would but add one new disciple to the ranks during the course of every twelve-month. In this way the church would double its membership with every year, and the millennium would soon appear. Such calculations may do good in the way of stimulating Christians to increased exertion; but they certainly do harm through producing a feverishness, a restlessness, a dissatisfaction with present methods of work, and a disposition to run into sensationalism. Philanthropic work, Christian work, work that aims at the perfecting of men, must take time for its realization. Moral reforms are not to be wrought out in the twinkling of an eye. By slow degrees, by more and more, they go forward to their triumph. I have no more expectation of seeing the world Christianized during the next decade, than I have of seeing this American continent all peopled to-morrow. Short cuts in religion and morals are as unsatisfactory and unprofitable as short cuts in anything else.

If, now, we are thoroughly convinced of the truth, that time is essential to the realization of any worthy purpose, it may be well for us to look at the correlated truth, that time alone can do but little. We must co-operate with it. Those who have simply learned

to wait, without having discovered the necessity of planning and working for themselves, are sure to come to disappointment.

Finding ourselves in this mighty stream that carries us onward so precipitately from year to year, our great problem is how to utilize its force in advancing all our interests. Until we form the purpose of making time contribute to the attainment of some definite end, its volume will continue to roll along without any benefit to us. Here is the stream: what do you propose to do with it? What do you wish to acccomplish with this life of yours that is slipping so rapidly away? To what end will you devote your time? This is indeed the question of questions, and on the right answering of it turns the prosperity of the future.

I need hardly intimate that there are numbers of our fellow beings who have given to this question a most unworthy answer, and who, notwithstanding the immense amount of enterprise, ingenuity, and industry they exhibit in utilizing the force of the current, might almost better have allowed it to run forever to waste. There is an industry that may bring to a man no permanent benefit, allowing him to go out of the world as poor as when he entered it. We scorn the Emperor Domitian for forsaking the interests of his great empire to perfect himself in the sport of killing flies; but what shall be said of those who forsake the highest and noblest interests that any human being can cherish, simply that they may perfect themselves in industries or accomplishments that are of no per-

manent advantage. Whosoever attempts to utilize time for aught but the highest ends, will live long enough to discover his mistake.

Having determined to put time to some worthy use, our next duty consists in the formation of some plan by which the various interests of life may be so adjusted to one another as to contribute to the realization of our main purpose. How much time shall be given to work; how much to play; how much to study and to social entertainment; how much to works of charity and religion? If you would utilize the force of the current, you must learn to distribute its energy aright. A wise and well considered plan prevents the minor affairs of life from encroaching upon its main interest, and serves to economize time itself. Without a plan, trifling matters are apt to monopolize the attention; and at the conclusion of every separate duty or diversion, many valuable moments will be lost in considering what we should do next. The savage has no plan of life, because he has no appreciation of the value of time; but the civilized man cannot afford to be without it.

Our difficulty consists not so much in forming plans, as in carrying them out. No individual ever makes extended plans for the future, without being compelled to modify them, or even to change them entirely. Our knowledge of what time has in store for us is too vague for us to be able to decide just what we shall do or leave undone. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth. Every plan of ours should make allowances for the new opportunities or the unforeseen obsta-

cles that the future may develop. We must make hay while the sun shines. It would be foolish to attempt shingling the barn in the midst of a thunder storm, even though we might find this duty indicated on our plan with all the emphasis that capitals could give it. It would be equally foolish in us to refuse utilizing those golden moments that are apt to come so unexpectedly upon us all. If at this instant the stream of thought is flowing with force and lucidity, it would be wasteful to lay down the pen, even though the next hour has been apportioned to reading. We are all so dependent on circumstances, that we must be prepared to consult them, and to take advantage of every prospering tide. But within certain limits we may reduce our lives to system; and we shall find that the effort to do this results in a decided saving of time. He that goes about his work in a systematic manner comes into line with the system of the universe, in which, from the smallest atom to the mightiest planet, all is orderly.

To put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, is to let the present opportunity pass by entirely unimproved. So forcibly has this truth impressed itself on the mind of John Ruskin, that in his study there stands a great block of chalcedony, with the word To-Day deeply engraved upon it—a perpetual reminder to this accomplished author of the necessity of "buying up the opportunity."

> "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call the hour his own,
> He who, secure within, can say,
> 'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.'"

When Washington's secretary, Hamilton, attempted to excuse his dilatory habit on the ground that his watch did not keep correct time, the General replied, "Then you must get a new watch, or I must have another secretary!" So punctual was John Quincy Adams that the members of Congress used to set their watches by the moment of his appearance in the House; and on one occasion the Speaker refused to call the body to order, on the ground that, though the clock pointed to the hour, Mr. Adams was not in his seat. A moment later he arrived, when it was discovered that the clock was really a little fast. "Every moment lost," declared Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." It is the men who are prompt in fulfilling every duty that find the stream of time bearing them steadily forward toward success. Nelson declared, "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time."

A pathetic account is given of the way in which the late Prince Napoleon met his death. He had joined the English army in the Zulu war, and was one day at the head of a squad of cavalry outside the camp. The situation was extremely perilous, and one of the company said,

"We had better return. If we don't make haste, we shall surely fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes, and drink our coffee."

Before the ten minutes had passed, a band of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince was

killed. His mother, when informed of the facts, declared in her grief:

"That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed in time, nor to rise in the morning. He was always pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Monsieur Ten Minutes.'"

Next to system and punctuality, I would emphasize the value of dispatch. Men are like machines: there is a certain maximum speed to which each individual may press forward with safety; but after this has been attained, greater speed is apt to prove injurious to both the man himself and the work that he is endeavoring to accomplish. Yet few are the individuals that ever reach this highest momentum. The majority of us are disposed to dawdle, and find that we work a little better under pressure from without. A little forcing and hurrying from circumstances, and the energies become roused to carry the work forward as speedily as possible.

Men in whom the habit of dispatch have been fostered, walk with a quick step, make rapid and decided gestures, speak with a clear, clean-cut accent, and work quickly, but not feverishly. The amount that some of these individuals can accomplish seems almost marvellous. Their momentum carries everything before it. They appear to be the busiest men in the world, and yet they can always find time for something more. And the world is not slow in finding this out. It is the

busiest lawyer in the place that we prefer to consult, if we have a case that demands time and thought; it is the busiest physician that we call to our bedside on all critical occasions; and it is the busiest merchant in the city that we seek when some new philanthropic movement needs an advocate who can carry it forward with success. The man of energy is always ready for the new opportunity as soon as it presents itself.

The value of minutes is a lesson that needs to be impressed on the minds of both old and young. Mr. Gladstone, who by diligently utilizing his time has become an authority on Homeric literature and on topics connected with religion, as well as a statesman, gives his secret in these words: "Thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, while a waste of it will make you dwindle alike in intellectual and in moral stature beyond your darkest reckonings." If we can but take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves. This river that you are trying to utilize is all made up of drops: let not a single drop go to waste, if you would improve your opportunity to the full.

The visitor to the United States mints is astonished at the precautions there taken to save every particle of the precious metal. The floors are covered with a fine lattice work, which from time to time can be removed, when the minutest fragments of silver or gold that have fallen through the interstices and have apparently been lost in the general dust, can be rescued

and utilized. So should we seek to save every trifling fragment of our time; for though each may be small and inconsiderable in itself, in their aggregate the fragments amount to something precious and serviceable.

It is astonishing how much work may be stowed away into these odd moments by anyone who will make a protracted and persistent attempt to improve them. Henry Kirke White became proficient in Greek, while walking to and from the office in which he was engaged. William Cobbett mastered the English grammar and wrote a treatise on it, during the fragments of time that he could snatch from his routine work as a soldier. George Grote wrote his masterly History of Greece in the hours that he could spare from his business as a banker; and Henry Ward Beecher tells how he himself read through Grote's lengthy work in the moments utilized for this purpose while the courses were being changed at dinner. Douglas Jerrold, while employed in a printing-office, rose at dawn to his studies, and returned again to them at night after the labor of the day was over. In this way he had studied Shakespeare through and through by the time he was seventeen years of age; and at length he attained a culture and scholarship that would put to shame the great majority of those who have enjoyed the privileges of a university course. Elihu Burritt carried his Greek grammar around with him in his hat, and while heating the irons at his forge, would place the book against the chimney, until little by little its contents had been mastered. The moments

wasted by any man of middle age would, if they had all been faithfully improved, have made him a master in almost any line of scholarship.

A young man once asked Baron Rothschild to tell him the secret of success. "I'd rather tell you the secret of failure," was the Baron's reply. "Why they fail, seems to be a mystery with most young men. Here is the receipt. One hour a day with your newspaper; one hour a day with your cigarettes; one hour a day with your toilet, and—my word for it—the first position you obtain will be the best you will ever have." The waste of three hours a day in idleness, in petty indulgences, or in trifling employments, is sufficient to ruin the brightest of prospects.

With this lesson as to the necessity of economizing our moments, I must bring this chapter to a close. After time comes eternity! You feel that; everybody feels it. Perhaps one of the reasons why we are so prodigal of time is, that in our heart of hearts we know there is really no end to it. The stream has its rise somewhere for us; but it flows on and on forever.

## XII.

# A SMALL FORTUNE.

"This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt for them."—*Bacon.*

"Give me neither poverty nor riches:
Feed me with the food that is needful for me:
Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord?
Or lest I be poor and steal,
And use profanely the name of my God."

—*The Prayer of Agur.*

EXTREME views are always to be deprecated. Men are liable to fall into either of two mistakes when they attempt to set forth the truth concerning riches, that of over-estimating them, and that of belittling their value. The minister is apt to speak of money as if it were something to be scouted and despised; the man of the world speaks and acts as if it were the one thing needful. Wisdom takes the intermediate course

FORTUNE HUNTERS IN THE ROCKIES.

between these two extremes of error, and gives preference to a fortune large enough to be serviceable, but not large enough to become a burden.

If we ask what benefits riches confer, we have simply to picture that state of society in which they are unknown; and we perceive at once that to take away from men the things that have a money value, would plunge them into savagery. Wealth is the basis on which the shapely edifice of our modern civilization has been established. If the desire of wealth were to be eradicated from the human heart, and the race should become so indifferent to it as to squander their present resources, society would inevitably lapse into a barbarous and disorganized condition. The love of money constitutes that one common interest which holds society together.

On the other hand, if the love of money were to become the prevailing motive in human conduct, the world would rapidly deteriorate; science would perish, literature and the arts would decay, benevolence would become impossible, and morality would degenerate into common prudence—in short, the entire social and religious life of men would be overturned. It is because we preserve higher loves and longings than the desire of wealth, that civilization becomes possible and permanent. The miser and the spendthrift are, on this view, the two elements in society that work for its disintegration and ruin. They are anarchists in fact, if not in name.

But as we are all more concerned with the personal than with the social aspects of this subject, it will be

best for us to pass at once to the relations that wealth sustains to the peace and prosperity of the individual. If we can define the functions it discharges in the upbuilding and enrichment of life, we shall perceive all the more clearly its peculiar limitations. That wealth does play a prominent part in ministering to the well-being of men, it would be preposterous to deny. The indiscriminating denunciations of money that are sometimes heard, are false and foolish. One might as well seek to disparage health, brains, genius, or any other of those great and precious gifts that the Creator has placed at man's disposal.

To begin with the lower interests, the physical, we may enquire how far wealth can benefit men in preserving their normal adjustments with the material world, and at what point it ceases to be of service. And since health is the one word that describes the ideal physical life, the problem before us consists in stating the relations of wealth to health.

Money does much for the physical man. It feeds him, clothes him, gives him a comfortable dwelling-place, allows him to choose one of the less hazardous employments as his business, supplies him with the best medical skill in sickness, and permits him to travel in search of health, should he ever be so unfortunate as to lose it. But beyond this its power ceases. Money cannot purchase immunity from the wreck and ruin that old age works upon the physical constitution. Money cannot make the blind eyes see again, nor restore the mutilated limb to symmetry and strength. And when death comes a-knocking, it

takes no heed of carvings and escutcheons, but enters alike the halls of the rich and the hovels of the poor.

Good health—who has it? Does not your observation support the statement that the best health in the world is to be found among the middle classes? Hygeia, goddess of health, chooses neither hut nor palace for her dwelling-place, but makes her abode among those who have wealth sufficient to give them a reasonable share of life's comforts, yet not sufficient to free them from the necessity of daily work. Poverty hungers, gnaws a mouldy crust, shivers in the cold, sleeps in cellars. Poverty, in squalor and rags and discontent, grows wan and weak through fever and famine, and fights a losing battle with disease. But on the other hand, those that live in opulence, idleness, and luxury, become a mainstay of the physician. So far as health is concerned, a small fortune seems to furnish the best conditions for realizing it in its perfection.

A similar state of affairs is presented when we look at the intellectual life of the different sections of society. The highest types of intelligence belong to the middle classes, rather than to either of the extremes. The great novelists, orators, poets, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, and soldiers of the world, come generally from the class that is neither conspicuously rich nor conspicuously poor—the class that is poor enough to be spurred on to industry, but not poor enough to be galled and hampered and trodden down in the struggle.

Pegasus loathes a harness. The besetting sin of

the literary worker is indolence. Nothing can furnish him with so strong and steady an incentive towards work as the necessity of providing for the constantly recurring wants of the natural man. An American author declares that the love of money is the root of all literature. Poverty drove Horace into poetry, and poetry has given him a name and an influence for all coming time. Poverty led Cervantes into the entrancing gardens of romance, and stimulated the imagination of Sir Walter Scott into constructing for the world those immortal masterpieces, the Waverley Novels. There is probably no genius gifted with "the power of kindling his own fire," who will not develop a hotter and brighter flame when the incentives of poverty are added to his own native impulses.

Lord Thurlow, Chancellor of England, being consulted by a parent as to the means by which his son might secure success at the bar, advised as follows: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's fortune also, and then go to the bar. There will be little fear of his failure after that." Northcote was asked in regard to an artist who had just returned from a tour in Italy, "Will he not make a great painter?" "No, never!" "Why not?" "Because he has an income of six thousand pounds a year." Greatness is not developed in the lap of ease and luxury.

But we must remember, that where poverty ceases to stimulate, its tendency is to suppress and extinguish. Where men are kept down to the level of the lower animals, and are compelled to spend their time and

strength in providing for the needs of the physical nature, the intellect grovels and starves. Utter destitution presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the development of the mental powers. Once in a while a boy may begin life in a humble log cabin, and end it as master of the White House; but he accomplishes this, only as he breaks away from the limitations that the log cabin imposes, and affiliates with that world of culture which is so far removed from the restraints of poverty as to have time and means for gratifying the higher tastes and aspirations of the soul. The style of life represented by the log cabin, is not that in which intellectual activity is best stimulated and fostered. Martin Luther was a peasant's son; but if the wealth of others had not furnished him with a larger experience than the collier's hut afforded, he would, in all probability, have remained unknown to fame. The ideal condition for mental growth is that in which one gets all the incentives of poverty without its embarrassments, a state that belongs peculiarly to the middle ranks of society.

To prosecute our enquiry further, let us ask in which class is to be found the highest development of the moral and religious nature. Certainly not among the wealthiest members of the community. When a conspicuously rich man is conspicuous for his piety, the world stares in surprise at the unusual phenomenon. Bacon calls wealth the baggage, or impedimenta, of virtue. "It cannot be spared nor left behind," says he, "but it hindereth the march." The road to perdition is made terribly easy for the sons of

the millionaires. Society relaxes its wholesome restraints in their case. What would be branded as infamous in the poor, is, when practiced by them, complacently designated as "wild oats." Too prominent to be consigned to oblivion, too well-born to be excluded from the drawing-rooms, too respectable to be sent to prison, they are suffered to run through their courses of prodigality, drunkenness, and sensuality; and by the time their names have become by-words, they propose to the sweetest little lady in the land—and are accepted! Of course the union of Beauty and the Beast is always a nine days' wonder. But so long as the Beast perceives that he can buy Beauty out and out for ten thousand a year, he is not apt to mend his ways.

There are exceptions to this rule; it would be a strange thing if there were not. There are young men of wealth and position, both in this country and abroad, whose habits are irreproachable, and who are a standing credit to the society in which they move. It is sufficient to note that these cases are everywhere recognized as exceptions. The law is, that affluence is not favorable to the highest moral and religious development.

But indigence, on the other hand, offers an unpromising field for the cultivation of the virtues. This is not to say that the poor man may not be virtuous; for God's noblemen are sometimes clad in rags and dwell in garrets. I simply note the fact that the extreme of poverty is a hindrance rather than a help to virtuous living. Look at our large cities, where

vice seeks the slums, and finds in them its most congenial retreat. It is not in Belgravia nor on Fifth Avenue that the most brutal crimes are committed. What can be more moving to our sympathies or more humiliating to our pride than the story of how human beings are, by poverty, degraded almost to the level of beasts; of how they swarm in stifling dens and tenements, without provision for the commonest decencies of living; of how they lose self-respect and ambition, and turn doggedly toward a future whose horizon is not brightened with a single ray of hope? With the wolf always at the door; with dirt and disorder always present in that single vile room that he is compelled to call his home, what wonder is it that the weary laborer turns to the gilded saloon around the corner, and strives to find in its glitter, its conviviality, its cup of mirth and oblivion, a brief respite from his living death!

What wonder that the poor man comes to feel in time that society, with its brains, its capital, its organized power, is all against him! He knows that the man who steals a loaf of bread will be sent to prison, while the man who steals a railway or a silver-mine may be sent to Congress. He knows that the man who forces another to give up his money on the high-road is called a robber, while the man who, through some gigantic monopoly, forces a whole community to disgorge from its earnings, is called a merchant-prince. With such desperate philosophy as this, hearts are ripened and hands made ready for the perpetration of crime.

My object, however, is not to state a social problem, but simply to indicate that, as the world is constituted, the best sphere for the development of the higher spiritual nature is to be found neither at the top nor at the bottom of the social strata. And I have chosen, in that home of poverty, the one who is least affected by its harsh conditions, the husband and father. But if there happen to be daughters there, the path to vice becomes terribly alluring, while the path to virtue is filled with thorns.

But turning now to another phase of the subject, we may enquire in which rank of society the greatest amount of happiness is to be found. Is it not in the middle class, among those who have enough money to lift them above hardship, but not enough to entail upon them care and anxiety? No argument is needed to prove to you that extreme happiness and extreme poverty are seldom found together. Dr. Johnson declared: "When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people laboring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune." The poor are reduced to servitude by their necessities and are ruthlessly ground under by the exigencies of life. To the poor man you can hold out no hope of freedom and happiness, save as you set before him the prospect of becoming in time more or less wealthy.

Every young man, therefore, is ambitious to acquire

money. The ambition is an honorable one, a wise one, and one whose tendency is to call forth the greatest energy and skill that men possess. The desire of wealth serves incidentally to develop men in many ways, intellectually, socially, and practically; and they who strive to suppress it, little realize what evil they are endeavoring to accomplish.

Those who entertain this ambition, however, are liable to fall into the mistake of supposing that as wealth increases, happiness also will increase along with it. The poor man can hardly realize that the power of money to confer happiness is subject to many limitations. The wealthiest individual is rarely the happiest. If you were asked to point out the happiest men in the community to-day, you certainly would not choose the millionaires. The typical millionaire is frequently quite as much of a slave as the typical beggar. The cares of riches are apt to infest him. The anxiety of managing a large fortune detracts from his peace. As the Turks say, "He who has many vineyards has many cares," or, to quote another of their proverbs, "A big head carries a big ache." When John Jacob Astor was congratulated on his princely residence and told that he ought to be happy in such a house as that, he exclaimed, "Happy! Me happy!" as if such a thing as happiness had been dropped altogether out of his calculations.

Horace Mann says, "All above a fortune is a misfortune." When you think of the way in which most of the moneyed men in this land are compelled to toil, of how they are forced to sacrifice personal and

domestic comfort to their business interests, of how the finer sentiments and nobler aspirations are smothered under the incubus of wealth—when you think of all their deprivations and of that heavy burden of anxiety which they must needs carry day and night without cessation, you can easily understand how even the most poorly paid clerks in their employ may be happier than they. Such men become the slaves of their fortunes, serving the interests of wealth, instead of making wealth serve them. The most arduous professional life that any one can aspire after is certainly that of the professional millionaire. No little nurse-girl, wheeling some overgrown and peevish child along the boulevards, is ever so anxious and cumbered with her charge, as is that man whose mission in life consists in taking care of an overgrown fortune. When Stephen Girard was at the very height of his prosperity, he wrote these words to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with cares. I do not value a fortune. The love of labor is my highest motive. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that, when night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

There is a story to the effect that a king once met a stable-boy and enquired what was the boy's occupation, and how much he received as wages. "I work in the stable," replied the boy, "but I get nothing except my victuals and clothes." "Be content," was

the response of the monarch; "that is all I receive myself." And how much more than this does any sovereign receive for the arduous work of governing his realm? Some time ago two Americans were discussing John Jacob Astor's millions, when one asked the other if he would be willing to take care of the millionaire's property for nothing more than his board and clothes. "No!" was the answer; "do you take me for a fool?" "Well," replied his companion, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it; he's 'found,' and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accomodation of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of all this large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can do nothing with his income but build more houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He's 'found,' and you can make nothing else out of it."

The poet Pope enforces the limitations of wealth in one of his didactic couplets:

> "What Riches give us let us then enquire:
> Meat, Fire, and Clothes. What more? Meat, Clothes and Fire."

When we look at the things that bring enrichment and delight to our lives, we see that the great majority of them are such as are never displayed in the markets and cannot be purchased for money. Meat, fire, and clothes can be bought; but love, esteem, and culture are not for sale. If you enjoy good health, sound

sleep, and hard work; if in relatives and friends you have fountains of affection that are always available; if you have learned to appreciate what is beautiful in nature, glorious in history, and great in literature; if you are living in such sympathy with Heaven that its ministrations uplift you in your times of despondency and strengthen you for your hours of toil, then are you princely in your command of all those resources that go toward making life worth the living. No amount of money can ever supply you with these elements or compensate you for their loss. Having them, you may well exclaim with the poet:

> "I care not, Fortune, what you may deny:
> You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
> You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
> Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
> You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
> The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve.
> Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I their toys to the great children leave:
> Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

Another fact is worthy of note, namely, that the consciousness of being rich depends more upon the mind than upon the pocket-book. Wealth in itself is not sufficient to lift any individual above the sense of want. It rather multiplies wants in the most amazing manner. The more we get, the more we desire; so that without the exercise of self-restraint, we become an easy prey to avarice and ambition, and are rendered miserable even in the midst of great possess-

ions. Every man feels poor who has not as much money as he wishes. If you have the least doubt of this, you may easily verify it by circulating a subscription-paper for some benevolent object, when you will be amazed at discovering how many people there are in the world who plead the limitations of poverty.

The true way to feel rich is not so much by amassing a tremendous fortune as by putting a curb upon our own desires. It is of self-restraint that the feeling of prosperity is begotten. When Diogenes went to a country fair, and observed the ribbons, and the mirrors, and the fiddles, and the hobby-horses, and the various other nick-nacks that are always to be found at such places, he exclaimed, "Lord, how many things there are in the world, of which Diogenes hath no need!" He felt rich, though his personal possessions were but few. It was the same individual who, when requested by Alexander the Great to demand a favor, asked the conqueror of the world to stand from between him and the sun, whose light and warmth he was at the time enjoying. The sun, to be sure, can do more for our happiness than the mightiest of conquerors, though there are but few who, like Diogenes, are wise enough to perceive it.

With a moderate income, such as will suffice to supply food and clothes and fire, and to furnish us with leisure and opportunity for enjoying the highest things, our chances of happiness are much greater than they would be with a fortune footing up into millions "A man's life," said the wisest of men, "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

When young men lay their plans not simply for a competence, but for a superfluity of this world's goods, one of the most prominent reasons urged for so doing, is the vast amount of good that money will accomplish. That wealth will do an almost infinite amount of good, is set forth as an axiom. And yet, so far as moral and spiritual good is concerned, I will venture to question the assumption. Money alone has never done any good deed in the whole course of human history. It is just as powerless in itself as a sword would be without an arm to wield it. The forces that do good in the world are men; and after they have accomplished that good thing which the world has needed, the question of their poverty or riches sinks into insignificance. The names of those who minister to the intelligence, the happiness, the virtue of the world, are seldom conspicuous on the tax-lists. Nobody asks how much Demosthenes or Isaiah or Paul was worth. Nobody thinks of measuring the influence of Gladstone or Herbert Spencer, of Tennyson or Phillips Brooks, by their wealth. Who cares whether Socrates and Shakespeare, Faraday and Wellington, James Watt and George Stephenson were poor or rich? It is their brains and hearts, their courage and skill, rather than their riches, that have left the race their debtor. Into the making of these men money has undoubtedly gone, and contributes in this way to their usefulness, just as sunlight and spring rains and bird-songs contribute to it. Money has helped them in their onward course because they have possessed a secret more valuable than that sought by the alchem-

ists of old, the secret of transmuting the baser gold into something nobler. They may even have used wealth as raw material in the working out of their benevolent purposes; but it is the mind, the character, the personality, that has accomplished the good.

I would have you draw such a sharp distinction between the power of money and the power of manhood that the two may never conflict in your thought and effort. If you start out to be men, and to influence the world in that way, there is infinite hope of your success. But if you start out to be rich, and to influence the world through your riches, there is no hope for you. Washington Gladden says, "The crowd is always more ready to worship the golden calf than to honor the prophet;" and perhaps he is right. But this is very far from saying that the calf can accomplish as much good as the prophet. Many a young man makes the mistake of thinking that in order to wield the highest influence in this money-loving generation, he must make an effort to combine the golden calf and the prophet in the same individual. Time always demonstrates the folly of such a course; for the calf eventually swallows the prophet, and the combination becomes all calf. That is to say, he who starts out to win great riches under the plea of attaining influence and usefulness through them, is led in time to drop the idea of usefulness altogether out of his calculations. If you wish to be useful in the world, set your eye straight on usefulness, and do not keep squinting all the time at riches. You cannot serve God and Mammon.

Now, when a man starts out with the idea of being useful to society, how much of a fortune is he likely to accumulate? Not a great one, in all probability, and yet enough to lift him above want. For as society is constituted, a fair reward is commonly received by all who do their best to serve the world through any honorable industry. One man makes shoes for his fellows, and another builds houses for them, and another conducts commercial enterprises; and all receive a compensation according to their services. The law is, that if a man continue to do good in the land, he will stand in no danger of starvation. It is generally the man who shirks work, and endeavors to get something from the world without giving any adequate return, that comes to failure at last.

A small fortune, therefore, like neat clothes and gentlemanly manners, is a good letter of introduction to society. It usually has equivalents in character and service. The virtues are associated with it. It implies that its possessor is comparatively free from those infamous habits that lead to recklessness and extravagance. It stands for skill, for enterprise, for industry, for economy and thrift. It is taken to signify that the man who owns it has worked long and steadily and to good effect. It is an expression, in a rough way, of the amount of service he has rendered to the world. Poverty is hardly to be looked upon as a badge of honor except among the politicians. It seems to warn the world in the plainest manner that there is something of worthlessness in the man to

whom it attaches. An excessively large fortune, on the other hand, can hardly be said to prejudice the world in our favor, since it excites a suspicion that its possessor has not been quite as scrupulous in his undertakings as the ten commandments require.

Thus far money answers simply as an introduction; but it is the man behind the money that carries the influence. It is only the man himself that can lift the world into higher thoughts, purer joys, and more earnest purposes of living. He will be the object of its curiosity, and it will study him and measure him with most patient scrutiny. His influence will be worth just what his character is worth. If his vote can be bought for a glass of bad whiskey at election-times, or if his honesty can be overthrown at the expense of a "nickel" in making change, his influence will count for just that sum. There are many men in this world who have a bank-account footing up into the thousands and an influence that is worth exactly half-a-dime. Their fortune draws attention to their own intrinsic worthlessness, "just as the light of the glow-worm that shows it to be a grub."

Where the world finds that a man thinks more of his money than of his manhood, its takes him at his own estimate, and gives him influence accordingly. It will do things for his money that it would never think of doing for himself. For his money it will wash his clothes, and feed him, and see that he is provided with a house. For his money it will dine him and wine him and give him the best seat in the synagogue. For his money it will pat him on the back, call him a fine

fellow, and bow the knee to him. But it will do all these things for his money, and not for himself. And after he is dead and gone, it will weep for him with five-cent tears, and gobble up his fortune with a thousand-dollar appetite.

No, my friend. If you wish to do good in this world, it is yourself rather than your riches that must do it. It is as sure as fate, that in the three score years and ten of this mortal pilgrimage, the world will turn you round and round, examine you on every side, search you through and through, and declare you bankrupt or solvent, not by the money that is in your purse, but by the virtue that is in your heart. Your influence is that which flows into the world from yourself; and never delude yourself into supposing that it can reach society from any other quarter.

So, while you accumulate wealth, guard well that treasure of manhood which is so far above money in its worth, that treasure of manhood which even this world, rude, ignorant, time-serving, money-lusting as it is, has come to value higher than rubies. God has made you to do something better here on earth than simply to acquire a fortune. If ever the interests of money and manhood seem to conflict, stand by your manhood. When men sneeringly intimate that every man has his price, and attempt to weigh culture, virtue, and usefulness in the scales, as if they could be bought like sugar and salt; when honor stands below par in the market, and premiums are put upon rascality and fraud; when derision, failure, starvation, confront him who would be true to the higher princi-

ples of his nature, stand by your manhood. If you must fail as a money-getter, never permit yourself to fail as a man.

Where men fail financially, and yet preserve their honor and integrity, the world may speak of the event as a going-down in life; but it is really a going-up—up in character, up in influence, up in the esteem of the world eventually, up in that way of God which leadeth unto everlasting life.

## XIII.

# MAKING AND SPENDING.

"There are but two ways of paying a debt: increase of industry in raising an income, increase of thrift in laying it out."—*Carlyle.*

"A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will."—*Franklin.*

"The true thrift is always to spend on the higher plane; to invest and invest, with keener avarice, that he may spend in spiritual creation, and not in augmenting animal existence."—*Emerson.*

E that knows the world can point out many instances in which the love of money has proved a serious detriment to success. It is as dangerous as any other form of love that the heart of man can cherish. It is, as the Apostle has said, "a root of all kinds of evil." Avarice is one of the most ruinous, as well as one of the meanest of vices. The desire of wealth may grow into a fierce flame, in which every noble sentiment and every generous affection turns to ashes. No man is safe who puts a higher estimate upon riches than the Divine Being Himself accords them.

GOING TO MARKET.

That God does value wealth as a means of promoting the higher interests of the race, the explicit statements of Scripture most clearly reveal. The very fact that the Bible has so much to say upon the subject of riches, argues something. Gather together all that it teaches about wealth, and you have enough material for a score of sermons. Why does the Bible contain so many injunctions concerning the right use of money, if the saints are not to possess it? Who can use aright what he ought not to have at all?

Does some one object that the Model Man, whose life is set forth in the Gospels, was so poor that He had not where to lay His head? The element of poverty undoubtedly entered into the humiliation of our Lord; but it was voluntarily assumed for the sake of a higher end, and furnishes no sufficient reason why you and I should go poor. It is not the form but the spirit of that wonderful life, that we are to follow. Indeed, that very power which Christ exercised over the realm of nature, made riches a thing of comparative indifference to Him. Though He possessed but little money, He had a more complete control over His circumstances than the wealthiest millionaire in the Roman Empire. When the hungry multitudes waited to be fed, He could make the five loaves and two fishes go the rounds of five thousand men, to say nothing of the women and children; and when the taxes had to be paid, He could give the word of command, and straightway an apostle would catch a fish with a piece of money in its mouth. When you can perform similar feats, you can afford to be poor. But

so long as you are just a common man, with no power of working miracles, the only way for you to follow Christ in paying your taxes and feeding those dependent upon you, is to get riches. What Christ did by miracle, man must do by money.

If we may infer the will of the Creator from the teachings of the Bible, of nature, and of human experience, it certainly seems to be His intention that men shall learn to accumulate wealth. What God intends us to do, it is our duty to attempt doing. We may make money-getting a part of our religion. But we are not to suppose that simply because the Divine Being intends men to get wealth, He will bestow it upon them, whether they deserve it or not. It takes something more than prayer and patience to bring the desired income. Henry Ward Beecher once said that if he were to go to God and ask for salad, the Lord would point to the garden and say, "There is the place to get salad; and if you are too lazy to work for it, you may go without it." For six thousand years the finger of Providence has been pointing to the fields, the markets, and the workshops, and has been declaring to the race as plainly as any law of life can speak, "There are the places to get money; and if you are too lazy to work for it, you may go without it." If for sixty centuries the teaching of Providence has all been to the effect that those who desire wealth must work for it, I fail to see that there is any piety in asking Him to reverse His methods for our especial indulgence. Providence is not likely to do for us what we are perfectly competent to do for ourselves.

This discussion may seem irrelevant, to those who have no idea of praying for wealth and then leisurely waiting until it comes to them. None may be tempted to do this; and yet many are subject to a temptation of a very similar character. For in these stirring days there are few young men who are not prompted to trust in a divinity that goes by the name of Chance. They ask chance to do for them what they are abundantly able to do for themselves. They strive to get by means of chance what ought to be obtained only by hard and earnest work. Chance, however, is the most fickle divinity that was ever worshipped. Chance never adds a cent to the aggregate wealth of any community. Where it enters as a factor into the accumulation of a fortune, one man's gain is another's loss. Chance is a fruitful source of disorders in the business world. Chance is the son of chaos and the father of panic. Chance means poverty, distress, ruin, to the great majority of those who rely upon it. He who trusts in chance, opposes himself to the order of the universe.

There is something in this world stronger than chance, namely, law. Chance is variable; law is always the same. Chance deceives; law is to be trusted to the uttermost. Those who strive to get wealth by chance, make ready the way for disappointment; those who endeavor to get it by law, make sure of success. There is one law by which, from the earliest times, men have never failed to acquire money. It is a simple rule, a short rule, a rule that is applicable always and everywhere; and if it has any exceptions,

I am not aware of them. To those who are desirous of obtaining wealth, it indicates in two short words the method by which they may secure it: *earn it.*

There is only one way of earning anything, namely, by giving for it a fair equivalent. Horace Greeley says, "The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it." His happiness and his moral character are brought into jeopardy by such delusive philosophy. No man can feel perfectly honest, with the consciousness that he is not giving back to the world an equivalent for every dollar received. To build up a life on a basis of sharp and fraudulent dealing, is to build for perdition. Men may earn money by their hands or their brains, but they cannot earn it by their wits. Stealing is always stealing, though it is not always designated by so offensive an epithet. Make up your mind that if you are to amass a fortune in this world, every dollar of it shall be honestly earned.

This may seem like a slow method of accumulating riches. It is slow; but it is honorable, it is safe, and so far as it goes, it is absolutely sure. In whatever lines of business you may adopt, make it your constant aim to give to the world an equivalent for all that you would receive from it. Your reward will be in proportion to your skill and industry. Skilled labor rarely lacks a market, while mere brute labor is always being crowded to the wall. Any man can handle a shovel or an axe, can dig a trench or cut down a tree. But there is not one in a hundred thou-

sand that can handle a sculptor's chisel, and shape the senseless stone into beauty. When the world wants a day laborer, there are a hundred applicants for the position; but when it wants an artist, it has to hunt for him. And who can blame it for proportioning its awards accordingly?

When Michael Angelo had a little falling-out with the Pope, some of the courtiers proposed to his Holiness that he should punish the insolent artist by putting him to death. "I will," replied the pontiff, "if you will first find me another Michael Angelo!" Charles II. observed, as he picked up Titian's mahlstick, "A king you can always have; a genius comes but rarely."

There is always room at the top. In the lower ranks of every industry there is considerable competition for the work that needs to be done; but in the higher ranks this competition is reduced to a minimum, and the rewards are correspondingly greater. While the supply of sewing-women in any of our great cities is so far in excess of the demand, the compensation given for their work will, of necessity, be small. There are only two ways of remedying the evil, either by compelling the great majority of women to remain ignorant of the art of sewing, or else by educating them to labor in the higher branches of industry. While every woman can take to the needle in the last extremity, just as every man can take to the spade, one cannot wonder that this quarter of the labor-market should be overcrowded, and that the remunerations offered in it should be correspondingly small. The

work that anybody and everybody can do without skill and training, will always be poorly paid.

If, therefore, you would earn money in this world, choose not only the highest business for which you are adapted, but endeavor to get as high up in that business as you possibly can. Study it with patient care, master its details, learn everything that is to be known concerning it. Keep your eye always open for improvements in it, and sacrifice yourself to it night and day. And when by such means you have become a master workman in your calling, you will render to the world the highest type of service of which you are capable, and you will receive the highest recompense in return.

Such a rule as this needs to be accompanied by a word of caution. The man who permits himself to degenerate into nothing more than a money-maker, is not the one who renders the greatest service to the world. The Turks say, "The bazaar knows neither father nor mother." Where the desire of wealth leads one to become oblivious of his family relationships and responsibilities, it is time to call a halt. The effort to provide for the physical necessities of those dependent upon us, should never render us forgetful of their higher needs. Children are something more than animals, that need only to be fed and sheltered. The tendency of money-getting is toward crowding out all the higher interests and ambitions; and this tendency is to be carefully watched and restrained. You may possibly be able to make more money by working fourteen hours a day than by

laboring for a shorter length of time; but if the home life and your own higher life suffer in consequence, it might be well to ask whether, after all, the surplus earnings are worth what they cost.

Maurice Thompson, the writer, is a busy lawyer in one of the smaller cities of Indiana; yet it is his custom to spend three months of every year away from business in the open air. Whatever may be said as to the financial loss entailed in the proceeding, his writings are certainly enriched by this protracted converse with nature. "But don't you lose clients by such a course?" he was asked. "Oh, yes," he replied; "but I have as many as I wish to attend to, and some of my brother lawyers are sure to get those that go away." It is well to remember that there is something more desirable in life than simply to get clients with fees corresponding.

To accumulate wealth, it is not sufficient for us simply to earn money; we must also learn to save it. Unless we cultivate the habit of saving, no accumulations will result from our earnings, and even the largest patrimony would take to itself wings and fly away. The objection that is apt to arise when this phase of the subject is broached, is that the habit of saving sometimes leads to meanness. True enough; but it leads to a competence also; and it will not lead to meanness unless one permits it to do so. Where you find a man whose energies seem to be consumed in the effort to save a few cents, you find one whose character and ways are despicable. And if there were no choice open to you except to be either a

spendthrift or a miser, it might be better to be a spendthrift always.

But I am afraid the real reason why young men are not more given to saving, is not that they are afraid of meanness, but that they are averse to the practice of that self-denial which the habit of saving necessitates. He who would save money is compelled to deny himself constantly. If we start out in life by gratifying every passing fancy and purchasing whatsoever we may desire, we shall undoubtedly remain poor to the end of our days. But if we learn to sacrifice the whim of the moment to the interests of a lifetime, we shall be in a fair way toward making accumulations.

The fact that saving involves self-denial, gives a high ethical ground from which the habit may be inculcated. John Sterling says somewhere, "The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that." Self-denial is the principle that lies at the basis of all the virtues. Habits of self-indulgence are a menace to every high and noble motive. When Steele was reproached for having voted in the House of Commons contrary to his previously expressed convictions, he excused himself by saying to his accuser, "You can walk on foot, but I cannot." He had grown so accustomed to his carriage that he found it easier to sell out his political opinions than to part with the luxury.

He who strives to form the habit of saving deserves a place among the reformers, because of that emphatic protest which he makes against the extravagance of

the age. So great is the reverence for money to-day, that poverty endeavors to conceal itself under a display of affluence, and the poor man becomes doubly poor in the effort to appear rich. A certain standard of living is set by the wealthier classes, and immediately the less wealthy attempt to follow that standard, no matter how much hardship may thereby be entailed upon them. In dress, in household appointments, in recreation, the predominant tendency is toward display. You can hardly estimate the good that may be accomplished by those who, in the midst of such servility to wealth, are not ashamed to say with reference to any special indulgence, "I cannot afford it." The social power of that little sentence is something tremendous. Such honorable and unabashed confessions of limited means are the strongest force that can be used in checking the tide of ostentation and extravagance.

Those whose names are handed down as models of benevolence have, generally speaking, been marked by their habits of economy. The individuals who establish great libraries, hospitals, colleges, public parks, and benevolent institutions of all descriptions, usually come from that class whose maxim is, "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Without some such rule as this they would never have obtained sufficient affluence to constitute them public benefactors.

The Duke of Wellington, we are told, kept an exact account of his receipts and expenditures; and George Washington's name is intimately associated with

the practice of household economy. Indeed, the "father of his country" is noted almost as much for his little account books as for his little hatchet. This habit of keeping an exact account of one's receipts and expenditures, with a little season of judgment coming every night when the cash is balanced, might prove of great value to all of us. We can hardly realize how much money is spent for little luxuries until we have the undeniable figures before us.

Certainly unless something is saved from our earnings, we are sure sooner or later to come to want. A man without a competence is only one day's remove from starvation. If work fail, if sickness come, if old age and weakness creep on, as they assuredly will, he is thrown on the cruel mercies of society, or compelled to subsist on the bounty of relatives and friends. The man who is getting no advantage in his struggle with the world goes down to the grave feeling that his life has been a failure.

No man feels poor who earns more than he spends, inasmuch as there is afforded to him a prospect of increasing freedom and comfort. But around him who is spending as much or more than he earns, the toils of disaster are slowly gathering. As Micawber puts it in his jaunty philosophy: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen, six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought, and six; result, misery." The addition of a single shilling to one's expenditures may turn life from a joy into a burden. The only safe rule is never to spend a dol-

lar until it has been honestly earned. Running in debt means putting oneself in the power of others, mortgaging the future, parting with peace of mind, and opening the way for deception and dishonor. The debtor toils that he may wipe out the accounts which the past holds against him; while he who is free from debt toils that he may add to the opportunity and enjoyment of the future. The one is driven and constrained; the other is inspired by hope.

That single shilling which, according to Micawber, makes life appear so different, suggests the propriety of a word or two on the subject of small savings. I am aware that when a discourse on this topic closes by setting forth the advisability of giving up expensive habits like smoking and drinking, it is apt to be scouted. These habits, however, have a very direct bearing on thrift, and may be studied from the standpoint of economy as well as from that of morals. Great Britain spends two hundred and fifty million dollars a year on drink. The United States spends two hundred millions per annum for the support of dogs. But instead of looking at these larger aspects of the question, we may content ourselves with asking what it would profit a man to save, say, fifty cents a day, a sum which the average young man of the period easily squanders on cigars and liquors. This sum, steadily laid by and put out to interest during a period of fifty years, or from the age of twenty to that of seventy, would leave one with a snug little fortune of sixty-seven thousand dollars. Or should you be able to save only twelve cents a day for sixty years,

it would amount to some sixteen thousand dollars. The little items make a great sum in time.

In the matter of saving, as in most other duties, human nature usually does best under pressure. It is said that a horse which carries a rider can always overtake one that is unridden. The man who is burdened with a sense of obligation can usually accomplish more than one who feels perfectly free to do as he pleases. You will be much more likely to save money by entering into some agreement that will virtually compel you to lay by a certain sum so many times a year. It is easier to save when we have to do so, than when the matter is left entirely optional with ourselves. General Butler dates the beginning of his prosperity to the day when he began to invest in real estate, and was obliged from time to time to make payments upon his purchases as the installments became due. A similar pressure is experienced by those who insure their lives, and find the necessity of making regular payments forcing them into the saving habit. Under some forms of policies, an insurance company really becomes a savings-bank, which will not only pay back in time all that we have invested, with a fair rate of interest, but will, in addition, carry the risk of paying the entire face-value of the policy at any moment, should an untimely death overtake us. In this way one is helped to lay by money against the unproductive period of old age, and at the same time those dependent upon his labors have an ample protection against want.

But there is another aspect of this subject that must

not be omitted. Having said so much on earning and saving money, it seems needful to say a few words on the subject of spending.

> "Gold thou may'st safely touch, but if it stick
> Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick."

So speaks George Herbert. Money is given us that we may spend it for the useful and beautiful things that the earth contains. It is good for nothing else. It is only a means by which things more desirable than itself may be secured. And it is just as senseless to accumulate more money than we can ever use to advantage, as it would be to accumulate piles of stone that we could never build into walls, or piles of lumber that could never be turned into anything else.

Many a man knows how to accumulate a fortune, who becomes as helpless as a child when the question of spending that fortune is presented to him. We never understand the uses of money until spending reaches the dignity of a fine art, that is, until we know how to use our wealth as artistically, as gracefully, as effectively as the painter uses his colors, or the architect his building materials. The art of spending money is infinitely more important than the art of music and quite as difficult to acquire. Indeed we may say that financial artists, like all other artists, must be born as well as made; and that where people are naturally destitute of tact, judgment, and taste, no amount of teaching will ever enable them to spend their wealth to advantage.

The most important rules of this art of spending

may be summed up in the following injunctions: Spend economically; spend independently; spend wisely; spend unselfishly.

1. Spend economically. Do not spend for the mere sake of spending. Money is power: it commands the services of others, and enables us to possess ourselves of the treasures of many lands. The spending of money brings with it that consciousness of superiority, that sense of exaltation, which accompanies the exercise of any power whatsoever. The act of spending always communicates this pleasure; and for this reason many are tempted to spend, that they may have the momentary delight of realizing their ability. For the same reason the bully picks a quarrel with some inoffensive antagonist and beats him. To exercise power for the sake of this temporary gratification, is selfish and wasteful. There is only one sufficient reason for buying anything in the world, namely, that we need it. To buy a thing because it is cheap, is like knocking a man down because he is little. If we do not need an article, we are deprived of the only rational ground on which it may be purchased.

We smile at the ancients for dining on peacocks' brains and sipping pearls dissolved in their wines, simply that the cost of their banquets might be brought up to what was considered "good form." They might as well have scattered their wealth broadcast on the streets. But is there not oftentimes as much foolish and ostentatious extravagance to-day? The old artists strove to put a great deal of gold leaf

into their paintings, and ruined them to that extent as works of art. The men and women of to-day who make their lives garish with displays of gold, are equally lacking in fine artistic sensibility.

2. Spend independently. Do not buy just because others are buying. Do not purchase a dress or a bonnet simply because somebody else has set the example. Consult your individual tastes. Strive to fulfill your own ideal. Be yourself. If you are not yourself, what are you? If Robert Bonner spends thousands on his stables, and Jay Gould spends a small fortune on his yacht, there is no good reason why you should follow them. No mere copyist can ever become an artist; no man who does just what others are doing can count for much in his day and generation.

3. Spend wisely. When a certain Guinea slave-trader was told that he saw before him two of the greatest men in the world, the poet Pope being one of them, he replied, "I do not know how great you may be, but I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all bones and muscles, for ten guineas!" There are still individuals in this world who have no distinct perception of the fact that there is something in human nature infinitely higher than bones and muscles. They are quite willing to expend money in satisfying the needs of the physical man, but leave the spirit unsupplied and unadorned. Some people would put a thousand dollars into a horse; some would put it into a diamond pin; and some would put it into an education. You have no diffi-

culty in determining in which class the true artists are to be found.

Wisdom invests wealth in the best of all possible things, and gives preference to the higher interests rather than the lower. Get the best things you can for your money. Instead of ice-cream, you may buy philosophy; instead of neck-ties, you may purchase the arts; instead of cigars and wine, bad company and bad habits, you may purchase the delights of science, of letters, or of travel. Spend on the highest interests of your being. If you were to find Raphael working as a house-painter, you would declare that he might employ his talents and colors to better advantage. Does not the same criticism hold when we discover human beings squandering their resources on victuals, clothes, furniture, and horses? He who puts his money into manhood, that is, into knowledge, culture, and character, has deposited it in the only bank where it is safe for time and for eternity.

4. Spend unselfishly. Do not expend all your savings upon yourself. Meet the demands of the home, the school, the community, the church. Aspire toward being an all-round man with large sympathies and generous enthusiasms, and not a poor little dwarf of a fellow, whose brain and heart are not large enough to take in interests beyond those that are immediately represented in himself. Be generous. Be a giver to every worthy cause, to the full limit of your ability. Remember that you are simply a steward of the funds entrusted to you by Providence. There may be people who give too much, but you are not likely

to meet them; the great majority err on the side of selfishness.

Why does the Lord love a cheerful giver? Not simply because the money goes to the cause of religion, for often it does not. But because nobody ever gives cheerfully, unless there is a lot of manhood behind the pocket-book. Nobody can give cheerfully without being an enthusiast in the cause that demands assistance. It is their enthusiasms that make men. The money forced out of us by the solicitous agent of some charitable enterprise is not given; it is simply spent to get rid of a nuisance—an expenditure in the line of self-indulgence. Where giving is the outcome of some uplifting enthusiasm, it deserves to rank with prayer as a means of grace.

How should one give? Just as he earns, just as he saves—that is, systematically. The civilized man endeavors to free his life as far as possible from the capricious rule of impulse, by reducing it to system. Our charities should be as well considered as our wardrobes, our houses, our books and pictures. Benevolence never reaches its true dignity until it becomes a habit rather than an impulse. We should be able to make plans for giving, just as we make plans for work and recreation.

When should one give? Right along, all the way through life. When should one eat? When should one work? When should one pray? If a man were to say, I will do all my eating this month, and for the next eleven months I will do nothing but sleep and toil, what would become of him? Be as much of a

man as you can seven days in every week. Make your giving as regular and constant as meals and sleep. Let the outflow of money be as continuous as the income. Above all, do not wait until you are dead before doing something for the world; do it while you are living, and as a free gift. Post-mortem benevolence is always regarded with suspicion. What credit is there in letting the world have our money after we have no further use for it ourselves? The giving that occasions no sacrifice, brings no profit to the giver. A man cannot shrive his soul by directing that a crown of thorns shall be placed upon his corpse. Give until you feel it, and while you can feel it.

Sir Henry Taylor says: "A right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man." The art of using money aright demands the exercise of nearly all the virtues. Instruction and practice in this art cannot be begun at too early an age. The child should be taught the value of every penny that passes through his hands by being compelled to earn it. Train him up to habits of toil, of self-denial, of economy, of benevolence. He who knows how to use riches to the best advantage, knows how to use the world. The sum of that practical knowledge which enables a man to make his life a success, is nearly all involved in the right methods of earning, saving, and spending money.

## XIV.

# THE BLESSINGS OF TOIL.

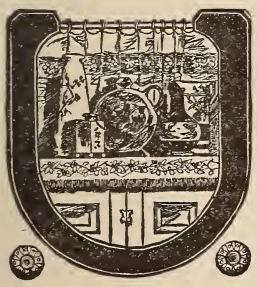
"There is but one method of attaining to excellence, and that is hard labor; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuits of the fox, or sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair, or talk of bullocks and glory in the goad!"

—*Sydney Smith.*

"If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law."—*Ruskin.*

"Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death."

—*Thomson.*



UNTIL the millennium dawns, the human race will consist of two classes, the workers and the shirkers. This division is pertinent, not simply to the industrial life of men, but also to their domestic, social, political, and religious obligations. Of two children growing up within the same home, one resolutely meets and discharges every duty; the other avoids unpleasant exertion, and becomes an adept at making excuses. In every school there are certain scholars who may

always be relied upon to give a perfect recitation, and there are others who invariably present themselves poorly prepared. In every factory some are energetic, intelligent, persistent, while others habitually slight their work. In every community you will find certain families whose disposition is to elicit as many social favors as they can, without making any return. And every church contains a chosen few, who bear the burdens and discharge the unpleasant tasks, while their fellow-members remain content to enjoy the fruits of these labors and do nothing.

If you were asked to say in which of these two classes the healthiest, happiest, and noblest individuals are to be found, you would have no hesitation in pointing to the class of toilers. For ill health, ill manners, and ill repute, there are none to compare with those who habitually slight their duties. These facts are universally recognized; and yet there is something in human nature that leads us all to look upon a life of ease with most favorable eye, and to yearn for the day when we may lay aside all burdens and devote ourselves to doing nothing.

An intelligent foreigner, who had traveled extensively, was once asked whether he could not point to some one characteristic that men of all climes and nationalities possessed in common. After pausing for a moment, that the weighty question might receive due consideration, he replied in his broken way, "Me tink all men love lazy!" A certain candidate for ministerial orders, being questioned as to the nature of original sin, answered that he did not know what

other people's might be, but he rather thought his was laziness. Some Indian converts were being catechised as to their Christian experience and resolves, and among other things were asked, "Are you willing to abstain from work on Sundays?" To which the dusky disciples immediately responded, "O yes; and on all other days too!"

Whether it comes by way of inheritance from the indolent habits of our savage ancestors, or from the experiences of our own early childhood wherein freedom from care and abundant opportunity for play turned every day into a holiday, certain it is that human beings do not love to work, and that if no pressure of necessity were upon them they would inevitably gravitate toward a life of idleness. The love of labor is an acquired appetite, bred into us by long years of enforced exertion. You will never discover a boy who has not decided preferences for a life of idleness, and who is not capable of drawing a sharp line of distinction between work and play. You will never find a boy who longs to play at sawing wood or hoeing turnips; nor will you ever discover a girl who mistakes the darning of stockings for amusement. Our natural disposition is to shirk toil on every opportunity. It is difficult to convince the inexperienced that the ideal life is not one of unbroken leisure, but rather one of steady exertion.

Former generations were accustomed to excuse idleness on the ground that work was not respectable. In the age of feudalism the only employment that was thought fit for a gentleman consisted in fighting and

carousing. The fact that, while war was rife everywhere, a man was found devoting himself persistently to the arts of peace, argued the possession of a craven spirit. In that age war demanded more of courage, of resource, of skill, than any other calling; and beyond all question, the most important services were rendered to the community by those who were versed in its practices. Hence the military profession took precedence of all others, and learning as well as agriculture and the arts were looked upon with disfavor. The ancient baron made his boast that he could neither read nor write. To-day it is counted a disgrace to be unacquainted with these fundamentals of culture; and the value of those industries which used to be branded as ignoble, is so generally recognized that "the dignity of labor" has become a stereotyped phrase.

One of the presidents of this Republic, when questioned as to his coat of arms, remembering that he had cut rails in his youth, replied that it consisted in "a pair of shirt-sleeves!" It is the great army of the toilers that are to-day rendering the noblest service to the world, and that deserve the highest place in the estimation of the people. But as every movement has its pioneers, it also has its retinue; and you may still find, bringing up the rear of progress, a few who persist in cherishing the sentiment that it is more noble to slaughter one's fellow beings than to feed and clothe them.

Others, again, may be discovered, who attempt to excuse their indolence on ethical and religious grounds,

by proclaiming the paramount duty of contentment. What is the advantage, they ask, in going through such a vast amount of anxiety and toil, simply that your bank account may be increased, or your name stand a trifle higher in the estimation of your acquaintances? Why not be content with what you have? They may even lapse into sanctimoniousness, and urge upon us the duty of considering the lilies of the field that "toil not neither do they spin."

Contentment, however, is hardly applicable to one who is quite capable of bettering himself and his surroundings, but who shirks the effort that such improvement would involve. Contentment applies to him who, having already done his best, finds his attainment still falling short of his ideal. Contentment, as a religious duty, is fostered by that promise which the Bible holds out to us, that we shall eventually reach a set of circumstances matching in every respect with our ideal. Without some such assurance as this, it is difficult to see how any noble spirit could avoid fretting and chafing interminably against the limitations of the present. The prospect of never realizing our highest aspirations would be enough to paralyze all effort and submerge the race in the gloom of pessimism. But with the assurance that our noblest longings shall one day be satisfied, we are enabled to toil on during the present and to possess our spirits in patience, waiting the day of better things.

This is what we are to understand by contentment. We cannot, without degarding our entire character, school ourselves into being satisfied with the world as

it is. The inherent law of our being is, that we shall aspire after something higher and put forth all our energies to realize it. And it is only as we do this, that contentment becomes a virtue. The content that springs from indolence, from mean ambitions, from the stultifying of our nobler instincts, is a vicious and depraved thing, which we should do our utmost to avoid. It was this that Edmund Burke alluded to in his oft quoted saying, "Show me a contented slave, and I will show you a degraded man!"

A more forcible argument is presented by those who attempt to excuse their inactivity on the ground that success in life depends upon luck rather than upon exertion. The Micawbers, whose business in life consists in simply waiting around till something "turns up," are to be numbered by scores. It has been observed that those who are unsuccessful in life seem to regard themselves as victims of fate, rather than of their own indolence and incapacity; while those who get on in the world are inclined to attribute their success mainly to their own exertions.

At the same time no one can deny that there is a force, potent in the shaping of every career, which may be designated as luck. One child seems to be born under the most favorable auspices, and everything he touches turns to success, while another goes through the world making an almost unbroken succession of failures. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The stoutest boy of the village goes into an early decline, while some weak and emaciated creature, whose life was despaired

of a dozen times during his childhood, becomes a centenarian. The brightest scholar ends up in the poorhouse, and the dunce becomes a legislator and a millionaire. "The best laid schemes gang aft a-gley," while folly and improvidence blunder forward to successful issues.

Lord Timothy Dexter sends his cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies, and the world laughs; but the venture, by a happy and unforeseen coincidence, proves successful and Lord Timothy's fortune is made. Sir Humphry Davy, on viewing a dexterously manipulated experiment, thanks God that he himself has not been gifted with such dexterity, since so many of his most valuable discoveries have resulted from accidents produced by bungling.

There is such a thing as luck; it is useless to gainsay it. But it is safe to say that the man who trusts luck to do for him what he is abundantly able to do for himself, will find that his faith has been misplaced. If one happens to be lying under an apple-tree, there is no arguing against the possibility that an apple may fall plump into his mouth. Such a thing may occur, and possibly has occurred in the past experience of the race. But if he wishes to obtain that apple, there is a better way of getting it than by simply lying on the ground with distended mouth. Under such circumstances I would rather have a one-pound club than a whole ton of luck.

If you wish to obtain any of the prizes of life, better a hundred times the active brain and the toiling hand than all the luck you have ever heard of. So

far as chance is concerned, it is just as likely to bring prizes to the toiling as to the idle. There is no advantage in doing nothing. Chance, in many of the instances that are so currently cited, consists simply in an opportunity—an opportunity which the idle are almost sure to slight, and which none but the industrious improve. The best things in life do not come by chance. We occasionally hear of lucky men who grow rich by a happy conjunction of circumstances, but we never hear that anyone has become cultured, upright, public-spirited, or devout by chance. It is only moral energy and effort that can bring these higher blessings.

Here, however, it may be well to consider another popular delusion, namely, that if one is only the fortunate possessor of a certain natural endowment which the world recognizes as genius, he will be able to do great things and reach the very pinnacle of fame without exertion. Genius, it is supposed, can dash off an epic at a single sitting, solve the most perplexing problems of engineering at a glance, and discover the most recondite principles of science as if by intuition.

I am not disposed to deny that there is such a thing as genius. Some men come into the world with an endowment of brain that is simply superb, and that empowers them to take the highest position among their fellows. Toil is the ally of genius rather than a substitute for it. Genius itself has no substitute; it is inimitable. No amount of toil would ever enable some men to paint the Sistine Madonna or to compose "Lohengrin." "Even Wordsworth," declares

Charles Lamb, "one day told me he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all that Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and the people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Lamb, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

Genius means uncommon ability; but ability unemployed is just as useless as no ability at all. Genius unworked accomplishes nothing. The soil may be rich, but it will never produce harvests without tillage. Genius, instead of being a substitute for work, is rather an incentive to it. It surprises us to discover that those who have been possessed of unquestioned genius have been accustomed to attribute their success to hard work rather than to natural endowment. Hogarth says, "There is no such thing as genius; genius is nothing but labor and diligence." Carlyle says, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble;" and George Eliot declares, "Genius is little more than a capacity for receiving discipline." Buffon said of genius, "It is patience," and Sir Humphry Davy agrees with this definition; while Helvetius declares, "Genius is nothing but continued attention." While these statements are hardly satisfactory as definitions, they at least indicate that the geniuses of the world are the very ones who have placed the strongest emphasis on the necessity of toil. "No abilities, however splendid," says A. T. Stewart, "can command success, without intense labor and persevering application."

This world is a working world. For so many generations have the good things of life been given as the reward of toil, that wherever we look to-day, we find thousands of our fellow beings resisting their native indolence and working away in the confident expectation of receiving some reward. On hill and valley, on land and sea, on the surface of the earth and in its dark and secret mines, men are toiling. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we dwell in, the fuel we burn, the books we read, the pictures and poems that lift us into ideal frames of mind, are all the result of toil.

A single dress represents the labor of hundreds and possibly of thousands of individuals in the different quarters of the globe: cotton from Egypt, wool from Australia, flax from Ireland, silk from China, dyes from the tropics—work of sun and soil, work of hand and brain, work of spindle and needle, work of factory and warehouse and market, all going into this simple dress! When you think of the great armies of workmen that gather and prepare the raw materials, of the great army of common carriers that bring these raw materials together, of the millions employed in manufacturing and the further millions who distribute the manufactured products, you get an idea of the way in which the world hangs together. No man liveth unto himself; we are all members one of another. Society is organized on a working basis.

We might as well expect the rivers to run upward as expect the blessings of life to come to us without toil. If we want good houses, we must work to build them.

If we want good educations and well-trained minds, we must work to secure them. If we desire a good and upright government, we must work to establish it. If we would think great thoughts or speak helpful words or write books that shall be worth the reading, we must toil to accomplish these several purposes. He that would fill a man's place and carry a man's influence, must be prepared to do a man's work. The world has no use for the idler.

We read the lives of successful men and are impressed by nothing so much as by the fact that they have been conspicuous for their unremitting industry. The great scholars, inventors, generals, merchants, authors, artists, divines, governors, and statesmen—which one of them is there that ever entered into his reward without work? All down the ages He whose are the good and precious gifts has reserved His special awards for the toilers.

Louis XIV. declares, "It is by toil that kings govern." Peter the Great was a model of industry, rising with the lark, toiling at the ship-yards, and working at the forges with common mechanics, in order that he might make himself master of their handicrafts for the instruction and benefit of his subjects. Of Frederick the Great, Macaulay declares, "He loved labor for its own sake. His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind." And the monarch himself thus writes to Voltaire: "The more one nurses oneself, the more feeble and delicate does the body become. My trade requires toil and activity, and both my body and my mind

must adapt themselves to their duty. It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should act."

The history of science consists to a large extent of the records of individuals who have devoted themselves, body and soul, to its pursuits. Buffon gives fifty years of thought and study to his Epoques de la Nature, and writes it over no less than eleven times before he deems it fit to be presented to the public. Sir Isaac Newton indicates his method of study in these words: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawnings open slowly, by little and little, into a full and clear light." Tyndall declares that during the years spent in Germany he studied sixteen hours a day. Charles Darwin, though an invalid, harbored his strength with the most parsimonious economy, and worked with such systematic regularity that but few individuals in the full possession of their powers have made so good a showing.

If there is anything that is supposed to come spontaneously to men, it is eloquence; yet the annals of the bar, the pulpit, and the rostrum reveal nothing more clearly than this, that those who have made a mark as orators have been unremitting in their toil. It has been commonly represented that Patrick Henry was idle and illiterate, and that the speech which has made him famous came to him without effort or preparation; but it seems, after all, this is only a popular delusion. He was versed in books, was familiar with the Latin and Greek classics, and was accustomed to spend hours daily in close study. Henry Clay attri-

buted his success to the fact that from the age of twenty-seven, he was accustomed to read daily in some historical or scientific work, and then, after closing the volume, to discourse to himself on the subject that he had been studying. "These off-hand efforts," he confesses, "were made sometimes in a corn-field, at other times in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors." Daniel Webster, speaking of his famous reply to Hayne, declares that the point at issue was one to which he had given years of study, having even made notes of the line of argument to be pursued in sustaining his views. "If," says Mr. Webster, "he had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired with the occasion. I never was." Dr. Guthrie, the noted pulpit orator of Scotland, used to spend every available moment of the week in making preparation for the labors of the Sabbath, writing out his sermons in full, and even correcting, interlining, and re-arranging what he had written, up to the very moment for public service. And even Henry Ward Beecher, genius as he was, was as industrious in accumulating material for his discourses as a bee is in gathering honey from the flowers of the field.

If we make a sudden transition from the pulpit to the stage, we shall find that those who have attained eminence as actors have been compelled to descend to absolute drudgery. John Kemble, it is said, wrote out the part of Hamlet thirty times, each time declaring that he had discovered something new

to be brought out in the rendering of the play. Rachel, gifted as she was with such intuitive taste that by throwing a common table-cloth around her figure she could instantaneously produce an effect which the professional modistes would strive in vain to imitate, nevertheless devoted days of severe study to mastering the parts assigned her. Intonations, pauses, attitudes—every trifle that went into the making of the perfect actress, was carefully thought out and acquired by arduous and protracted effort. "I have studied my sobs," she wrote, "and shall watch to see if you are satisfied, for I am not sure that they will come."

Musical prodigies are not uncommon; but let no one suppose from this fact that the masters of sweet sounds have attained their eminence without toiling. Handel had a harpsichord, every key of which was hollowed out by his constant practice until it looked like the bowl of a spoon. A youth asks Giardini how long it will take to learn the violin, and the reply is, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together!" The favorite motto of Beethoven was, "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, Thus far and no farther!" The amount of drudgery that he spent in perfecting his masterpieces is almost incredible. "There is hardly a bar in his music," says Grove, "of which it may not be said that it has been re-written a dozen times." Mozart declares, "Work is my chief pleasure." Meyerbeer was accustomed to spend fifteen hours a day in the cultivation of his art. Von Bulow, when complimented on his marvellous ability as a pianist, intimated that it all

came as the result of toil. "If I stop practicing one day," said he, "I notice it myself; two days, my friends notice it; three days, my audience notices it."

It is the same with the great painters: toil, pains, industry, is the lesson that their success enjoins upon the world. Leonardo da Vinci would walk the whole length of a street in Milan, meditating the addition of a single touch to his famous masterpiece, The Last Supper. Michael Angelo was a most prodigious worker, rising even in the middle of the night, at times, and then wearying himself to such an extent that he was compelled to cast himself at last upon the couch with his clothes on, too tired to undress. Sir Joshua Reynolds was so profound a believer in the power of industry that he expressed the doubtful opinion that by toil alone the highest excellence in art might be attained. "Those who are resolved to excel," he declared, "must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it no play, but hard labor." And Turner, whose praises have been so nobly sounded by Ruskin, is said to have declared to a lady who asked the secret of his success, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

From the lives of literary men the most striking lessons as to the necessity of hard work are to be derived. From the very beginnings of literary effort, industry has been a prime condition of success. It was Virgil's custom to compose a number of verses in the morning, and to devote the remainder of the day to polishing and perfecting them. He spent more than three years upon the Eclogues, and seven years on the

Georgics; and after twelve years of labor on the Æneid, he was so dissatisfied with it that he attempted to rise from his death-bed that he might commit it to the flames. Without this habit of incessant toil, who can suppose that he would ever have written his name so indelibly upon the memory of civilized man. Rousseau declares, "My manuscripts, blotted, scratched, interlined, and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me. There is not one of them which I have not been obliged to transcribe four or five times before it went to the press. Some of my periods I have turned, or re-turned in my head five or six nights before they were fit to be put on paper." Montesquieu, alluding to one of his works, said to a friend, "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair." Pascal did not begrudge spending twenty days on each of his celebrated Provincial Letters.

Balzac was one of the most painstaking of literary workers, walking the streets of Paris with note-book always in hand, scrutinizing all classes of society, and ready at all times to make an extensive journey for the sake of perfecting some minute and apparently unimportant detail in the work that he had in hand. After the first draft of his novel had been completed, he would set about rewriting it, transposing the chapters, pruning, expanding, and sparing no pains to render it perfect. When the proofs came in from the printers, he would fill the margins with corrections and additions, and frequently even the third and fourth "revise" would be returned for further improvements.

"I toil," said he, "sixteen hours out of the twenty-four over the elaboration of my unfortunate style, and am never satisfied when it is done."

Hume labored for thirteen hours a day upon his History of England; Bancroft spent twenty-six years in preparing his History of the United States; and Prescott devoted ten years to literary drudgery before his Ferdinand and Isabella was ready for the press. John Foster, in revising his famous essays for publication, was accustomed, to use his own words, "to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practice any other severity" on whatever he did not like. As a consequence he worked so slowly that when Dr. Chalmers, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was doing, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week!" Sir Walter Scott wrote with such careful regard for facts, that on one occasion he was observed to take out his note-book and write down the names of the grasses and flowers that grew in a certain locality which he wished to describe in one of his works. In his later years, goaded on by debt, he toiled with such unremitting energy upon the Waverley novels that his physical and mental powers gave way at last beneath the incessant strain.

William Cullen Bryant composed with the greatest difficulty, owing to the fastidiousness of his literary taste, and was always ready to revise what he had written. It is said that he re-wrote Thanatopsis a hundred times, and even then he was so dissatisfied with it that the printed copy which he possessed was found to contain numerous emendations in the margin.

When some one spoke to Tennyson of a certain line in Locksley Hall, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," instancing it as one of those triumphs of expression which come to poets without effort, the laureate frankly declared, "I smoked a dozen cigars over that line!"

There is no limit to the number of such anecdotes. Toil is the indispensable condition of success in all professions. He that will not fulfiill the conditions cannot hope to have the success desired. Without work genius slumbers, opportunity passes unimproved, and life becomes of no value—

> "A life of nothings, nothing worth,
> From that first nothing ere his birth
> To that last nothing under earth."

The blessings of toil are not confined simply to those outward benefits which it secures for us; it exercises also a reflex influence on the worker himself. That the ideal life is a working life, is to be inferred from the number of benefits, physical, intellectual, and moral, that accrue to the toiler. The Marquis de Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere, "Pray, sir, of what did your brother die?" "He died," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas," exclaimed the Marquis, "that is enough to kill any general of us all!" Strength and health are among the rewards of the worker. The sallow countenance and the furred tongue, drowsiness and headaches, melancholy and dyspepsia, come not to him whose energies are always on the go. Nature smiles upon the laborer, and frowns upon the drone.

Are you searching for a cranky, unbalanced, and unreliable mind, for a mind that looks out on the world through jaundiced eyes, and that never notes a fact save to misconstrue it? Find the man who has no regular occupation to absorb his energies, and your search will probably be at an end. He who has nothing to do save to browse in his library, and give free rein to his imagination without any fears of being called to practical account for his statements and opinions, is apt to become a regular Don Quixote, good for nothing save to tilt at windmills. When we are in perplexity and distress, we instinctively seek the guidance of some one who has a definite occupation—some busy man of affairs who has to shut his office-door upon the world while we are with him, or some matron with the cares of a household upon her shoulders. The opinions of an idler are hardly worth the paper they are written on or the time that they require for their setting forth.

The mind needs work to keep it in training. It always renders its best service under the incentive of some practical end to be gained through its exercise. It takes on acuteness, polish, and robustness, as it is made to rub up against the realities of life. Many a man who gets all astray in his thinking through confining himself to his study, comes back to the old and accepted ways when some philanthropic movement elicits his sympathies and prompts him to go forth among his fellows in the effort to do practical and aggressive work. The world has always been suspicious of theorists, but it seldom hesitates to

give credence to the men of action and affairs.

On the moral character, more especially, work exercises a most salutary influence. Where the energies are occupied in the accomplishment of definite and useful tasks, the grosser temptations have but little influence. So universally is this fact recognized, that it has become incorporated into the proverbs of different nations. The Italians say, "The devil may tempt the toiler, but a thousand dog the drone." And the English put it, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." It is the young fellow who has nothing to do but walk the streets in search of some new method of dissipating his energies, who becomes an easy victim to the allurements of vice. The man whose mind and heart and hands are all employed in the great interests and concerns of the world, has no craving for forbidden pleasures to add spice and zest to his existence.

Work always demands a certain exercise of that self-denial from which all that is great and good in moral character may ultimately be matured. When people begin to work, they begin to do that toward which they have no natural inclination; in other words, they put forth virtuous energy to overcome themselves. And he who grows into the habit of summoning his will-power to overcome himself, is in a fair way toward the acquisition of every virtue.

For the development of character, business-life constitutes one of the best schools that can be imagined. It brings one constantly up against unpleasant duties, and forces him to discharge them. It makes constant calls for the exercise of prudence, foresight, patience,

perseverance, and self-reliance. When you think of all that business undertakings involve; when you see men under disaster, under misrepresentation, under the strain of hard times, and amidst the most strenuous competition, nursing vast enterprises and waiting for the dawning of a better day, it seems as if no set of circumstances could be devised more admirably calculated to develop all that is strong and heroic in human nature. I know that great men are made in this way; and I hold that he who can pass through such disciplines and come out weak and mean at the end, would probably have come out mean and contemptible at the end of any career. When we are asked to find the heroic soul, we turn at once to the great class of the world's workers; we never expect to find an uncrowned monarch among the drones. Carlyle says to the idler: "Discernest thou any idle hero, saint, god, or even devil? Not a vestige of one. In the heavens, in the earth, in the waters under the earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this creation. One monster there is in the world, the idle man."

Work seems to be quite as essential to the perfecting of happiness as to the developing of character. The man who has nothing to do, is deprived of any regular outlet for his constitutional activities, and becomes as restless as a child who, by way of punishment, is compelled to sit perfectly still. Adam Clarke says: "I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is never to suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of too many irons in the

fire conveys an abomniable lie. You cannot have too many. Keep them all a-going—poker, tongs, and all!" The Creator has made us to be active. The law of our being is that every power, working up to its normal limit, shall communicate pleasure.

For this reason men continue to labor on in business, even after most princely fortunes have been amassed. They may take a holiday now and again, or even retire from business altogether for a season; but the irksomeness of doing nothing soon drives them back again to the old routine of labor. When Charles Lamb was released from his work at the India office, he wrote in high glee: "I am free, free as air! I will live another fifty years!" But after two years' experience of idleness, he wrote in quite a different strain: "I assure you no work is worse than overwork; the mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food!"

To be happy, we must have something more to do in this world than simply to take care of our own little selves. The mind unoccupied becomes an easy prey to dissatisfaction and unrest. It broods over its own anxieties, magnifies its little sorrows, and lapses into melancholy for sheer lack of some better employment.

"A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round:
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground."

There are people whose nearest approach to happiness consists in nursing their own wretchedness. They must be doing something; and where there is no work to absorb the energies, it becomes more tolerable for

the mind to turn and prey upon itself than to remain utterly idle.

"Daily living seemeth weary
To the one who never works;
Duty always seemeth dreary
To the one who duty shirks.

"Only after hardest striving
Cometh sweet and perfect rest;
Life is found to be worth living
By the one who does his best."

He who is thoroughly intent upon his work, thinks no more of the little annoyances of life than the boy does of those small bruises that are incidental to a game of foot-ball. A lady was once crossing the Atlantic, and on the first day out saw a drunken sailor felled to the deck for insolence to a superior officer. The blood gushed from the man's nostrils, and his face became swollen and livid. A few days later the lady observed the same sailor standing at the wheel, and approaching him, she enquired with womanly sympathy, "How is your head to-day?" "West, nor' west, and runnin' free!" replied the sailor. His mind was so intent on the business of keeping the vessel's head in the right direction that he had forgotten all about his own.

The happiest man in the world is he who has some commanding interest to lift him out of the small circle of his own woes and misfortunes. We sometimes speak of work as a curse; and doubtless it is this in its more severe forms. But we must remember that

Adam, even in the days of his innocence, was placed in Paradise, and enjoined to "dress the garden and keep it." And from the days of Adam until now, there has never been a Paradise without work.

God Himself is a worker. From age to age His activity continues unwearied and undiminished. It is His energy that upholds the universe in being and carries the stars along in their courses. It is His toil that rounds the spheres and perfects the most minute and microscopic cell. It is from Him that the race receives its divinest and most hopeful impulse. Science notes the process of development, but finds no name for the force by which that development is originated and continued. Theism wrestles with the problem, learns the nature of the force, and calls it God. "My father," said Jesus, "worketh hitherto, and I work."

To be religious is to be like God. To be religious is to work for God and with God. To be religious is to love our fellow men, not with a sickly and sentimental affection which wastes itself in words, but with that practical love which finds its perfect expression only in some useful industry. To be religious is to have such regard for our own higher interests as shall lead us to adopt that tried and perfect discipline by which the happiness and moral growth of men have been so manifestly promoted. For our own sake, for the world's sake, for Christ's sake, we are called upon to be workers. Better and wiser a thousand fold is the life of toil than the life of ease and unmanly indulgence.

THE OLD MILL.

# XV.

## BUSINESS-LIFE.

"He who does not let his child learn a trade, paves his way to thievery."—*The Talmud.*

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it."—*Carlyle.*

"I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto."—*Bacon.*

OMEBODY is always advertising for the services of a "bright, competent young man, to assist in office-work and make himself generally useful." The remuneration offered in such cases is always small; but if we may judge from the number of responses that are usually made to advertisements of this sort, the market seems to be fairly glutted with bright, competent young men, who are capable of assisting in office work and making themselves generally useful. If, however, the advertiser had been desirous of securing the services of a skilled watchmaker, a registered pharmacist, a

blacksmith, or a book-binder, he would probably have experienced more or less difficulty in supplying his need.

In such cases as this, we see the working of that law by which the labor-market is governed. What the world demands to-day, is not so much men who can make themselves generally useful, as men who can render efficient service in some one of those special lines of industry that the needs of society have developed. In the simple and primitive life of our ancestors the jack-of-all-trades seemed to thrive as well as anybody else; but in the present highly organized condition of society his labors are at a discount. The world has little place for the man who can do a number of things passably well; it offers its highest rewards only to him who can do some one thing inimitably, superbly. Even where the extent of a man's accomplishment consists in nothing more than the ability to throw a ball with an unusual swiftness and curve, it is willing to pay a high premium for his services. He may be as ignorant of the uses of logarithms as a Fiji Islander; he may have no more knowledge of Greek than an Eskimo; he may be utterly unable to plane a board, peddle shoe-blacking, or pass compliments with the ladies; but if he can only "pitch ball" better than any other man in the United States, he can command a larger salary than a good sized doctor of divinity.

The modern world demands specialists. Among the first duties of every young man lies that of finding some line of business for which he may make special preparation with the view of attaining special effi-

ciency. And one of the most critical hours of life is that in which we are called upon to decide what one line of work we will try to do supremely well for the remainder of our days. The great interests of life—wealth, health, happiness, and influence—are all dependent upon the wisdom of this choice.

There are a hundred different occupations, each of which has some attractive features and some peculiar disadvantages. Some can be entered into with but little preparation, and others demand a considerable outlay of time and money before we can become qualified to labor in them at all. Some offer but a limited remuneration, while in others the earnings are considerable. Some compel the laborer to wear old clothes and to soil his hands; others permit him, should he be so disposed, to array himself continually in broadcloth and kid gloves. Some industries tax mind and body but little; in others the strain is intense. There are many things to be taken into account in estimating which employment is the most desirable; but there is one principle that should outweigh all others, namely, our own personal fitness or qualification. To find the occupation for which nature and circumstances have adapted us, is to find that in which we are most certain of meeting success.

But if there is one thing that the ambitious parent thinks least about, it is probably the fitness of the child for the contemplated career. From the polished Lord Chesterfield, wasting his efforts on his loutish son in the attempt to transform him into a courtier, to the pious mother of to-day, who cherishes

the ambition that her young scapegrace may become a minister, the world is full of examples of the error in question. To a certain unpromising candidate for ministerial orders the Bishop once said, "I don't forbid you to preach; nature does!" To tell of all the born poets, architects, lawyers, and physicians that have been botched into something else through human interference with nature's manifest intentions, would require a life-time. There are men in the pulpit who ought to have been merchants; the mercantile element sticks out all over them. There are men at the bar whom nature manifestly called to the plow. And if there are not men in the legislature who ought to be supplied with a pair of long ears and permitted to trot up and down for the delectation of childhood, the opposition newspapers must certainly be mistaken! The question is, What are you fit for? And where nature plainly indicates that you ought to be one thing, while your ambitious friends urge you to be another, follow nature at all costs. That man is badly handicapped who is compelled to qualify himself for his business by working a "reform against nature."

Fortunately, where nature brings into the world a child with a decided bent or proclivity in any one direction, parental bungling is seldom suffered to contravene her intentions. She takes good care that her geniuses shall not be thwarted and buried. Handel, smuggling his clavichord into the deserted attic, and playing softly upon it at midnight while the other members of the household were asleep; Bach, copying

off folios of music by moonlight because denied the aid of a candle; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, under whose early charcoal sketches his pragmatical father wrote, "Done by Joshua out of sheer idleness!" are cases in point. Their genius was so imperative as to keep its own channel, notwithstanding all the efforts that were made to divert it.

Where a proclivity is so strong that nothing can turn it aside, we call it genius; where it is not so strongly defined, it is known as talent. But it is doubtful whether any individual ever comes into the world without a predominant leaning toward some one set or circle of industries. If we classify the various employments of men as professional, commercial, mechanical, and agricultural, there can be no doubt that our most congenial sphere of labor will be found in one of these classes to the exclusion of the others. John Smeaton, who built the Eddystone lighthouse, was discovered, while still in petticoats, attaching a little windmill to the top of his father's barn. When Sir Walter Scott was only eighteen months of age, he was sent to reside with his grandfather, who would occasionally permit the little fellow to be taken to some neighboring crags with the shepherd and his sheep. On one occasion, when a thunder-storm was rapidly approaching, the child was forgotten, and was subsequently discovered lying on his back, with the tempest beating full in his face, laughing and crying out with glee at every flash of lightning and its accompanying clap of thunder, "Bonnie! Bonnie!" It is hardly to be wondered at that an imagination which, in its un-

developed state, could thus delight in the awful grandeur of the storm, should subsequently create for the delight of the world the Waverley novels. Napoleon playing with his toy cannon; Nelson inquiring of his astonished relatives what fear meant; Ferguson constructing his wooden clock; West plundering the family cat of her bristles, that he might turn them into brushes; Carnot, crying out in the theatre, where a siege was being represented on the stage, that the attacking would perish if not removed from the sweep of a battery to which it stood exposed—all these afford examples of strong natural tendencies manifesting themselves in early childhood.

But in the great majority of instances, tastes and aptitudes do not disclose themselves so early. From the vague dreams aud ambitions of the boy, you can hardly forecast what will be his subsequent career. The lad who intimates his serious intention of becoming a cow-boy or a sea-captain, will probably find his adventurous spirit growing quite reconciled in time to the peaceful pursuits of a grocery clerk. The girl who dreams of princes casting their golden crowns at her feet, will be quite content, before many years, to link her fortunes with those of some impecunious nobody. The boy who dotes on domestic pets becomes a butcher; and the bully of the school ends up in the pulpit.

But when life begins to unfold itself in all its practical reality, forcing upon us the necessity of choosing what part we will take in the industrial world, the real bent of our talent begins to disclose itself, and is to

be trusted. Study yourself. Acquaint yourself as far as possible with the various trades and professions. Make a few experiments, if necessary, in these different lines of labor, but always with the distinct understanding that they are experiments and nothing more. Try your abilities on the farm, behind the counter, or in the factory. Make it your object to discover what nature intended you for, when she brought you into existence. And when you have perfectly satisfied yourself on that point, you have as clear a call to the line of work indicated, as most young men receive to the work of the Christian ministry. The rule is, that the labor which brings us delight and satisfaction, is that for which we are best qualified, and in which we are most likely to attain success at last.

But even with the best intentions and the utmost care, it is sometimes impossible to avoid making a blunder. We find more difficulty in becoming thoroughly acquainted with ourselves than with any other individual. Our partiality is apt to bias us, or even to blind us utterly. Douglas Jerrold, the famous wit, was ambitious of writing a treatise on natural philosophy. Canova took more pride in his wretched daubs than in those masterpieces of the sculptor's art by which his name is distinguished. Goethe prided himself on his scientific attainments, rather than on his poetry; and George Eliot thought more of her verses than of her novels. Few men understand their own strength, and fewer still perceive their limitations.

Under these circumstances, there is safety only in

counsel. What is the use of guardians and friends, if we may not elicit sound advice from them at these most critical periods? Whatever hints and admonitions are given by others may well be weighed and considered. To refrain from listening to the counsel of those who know and love us, is like refusing to stoop and pick up pearls that lie glistening at our feet. The wisdom of those who have had experience in the ways of the world, and who, looking on us in a dispassionate and unprejudiced way, are apt to see clearly our strong points and our weak ones, is more precious than silver and gold.

Decide upon your life-work for yourself; but do not make your final decision until the ground has been thoroughly canvassed and all possible information has been obtained. No man is wise who elevates the counsel of others above his own independent judgment; but neither is it wise to ignore that counsel altogether. Ponder well what your best friends say to you. You may have an idea that your forte lies in writing poetry; but if all the editors of your acquaintance persist in declining your contributions, it might be well to ask whether, after all, the literary life is the one for which Providence has designed you.

In addition to our own judgment of ourselves and the counsels that others give us, it is well to scan the horizon that we may ascertain whether there is any immediate opening for us into that line of industry to which our natural inclination leads us. We may take it for granted that the benevolent Being who has adapted us for any particular work to the exclusion

of all others, will probably supplement His creative act by His providence. If He has made you to be a physician, He will probably give you an opportunity of realizing His intention. If He has fitted you to be a minister of the gospel, He will surely afford you some chance of preparing yourself for that eminent work. Opportunity, to be sure, must in many cases be sought and forced. He that refrains from directing his talents into their appropriate channel, simply because there are obstacles in the way, is too much of a weakling to deserve success. And yet there are obstacles that no amount of effort can overcome. The man who is rendered accidentally blind can never hope to paint pictures.

There is great encouragement, however, for those who, finding the way to the desired calling barred by insuperable obstacles, resolutely turn aside from their cherished dreams to face the duties that confront them. Frederick W. Robertson had strong aspirations after a military career; but when he found the way to the profession of arms effectively closed against him, he turned to the ministry from a sense of duty, and carried the soldierly spirit into his pulpit work with such brilliant effect that, though he died in the thirties, he attained a name and an influence second to none in the annals of the Christian pulpit.

These are simply hints as to the principles that should govern us in the selection of a business. The thing to be emphasized is, that in entering upon anything so serious and important as our life-work, we should choose our calling rationally, deliberately, and

independently, rather than permit ourselves to drift into it by chance, to be forced into it by poverty, or to be inveigled into it by the solicitations of fond, foolish, and ambitious advisers. Wisdom, forethought, and decision are much more likely to conduct us to success than indolence, chance, or vanity.

No business is worthy of a man which does not afford him constant opportunity of rendering substantial service to his fellow beings. Whatever you do, choose for yourself no line of industry which will not enable you to make the lives of men happier and sweeter. Much has been said about the dignity of labor; but there is no dignity in that labor which brings disaster and ruin in its train. There is no dignity about the work which corrupts, cankers, and deceives. The work that swindles men, the work that panders to their lower appetites, the work that impoverishes them in mind, body, or estate, is more to be shunned than starvation itself. You cannot afford to engage in any business whose tendency is to nullify the ethical instincts of your nature. You need a business that will give scope to all there is in you of manhood as well as of handicraft. You need a business about which you can grow enthusiastic, and to which you can bring all that is best and noblest in your nature without any feeling of moral degradation. You need a business upon whose altars you may lay your talents, your culture, your strength and soul, for forty or fifty years to come.

And when a man finds a business that thus rouses and rallies his enthusiasm, and gives scope to the

noblest energies of his being, he has discovered that line of industry in which success is almost assured. It is enthusiastic work that counts everywhere, in the pulpit, in the factory, and in the kitchen. Listless work, work that quenches enthusiasm and degenerates into a mere routine of drudgery, work that is done without joy and without love, is almost sure to be done badly. But the labor that delights us, the labor in which we lose ourselves, and on which we spend time and thought and toil without any consciousness of sacrifice,—how can it be anything else than successful?

The very first thing requisite to the successful prosecution of any business, is such a degree of devotion to the interests of that business as will lead us, for the time being, to forget everything else. Where there is enthusiasm, there is almost sure to be concentration. The Apostle Paul declared, "This one thing I do!" It is the men who possess an absorbing enthusiasm for some one thing, that make their lives successful, and hand down an honorable record to posterity. Savonarola, Luther, Wesley; Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner; Shakespeare, Goethe, Tennyson; Wedgwood, Goodyear, Edison; Agassiz and Darwin, Kant and Spencer, Bismarck and Grant, have all been noted for that commanding enthusiasm which kept them close, through life, to one definite pursuit.

Concentrated effort means successful effort. Charles Kingsley declared, "I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard working men." Charles Dickens said, "Whatever I have tried to do in my life,

I have tried with all my heart to do it well. Whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules."

Life is too short and human ability too limited for you to do everything, be everything, and have everything. You must make your choice and abide by it. You can do one thing well, but to attempt a dozen things is to do all badly. You can ride one horse without falling; but you cannot ride a dozen without being brought unceremoniously to the ground. He that tries to be a great statesman, a great inventor, and a great poet, will probably succeed in convincing the world that he is little more than a great donkey. Put your lead into a bullet, and you can fire it through a plank; but put it into small shot, and a child will pick them out of the pine with his penknife.

Our natural disposition is to spread the energies out over a wide surface. It is a great deal easier to potter away at a number of things than to keep persistently hammering away at one. But the easy course never wins success in the end. Bend every energy to the oar. Let business claims take precedence of all others. Let the work of hand, heart, and brain concentrate itself along that line of industry which you have chosen. Put your whole soul into it. Read all you can about it. Study its rise, its development, and the way in which at present it fits into the industrial world. Let your recreation bring you a renewal of

energy to pour into its channels. Make this business of yours, in which you propose to do what you can for the world, a centre round which the various other interests of life may be organized.

The Earl of Chesterfield declared, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." That is how the Divine Being works; and that is how every man works who finds his labor bringing him into distinction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on being asked how he had managed to attain such excellence in his art, replied, "By observing one simple rule, namely, to make each painting the best." If we can only carry this spirit into our work, whatever that work may be, and endeavor to make every product the best of its kind, we may look forward with hope and confidence toward enjoying a generous degree of prosperity. Thoroughness never fails to bring its reward in time, whereas slipshod and indifferent methods of work pave the way for failure and disappointment.

It is said that Washington Allston, while on his way to a certain party, suddenly stopped and insisted upon returning home, that he might complete some detail in his dress, which he remembered had been overlooked. He was reminded that the defect was one of so unimportant a character that nobody would ever perceive it; but the thought that he himself would be conscious of it was intolerable to him. Therein is disclosed the spirit of the true artist, the spirit that cannot tolerate an imperfection.

Michael Angelo was one day describing to a visitor in his studio certain little finishing touches that he had

been giving to a statue. "But these are only trifles," said the visitor. "That may be so, replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." After all, the main difference between the skilled workman and the botch lies in those little trifles, which only he who is bent upon executing perfect work is likely to estimate at their real importance. A trifling maladjustment in the mechanism of the watch destroys its accuracy; a trifling blot upon the page mars its beauty; a trifling rent in the robe, a trifling conflict in the colors, a trifling fault in the metre of the poem, and perfection is ruined!

> "It was the little rift within the lute,
> That, ever widening, slowly silenced all;
> Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
> That, rotting inward, slowly mouldered all."

Accordingly we find great men conspicuous quite as much for their mastery of detail as for their comprehensiveness of plan. Napoleon, it is said, could go through the manual of drill for the common soldier better than any man in all his armies. Wellington counted nothing that contributed to the welfare of his troops beneath his notice. "His soldiers' shoes, the camp-kettles, rations, horse-fodder, and everything pertaining to their equipments was subject to his vigorous personal investigation." Euripides was once jeered at by a rival playwright because he had taken three days to compose five lines, while the other had dashed off five hundred in the same period. "Yes," replied Euripides, "but your five hundred lines will be

dead and forgotten in three days time, while my five will live forever."

Thoroughness demands training. The eye and the hand, the mind and the will, must become habituated to their work. The child has no perception of those trifling defects which the skilled workman sees at a glance. The trained mind always runs ahead of its undisciplined and undeveloped competitor. Its ideals are higher, its resources are more ample, its observation is more acute, and its judgment more accurate. The more knowledge, thought, and culture we can bring to the discharge of any business, the greater will be our chances of success. Many a specialist suffers for lack of general knowledge. Every career brings with it a series of unforeseen emergencies that make drafts upon the intellectual resources. James A. Garfield found that the study of finance demanded a knowledge of French, since the best works on the subject were to be found only in that tongue. He accordingly began the study of the language, and ultimately attained a high degree of proficiency in it. No matter what your calling may be, you cannot know too much. The boy who rushes forth into the affairs of life before his schooling is completed, will find himself handicapped at every turn.

But general knowledge must be accompanied by special training. You cannot even drive a nail perfectly without practice. Cicero subjected himself to a most rigid course of discipline that he might perfect himself in forensic oratory. Genius has been defined as a capacity for receiving discipline. The

apprentice who feels that he has nothing more to learn, will never become more than a commonplace workman. Until a man reaches his prime, his latest work should always be his best. Buying and selling are arts, that must be studied just like music and surgery. Practice is the only thing that ever makes perfect. When we cease to perceive our own defects, the desire for improvement dies out, and all hope of progress is taken away.

The trained and observant mind has a decided advantage over one of an opposite character, in that it can originate new methods and improve upon the old ones. What the inventor does for manufacturing, the originator of new methods does for commerce. The times are always changing; and the method that was perfectly adapted to the fathers is not necessarily adapted to the generation that succeeds them. The introduction of steam has revolutionized almost every ancient industry. Method is simply the way of doing anything; and the best method is that which accomplishes the desired result with the least expenditure of time and effort. He that is able to economize time and force, through the introduction of new and better methods, gains as much in a business way as if he had discovered some new plan for economizing money.

What method does for any one line of work, system does for business as a whole. Methods should all be organized under some general plan. By instinct the lower orders of creation forecast the seasons and lay up supplies against the winter. He that would work as happily and successfully as these lower ani-

mals, must do for himself what nature does so gratuitously for them. That is to say, he must forecast the future, must appreciate its dangers and its opportunities, must understand the extent of his own powers, and must apportion his labor accordingly. He who plans his work in a wise and rational manner will accomplish more, and with greater ease to himself, than if he were simply to rush about his business in an aimless and unintelligent fashion, now doing this, again hurrying to that, and then pausing to consider what ought to be done next. Bustle is not industry. Good housekeepers plan their work beforehand, and can tell you just what they propose doing on any particular day of the week. The work that is thus planned and ordered, goes ahead smoothly, pleasantly, and effectively. System saves us from anxiety, and from that feeling of being driven and hurried by our work, which is so detrimental to thoroughness.

Much, of course, may be said against system. Sir Walter Scott is credited with the statement that he had never known a man of genius who could be perfectly regular in his habits, while he had known many blockheads who could. We have all felt what very uncomfortable companions those individuals make, who have their plans all cut and dried beforehand, and who cannot be diverted from their predetermined course by any argument that we may bring to bear upon them. These human machines, with whom rising, eating, working, and praying, all begin and terminate on the stroke of the clock, can never command our admiration. The man who is the slave of his

system, is like a spider caught in its own web. Keep system in its proper place as a servant, and do not allow it to usurp the functions of a master.

But to return again to Sir Walter Scott, we find him writing to a young friend in these words: "When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is not first in hand be not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion." Look at the great industrial establishments of the country, the great factories, stores, and warehouses, the transportation companies, the postoffice—what would any of these amount to without system? System is that which binds the several parts of a business together, and without which it would fall to pieces. We make no mistake in endeavoring to profit by its assistance, whatsoever may be the work that we have in hand. It saves time; it saves strength; it saves wear and tear on the human machinery; it holds us up, and enables us to jog along contentedly, just as Mr. Pickwick was led to believe the shafts sustained that venerable horse behind which he was riding. "He always falls down, when he's took out o' the cab," said the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

In particular, system saves us from becoming slaves to our own moods, virtually saying to us as the hour arrives, "There is your work; go and do it." You know what Dr. Johnson said when asked whether it would not be better for a writer to wait until the mood for writing came upon him: "No, sir. He should sit down doggedly!" The advice is evidently that of one who realized that waiting for moods is, in far too many instances, only an excuse for natural indolence. There are special seasons when the stream of thought and energy flows along with a rush, and when to dash off work is almost ecstatic; but he that is systematic in his work will profit by these favorable moods quite as much as he who is not. Let him sit down doggedly; and by and by the mental machine, that now creaks and groans, will begin to hum. Momentum is something that must be worked up. The river would never reach the rapids if it were not content to move slowly along where the channel is almost level.

In the discharge of your own predetermined plan, as well as in meeting your obligations to others, always aim at being punctual. Where you can avoid hurry, do so; but where you cannot avoid it without being late, hurry with all the energy there is in you! There is nothing that makes the creditor feel more kindly toward his debtor than for the latter to meet his obligation on the day that it is due. There is nothing so inspiring to a minister as the sight of a well filled church when the moment for beginning the service arrives. The planets are punctual; the tides are punctual; the

railways are punctual; the tax-collector is punctual; but the average human being is not. Punctuality is a mark of civilization. It indicates that a man has been accustomed to live in an environment where things go on time. It suggests regular habits, an organized life, three meals a day, the carrying of a watch. Punctuality is the outcome of that fine moral sensitiveness which shrinks from plundering another man of his time, quite as much as from plundering him of his money. Punctuality is something about which the savage knows nothing. The reason why so many are behindhand, is that they are not as yet at a sufficient remove, in their development, from the savage state of unpunctuality.

I have already spoken of that thorough knowledge which every man should have of his own special industry. The silk-merchant should understand everything about silks, and the iron-monger should know all about iron. But there is knowledge of another kind without which no great enterprise is likely to be successful, namely, knowledge of human nature. Every manufacturer, every merchant, every professional man, is compelled to deal with this element in almost all his transactions. A great number of the failures that we see, arise from not understanding how individuals will act under such and such circumstances. You can cut a block of granite into any shape you wish; but granite is soft as compared with men and women. There is nothing so difficult to manage as human nature. It eludes, surprises, and antagonizes us at every turn. The man who can train a fractious

colt and eventually turn it out a prosaic and reliable roadster, finds himself perfectly at sea in his efforts to control a little child. He who could walk up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without a tremor, blushes and wilts before a woman's tongue. The ability to approach men with tact, to read their thoughts at a glance, and to so adapt ourselves to them as to gain the result we desire, has a value that cannot be expressed in figures. When to use argument and when to use force, when to be winning and when to be stern, when to forgive and when to threaten, are lessons that can never be learned from books. And yet these lessons must be learned by all who would be successful.

You have chosen your business; you have laid your plans; and now the question is, Can you go on laboring until the success you desire crowns your efforts? There will be many obstacles for you to overcome; there will be many disappointments and discouragements for you to meet; and you will always find it easier to relinquish your efforts than to persevere in them. But will you persevere? Everything depends upon that. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed upon the summit, I have failed."

When Carey, the eminent missionary, was a boy, he was one day climbing a tree, when his foot slipped and he fell to the ground, breaking his leg by the fall. But after the fracture had set, and he was permitted to go abroad once more, the very first thing he did was to climb that tree.

Among the traditions of one of the great manufac-

turing firms of Glasgow is the following story. Thirty years ago a barefoot, ragged boy presented himself before the desk of the principal partner, and asked to be employed as an errand boy.

"There's a deal o' running to be dune," said the gentleman jestingly, adopting a broad Scotch accent, "and your first qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy nodded gravely and disappeared. For two months he lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. At the end of this time he had saved enough money to buy the shoes, and presenting himself again in the office, held out his purchase and said quietly,

"I have the shoon, sir."

"Oh!" exclaimed the merchant, trying to recall the previous interview; "you want a place, don't you? But not in those rags, my lad; you would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated for a moment, and then withdrew without saying a word. It was another six months before he returned, thin and pale from having stinted himself of food, but decently clad. The manufacturer's interest was now aroused; but he found on questioning the boy, that he could neither read nor write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," said he; "at present we have no place for you."

The boy's face grew paler, but he did not complain. For another year he found work in some stables near to a night-school, and at the end of the twelve-

month he presented himself again in the office.

"I can read and write," said he.

"I gave him the place," said the employer, telling the story many years afterward, "I gave him the place with the conviction that he would take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman."

# XVI.

# RECREATION.

"If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth, the former from the year, the latter from human life."—*Balzac.*

"Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?"
—*Shakespeare.*

"If you will have a model for your living, take neither the stars, for they fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that ebbs and flows, nor the river that cannot stay, but rather let your life be like that of the summer air, which has times of noble energy and times of perfect peace."
—*Hamerton.*

LORD Macaulay declares that the Puritans objected to the sport of bear-baiting, not so much because it hurt the bear, as because it amused the spectators. This Puritan sternness is only the outgrowth of that ascetic spirit which has come down to us from ancient times, and which has always manifested a disposition to brand amusements as evil: the more enjoyable they were, the more sinful were they supposed to be. Pleasure of any kind was regarded with suspicion.

THE CHESS PLAYERS.

Pascal forswore all condiments and spices, and would not permit himself to consciously relish the few morsels of food by which he kept soul and body together. He even rebuked a mother for kissing her own child, and adopted an artificial harshness of manner toward his devoted sister with the express purpose, as he avows, "of revolting her sisterly affection." And lest, in spite of all these precautions, joy should in some way find an entrance into his life of immolation, he wore under his clothes a girdle of iron spikes, that could be struck in against his fleshless ribs whenever he felt himself in danger of becoming happy.

As instancing the ascetic spirit that has prevailed in Protestant quarters, a story is told of the Rev. John Colquhoun, of Leith, who played quite a prominent part in the religious affairs of Scotland during the early part of the present century. "On one Sacrament Sunday morning, his wife, being desirous to have him nicely rigged out for the occasion, had his coat well brushed, his shirt as white as snow, and his bands hanging handsomely on his breast; and when she surveyed her gudeman, she was so delighted with his comely appearance that she suddenly took him round the neck and kissed him." But the reverend gentleman "was so offended by this carnal proceeding, that he debarred his wife from the sacrament that day!"

Now, it was in an atmosphere of this kind, an atmosphere charged with asceticism, that the opinions of the church on the subject of amusements were developed; and these opinions, among others, have descended to us. Whenever the subject of popular

recreations is broached in religious circles to-day, the anticipation is that they will be soundly denounced The ascetic disposition still asserts itself in Christendom, and looks askance at all sports that have an interest and attraction for the people.

If this asceticism is not of the devil, I do not know whence it arises, for it certainly is not of Christ. The Son of Man scandalized the religious ascetics of His times because He came "eating and drinking." The first miracle that He performed was wrought that the festivities of a marriage feast might be prolonged; the model of discipleship that He placed before His followers was a little child, with all its innocent and sportive impulses still unconquered; and He Himself repeatedly sought rest and recreation amid the solitude of the hills, or in the cheer and fellowship of such congenial homes as that of Lazarus at Bethany.

In the young of all the higher orders of creation, the play impulse gives striking manifestation of its presence and its power. Birds play, lambs play, dogs play, horses play, and even the monsters of the seas leap clear above the waves in their ungainly sports. If the lower animals may play, why may not man do so? Why should his life be less joyful and unconstrained than theirs?

Certainly, if anything is to be inferred from the instinctive workings of human nature, God plainly intended that human beings should play. The race craves recreation, just as it demands food and clothing. The child takes to sport as naturally as the duck takes to water. It is as much his na-

ture to play as it is part of a kitten's nature to whirl round and round in the effort to catch its own tail. The boy has to play; he cannot sit still. When a young beginner in natural history was asked to define a monkey, he declared, "A monkey is a small boy with a tail on." It is the nature of both these creatures to be comically, and sometimes annoyingly, active; but the monkey has the advantage of the small boy by virtue of the tail.

This sportive impulse is never lost. It may become modified and subordinated to the other principles of our nature, but it does not disappear. When a man declares that he takes no interest in play, he is to be suspected of hypocrisy, illness, or insanity. This becomes the clearer as we seek to define the peculiar nature of play as distinguished from work. Work is the expenditure of energy for the sake of realizing some ulterior end; play is the expenditure of energy for the very joy of spending it. The boy goes through quite as much exertion in a single game of base-ball as in sawing a cord of wood; but parental sophistry is powerless to persuade him that sawing wood is simply amusement.

In the development of civilization, the fine arts have their origin in this play impulse of the race. In them the mind energizes for its own satisfaction, and for no ulterior end. The early artist makes his sketches, and the early musician pipes upon his reed, simply to gratify their own inborn tendencies. There is no money in the procedure, but there is play in it. It is significant that in the changes of language, the word *play*

still survives in our English speech as the distinctive name for musical action: we are said to play upon the piano or violin. Those young ladies who are chained down to a couple of hours' daily and disagreeable practice upon the piano may aver that there is no play in it; but it is useless to attempt fighting the English tongue. When the soul seeks satisfaction through music, it is play; it is not work.

Such, then, is our natural instinct, and instinct always indicates creative design. Against the ascetic tendencies that continue to appear, the propriety and righteousness of play need to be emphasized. It is part of the Divine plan in the working out of every wholesome life. It gives strength to the muscles, tone to the nerves, alacrity to the mind, and vigor to the will. Play develops the child for the more arduous duties of later life. Play gives that relaxation and recuperation which are essential to the highest kinds of work. The man who plays, remains something more than a mere toiler, while he who plods unintermittently along in the treadmill of daily routine loses his individuality in the great working organism. Play breaks through the ice of artificial conventionality, dissipates "the blues," promotes good fellowship, and furnishes a safeguard against sordidness and avarice. Play keeps the heart young and tender amid the cares and trials of life. Play summons the soul out of its prison-house, strikes off the fetters of restraint, and bids it realize itself in glad and spontaneous action. The duty of play should be proclaimed from every Christian pulpit, as well as the duty of prayer.

It is said that there are certain muscles in the human countenance which are never exercised except when we laugh. They were created for that purpose. When they are debarred from their legitimate exercise, the character and the countenance deteriorate together. It is told of the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, a former President of Andover Seminary, that on one occasion he summoned the senior class to his room and said: "My young brethren, your thin and careworn faces show plainly enough that you are neglecting the Christian duty of an occasional hearty laugh. I propose to improve your habits in that particular. Come, let us begin!" Whereupon, to their amazement, the worthy President doubled himself up in a spasm of glee, and improvised a series of uproarious guffaws. For a moment the students stood shocked; then, one by one, struck with the comical absurdity of the scene, their rusty risibilities began to act, until the whole body were swept at length into contagious, irresistible, and prolonged outbursts of mirth. After ten minutes of this invigorating exercise, the President remarked, "That will do, young gentlemen; you are now dismissed." The lesson was never forgotten. We owe a profound debt of gratitude to the men whose subtle wit and roistering humor are strong enough to carry us out of ourselves, forcing us to unbend from our rigidity, and to drop for a moment the burden of our cares.

The play impulse, like all other impulses of human nature, needs to be restrained and controlled. The amount and kind of amusement that one should take,

ought to be determined on rational considerations, and the life should be rigidly held within the limits prescribed by conscience, wisdom, and good taste.

There are some amusements, for example, that are positively immoral. They may not fall under the ban of the law, but society has come to regard them as pernicious. The experience of many generations is against them; and he that strives to increase his welfare by adopting them, virtually flies in the face of Providence. What the world unites in condemning, it would be folly to espouse. You would not think of testing oil of vitriol or corrosive sublimate upon your own person, before accepting the statements of men concerning them. Why then should you hesitate to accept the verdict of the world concerning gambling, intoxication, and licentiousness?

But there are other recreations with reference to whose character society seems to be more or less divided. It is still an open question whether their tendency is ennobling or the reverse. What is one to do in such cases? What can one do except consult his own taste and conscience? We have all heard of that inquisitive old lady who was told, when she came knocking at a neighbor's door while some festivities were in progress, "Come in, Mrs. So-and-So, come in; we are just about to have some charades." "I knowed it, I knowed it," replied the old lady— "smelt 'em clear out to the gate!" Without saying anything as to the moral status of charades, I would have you understand that where an amusement is not of the best, its tendency is to become so malodorous

that the moral olfactories may detect the corruption from afar.

In all such cases the only safety lies in having a moral nature so pure and sensitive that it will lead you to turn instinctively away from every pleasure in which lurks the taint of evil. Without such moral sensitiveness there is no amusement in which you can indulge with perfect assurance of safety; for there is none that may not occasionally be perverted and become a minister of evil. If we would fortify our children against the temptations that lurk in the pleasures of society, we should direct our efforts toward developing and intensifying that moral sensitiveness which leads a human being to shrink instinctively from what is base and wrong. With that they might pass through hell itself in safety; without it they would not be safe even in heaven.

In choosing any particular amusement for ourselves, we should be guided, not only by determining its inherent moral character, but also by considering its associations. There are many sports to-day that bear an evil name, not because of their intrinsic wrongfulness, but because they have become associated with disreputable practices and disreputable men. He that engages in them is liable to be led into undesirable companionships. One may be on his guard against this danger; but since the very nature of amusement is to release us from the necessity of standing on guard, this is no easy matter. He that enters the domain of recreation, involuntarily throws aside his armor. Men who in business are strict, vigilant, and

suspicious of one another, will, when making an ocean voyage or spending a summer among the hills, associate with individuals whose company they would not have tolerated for a moment in the more strenuous life of the city.

In particular, one cannot help looking with suspicion on all those forms of recreation, such as a public ball, for example, that admit strangers to our society on payment of a fee. It takes something more than fifty cents a head to keep society pure. Our companionships are of so much more importance to us than our amusements, that we should find no difficulty in abjuring all recreations that lay us under the necessity of forming undesirable acquaintances. There is something revolting to a sensitive taste in games whose associations are of a low order. We cannot bring ourselves to cherish the pastimes round which thieves and harlots have been accustomed to rally. Where there are so many forms of amusement to select from, we naturally prefer those whose tone is unimpeachable to those that carry about them a smack of vulgarity.

But in seeking to be select in the matter of amusement, one need not rush into extravagance. The cheaper our pastimes are, the better. To spend lavishly on mere amusement, is not only unwise and unchristian—it is vulgar. Simplicity is an almost unfailing mark of good breeding. In this democratic age and nation, it ill becomes those who have means to set up a standard of extravagance in recreations, such as differentiates them at once from the great

masses of the people. If we are to have social divisions, let them be along the natural lines of cleavage, along lines of intellectual, social, and moral affinity, rather than along the artificial line of wealth. A wise economy in the matter of amusement is to be commended not only for its prudence, but also for its good taste.

Good taste is, in its own way, quite as exacting as conscience in the rules that it prescribes. It demands that in choosing our recreations, some consideration shall be shown to the customs and opinions of the society in which we happen to be living, and that regard shall be paid to our own social position and to our age in life. There is one amusement for the child, and another for the full grown man; one amusement for the clown, and another for the legislator; one amusement for the man, and another for the woman; one for the home, and another for the place of public resort.

Apart from good taste, there is no reason why the belle of the most select and fashionable society in the world should not ride bareback, or go duck-shooting, or officiate as captain of a base-ball club. Apart from good taste, there is no reason why the woman with a silk dress and diamonds in her ears should not entertain herself by chewing gum in a crowded horse-car. I know of no moral law that would prevent the President of the United States from dancing a clog in public, nor is there any ethical ground on which the distinguished pastor of some metropolitan church could be prohibited from riding a hobby-horse on his front

veranda. Good taste, however, may be trusted to provide against such emergencies.

The indispensable thing in all amusements is that they shall invigorate us for the work and duties of life. Recreation is not true to its name unless it re-creates us. Sports that entail late hours and make great drafts on the nervous energies, are to be shunned like poison. Amusements that plunge us into a fever of temporary excitement, only to

> "leave a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
> An aching forehead and a parching tongue,"

cannot be abandoned too early. The function of re-creation is to increase our vitality, not to diminish it.

For the purpose of recreating us, out-door pastimes take precedence of all others. Pedestrianism, riding, cycling, rowing, skating, fishing, hunting, base-ball, and tennis are deservedly in favor. The study of natural history and the pursuit of amateur photography have been found beneficial to the health as well as entertaining to the mind. Whatever takes us away from the dingy city into the open fields and beneath the sunny sky, makes new creatures of us. The simple delights that nature yields us are among the most precious things that come to us in this earthly experience. We can make life rich by cultivating a love for the open air. To see the corn waving and the wind sweeping over the waters, to hear the singing of the birds and the hum of insect life, to lie in the green grass on a summer day and watch the rustling leaves and the clouds floating overhead—these are luxuries

such as angels might enjoy. Get near to nature's heart, if you would feel the beating of that rhythmic pulse which throbs in every poem and in every bar of music.

When Dr. Wayland was asked what recreation he would recommend, he replied, "Take a walk!" Walking gives exercise to the muscles, calls the lungs and the heart into vigorous action, charges the blood with oxygen and sends it tingling to the remotest part of the body, clears the mind, invigorates the will, and makes the whole world seem fresh and full of promise. Our English cousins will take a fifteen mile tramp over the moors, and come home with jubilant spirits; but with us, the walk of a mile or two is little less than a feat—especially if it intervene between our home and the church on a sultry Sunday morning.

Every business man ought to have some hobby that he can mount as soon as the office door is closed, and be carried by it into a region of thought and effort remote in every respect from that in which the day has been spent. A taste for reading, music, drawing, natural science, or even for physical exercise as an end in itself, is capable of opening to us new worlds whose every experience will prove novel, tonic, and exhilarating. A man need not confine himself to a single hobby; he may keep a whole stable-full, for that matter, and ride them all in turn, if his time and means permit him to do so. But he that would work to the best advantage must avail himself of the stimulus that comes from changing his pursuits and interests.

Some of the pleasantest pages of history are

those that detail the private and personal life of the great, and the manner in which they have found rest and recreation from their labors. Wordsworth was fond of long pedestrian excursions; Hans Christian Andersen was given to cutting out little paper figures; Gladstone is famous for his zeal in wielding the axe. John Todd, author of "The Student's Manual," kept one room fitted up with lathes, saws, chisels, and other mechanical appliances, in the use of which he became quite an expert. Henry Ward Beecher sought recreation in a number of ways; now prostrate on hands and knees, gloating over some beautiful rugs or rare jewels, of which latter he was an enthusiastic collector; now running out to his farm on the Hudson, and again joining with uncommon zeal in the romps and games of children. On one occasion his wife found him rigged out in Cardigan jacket and silk hat, prancing up and down the street in front of his house, a stick in his mouth to serve as a bit, two strings for reins, and a crowd of excited children racing after him and shouting their appreciation of the shying, kicking, and run-away qualities of the simulated roadster.

Dean Swift, it is said, used to seek relief by harnessing his servants with cords and driving them up and down stairs and through the several rooms of the deanery. And the famous Cardinal Mazarin would shut himself up in a room and jump over the chairs one after another, reserving the most difficult leap for the last. Having omitted locking the door on one occasion, he was surprised by the entrance of a courtier. It was an embarrassing position for the latter,

who knew how haughty and eccentric was the Cardinal's disposition. But with ready tact the young man immediately assumed the intensest interest in the performance, and cried with well feigned enthusiasm, "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces that I can beat that last jump!" His words struck the right note, and a contest immediately began, in which the courtier took great care not to beat the Prime Minister. He lost his two gold pieces, but was consoled not long after by the gift of a mitre.

Whatever form of recreation we adopt, certain it is that rest and diversion of some kind are a necessity, and that no man can long deny himself of them without impairing both his health and his efficiency. For this reason the Christian Sabbath deserves the most earnest and cordial support of all who have the great interests of humanity and civilization at heart. It brings to men complete immunity from toil and anxiety one day in every seven, and by its sacred associations directs their thoughts into a region that is apt to be very little explored during the period of drudgery and care. For the material, no less than for the spiritual interests of the race, the Sabbath is to be upheld. Without the rest that it affords, body and brain soon give way beneath the incessant strain. It interposes a barrier to the complete enslavement of the working population, by placing one-seventh of their time at their absolute disposal. A man may be compelled to execute the wishes of another six days in the week; but on the seventh he is left free to follow his own inclinations. But more than all, the Sab-

bath is of value because it brings the world at stated seasons into the contemplation of the most interesting, the most inspiring, and the most profitable of subjects—the truths associated with religion. This recreative power of the Sabbath on body, brain, and heart, is abundantly manifest in human experience.

There is another phase of the subject to which our attention should now be directed, namely this, that our recreations are to be regulated not only as to quality, but also as to quantity. One of the greatest mistakes into which we are liable to fall, is that of attaching to recreation an importance which it does not deserve, and of spending time upon mere amusement that ought to be given to the more earnest affairs of life. "The only happiness a great man cares about," says Carlyle, "is happiness enough to get his work done." Work is the principal thing in life, and play is simply the spice that makes it palatable. To make spice the main article of diet, is to vitiate the taste and destroy the power of the sensibility to communicate pleasure. When indulgence in any amusement reaches the point of dissipation, it undermines health, intelligence, and character. To kill time is to murder our best friend. Even a protracted course of reading for mere purposes of recreation,—novel reading, for example,—enfeebles and debilitates the mind. The tendency of such excess is to generate a depraved appetite for the sensational, and a distaste for the saner and more wholesome pleasures of life. If, after an evening's amusement, you come back to the life of duty and find it harder than

ever before, you may know, of a surety, that that amusement is pernicious. Where pleasure ceases to be an auxiliary, a servant, it soon grows to be a master, and we become its slaves.

Amusements, then, are not unaccompanied by danger. Those who engage in them are tempted to waste in them time and money, health and strength, opportunity and character. At the same time, we must remember that simply because a thing is dangerous, it is not therefore to be shunned. There is no great interest of life that is absolutely free from dangers. Eating and drinking are dangerous; dress is dangerous; society is dangerous; work, thought, love, and even religion itself have their own peculiar dangers. There is no occupation in which dangers are not to be discovered; there is no place in life in which freedom from temptation is secured. The safety of men lies not in always searching for a haven into which no storms can ever enter, but rather in learning how to manage their craft in the midst of the storm, and how to make even the storm itself bear them forward in their journey. Your safety lies not in running away from amusements because they are dangerous, but in learning how to use amusements so as to make them contribute to the great ends of your existence.

Now, possibly I have not answered some of the questions that are uppermost in your minds. I have not said, in so many words, whether one may go to the theatre, or dance, or play cards. Nor do I propose to say what you ought to do in these matters. For if you wish to do these things, the opinion of an

outsider would count for very little in dissuading you from them; and if you have no desire for them, the discussion would be altogether irrelevant. More than that, no one individual has any right to decide for another what he shall do and what he shall leave undone. You are to decide for yourself; the responsibility cannot be put on anyone else. And my object has been to set forth the principles that should enable you to make your own independent decision. There is no safety in formal rules. The only safety lies in possessing an enlightened and sensitive conscience, such as will lead you instinctively to shun evil and cleave to that which is good.

THE THREE NEWSBOYS.

## XVII.

# THE PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS.

"How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws
Exert their influence, and advance their cause:
By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell;
Thou fountain at which drink the good and wise,
Thou ever bubbling spring of endless lies,
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee!"

—*Cowper.*

HIS is the age of the printing-press. If you were asked to select that one thing which best reveals the characteristics of this present age, you could hit upon nothing more admirably adapted to your purpose than one of our great metropolitan newspapers. Our varied interests, agricultural, commercial, political, and religious; our ideals, ambitions, and tastes; our energy, inventive genius, and mechanical skill; our powers of thinking, toiling, and organizing, all find in it an adequate representative.

There are men still living who can remember the time when the newspaper held but a small place in the

interest of the world; but to-day it is the most influential thing in Christendom, and no political, social, or religious reform can be carried forward without its aid. The old question of the debating-schools as to the relative powers of the platform and the press, now admits of no arguing. From the printing offices of America, two and a half billions of newspapers are scattered far and wide every year. Where the preacher speaks to hundreds, the press speaks to thousands; while the preacher speaks once a week, the press speaks seven times; while the preacher gives two columns of matter, the newspaper furnishes a hundred. It controls the markets, shapes legislation, initiates war or preserves the peace, revolutionizes thought, exposes crime, lifts men into power, or overwhelms them with everlasting disgrace. Napoleon declared that four newspapers were more dangerous than an army of a hundred thousand men.

As a popular educator, the newspaper is without a peer. The town library counts as nothing beside it, and even the public school seems to be eclipsed by its influence. It finds its way into every remote hamlet, and proclaims its message in every home. On warm days and on wet ones it succeeds in communicating its lesson quite as well as when the skies are propitious. It stops at no obstacles, takes no vacations, and never graduates a pupil beyond the pale of its influence.

Like all teachers, it has its faults. Its tone is at times dictatorial; its temper is not always of the sweetest nor its words well and wisely chosen. Nevertheless,

it preserves its character as a teacher, and is, even at its worst, head and shoulders above the crowd to which it ministers. It uses better English than its average constituent, represents broader and more unselfish interests than are pertinent to any one man or community, and in its reports of the most toothsome scandals is far more chaste in speech than the average lounger about the streets. Even when we least relish its manners or its doctrines, we can hardly bring ourselves to commit an act of mental suicide by stopping our subscription.

No man can afford to be without the newspaper. If you wish to know how to buy, how to build, how to dress, how to travel, how to get married, how to go into business, how to educate a child, or how to secure a political office, read the newspaper. The newspaper does more to save men from becoming dreamers, theorists, and eccentrics than any other agency. It brings us into touch with the world's life once in every twenty-four hours, flings the mind into the current of practical affairs, grinds off the offensive corners of its individuality, and turns us out polished, sensible, and practical before we are aware of what has been accomplished. If you would discover the queerest, "crankiest," and most unpractical man on the face of the earth, find the one who does not read the newspaper.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton puts the case strongly in these words: "To live as a member of the great white race of men, the race that has filled Europe and America, and colonized or conquered whatever other

territories it has been pleased to occupy, to share from day to day its cares, its thoughts, its aspirations, it is necessary that every man should read his daily newspaper. Why are the French peasants so bewildered and at sea, so out of place in the modern world? It is because they never read a newspaper. And why are the inhabitants of the United States, though scattered over a territory fourteen times the area of France, so much more capable of concerted political action, so much more *alive* and modern, so much more interested in new discoveries of all kinds and capable of selecting and utilizing the best of them? It is because the newspaper penetrates everywhere; and even the lonely dweller on the prairie or in the forest is not intellectually isolated from the great currents of public life which flow through the telegraph and the press."

As a moral force, the newspaper has only begun to realize its opportunity and its mission. It is upon the ethical side that its greatest weakness is discoverable. Not without reason do men find fault with its disposition to pander to the depraved tastes of the rabble. Its prurient longing for the sensational, its flippant treatment of high and holy themes, its offensive and unwarranted personalities, and its perversion of the truth for partisan ends, are deserving of the severest censure. The future development of the newspaper will undoubtedly be along ethical rather than practical lines. As a collector and disseminator of the news, it is all that can be expected; but in its method of dealing with the great questions of the hour, there

is still left to it a considerable margin for improvement.

In this respect, however, the newspaper simply partakes of that imperfection which is common to all earthly agencies and institutions. Our laws and customs, our social and political institutions, our municipal councils, courts of law, and legislatures, and even our colleges and churches are discovered to be very imperfect things by every Diogenes who chooses to flash the light of his lantern upon them. It would be singular if in this imperfect world there were to be found a perfect newspaper.

We look for better things in the future, but this should not make us unappreciative of the good things that we already have. The worst newspaper that simply publishes the news, does something for the moral elevation of the community. It broadens men, liberalizes them, gives them a vision of the world's life and a glimpse into the ways of Providence, tears away the mask from evil and reveals it in all its loathsome deformity, and by its stories of what men suffer and enjoy it schools the heart into sympathy with every fellow being. A famine in China, a shipwreck off the Newfoundland coasts, an assassination in New York, an eviction in Ireland—pain, toil, and loss—the story of the world's anguish is brought straight to our homes and laid upon the breakfast-table fresh every morning. And the human soul, true to its divine instincts, responds with pity or with indignation. He who can read the newspapers without a thrill, a shudder, a tear, a prayer, must have a heart of stone.

They are doing as much as any other agency to make us realize that the world is a unit, and that every man upon it is our brother with whom we are to rejoice or to weep.

What papers are you to read, and how shall you read them? Commend to me that newspaper which tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. When you succeed in finding such a journal, publish the fact, and your name will go down to future generations as that of a great discoverer. There are papers, however, that try to speak the truth always, and that succeed as well as can be expected in the present age of the world. But there are others that may always be counted upon to suppress and distort facts in the interest of their own favorite doctrine, sect, or party. The paper that attempts to defraud you of the truth is trying to steal your most valuable inheritance.

I regret to say that to this latter class belong some of the so called religious newspapers. For the acute twisting of evidence, for unscrupulous partisanship and sanctimonious dishonesty, for rancor and vindictiveness, the low grade religious newspaper equals anything that is to be found. There are other religious journals, however, whose candor, charity, and benignity bring a benediction upon every home into which they find an entrance. The tone of every religious periodical should surely be such that one might suppose it had come direct from the printing-offices of Heaven.

Read that paper which, while always trying to tell

the truth, gives emphasis to those interests that are intrinsically the most deserving. A journal that allows six columns to a prize-fight and six lines to the meeting of some great scientific or philanthropic body, is not of the highest grade. There are some events that are simply of passing moment, and there are others that will shape the course of civilization for years to come; and you make no mistake when you choose that newspaper which places the emphasis in the right place. Few indeed are the journals that do not give too much space to practical politics, as if humanity had little or no interest in any other subject.

Look well to the morals and manners of the journal that you propose to introduce to the privacy of your home. It is as much of a disgrace to be found reading a low-grade newspaper as to be found in the company of a bar-room loafer. Shun all communication with the sheet that you could not permit your mother, your sister, or your daughter to read. Seek a paper that has some reverence for the great things of heaven and earth. The journal that alludes to senators, judges, and other dignitaries as Tom, Bill, and Jack, is a disgrace upon our American civilization. The reader is compelled to share with the editor the responsibility for this cheap vulgarity. If there were no market for slang, for petty and malicious gossip, and for irreverence, the newspapers would be slow to furnish these things. So long as a newspaper is a commercial enterprise, its tendency will be to pander to the crowd. Do all that you can to encourage truth-

fulness, purity, and reverence in the press, by selecting that journal of which these things are characteristic.

You have your paper; now, how shall you read it? Read it with the express purpose of finding out the news and interpreting its significance. Sift the wheat from the chaff. Learn how to skip and how, from a sentence or two, to get at the gist of an article. Glance at the head-lines, taste a little here and there, and skim off only the cream. On an average there will not be more than one or two important events in the course of the twenty-four hours; and why should you ruin your mental digestion and destroy your memory by attempting to read everything, and then forgetting it as fast as it is read? The newspaper furnishes an elaborate bill of fare, with the idea of suiting a great variety of tastes. Let your taste be such as to guide you infallibly to the best things, and leave the rest untouched. A half hour a day should be quite sufficient to keep you posted on current events.

After the newspapers come the magazines. The monthly or quarterly Review has leisure to observe and reflect; hence the statements of these periodicals on most matters of present moment are entitled to greater weight than the hurried reports and editorials of the newspapers. The development of the magazine has been such that at present every number is virtually a little library in itself—a dozen booklets, or articles, all bound up together, each having an interest for some special class of readers.

The work that our American magazines have done

in the way of disseminating culture among the masses and affording encouragement to literature and art, furnishes a ground for national pride. Many of these periodicals have maintained a grade of literary excellence quite above the average of that found in the ordinary public or private library. In remote communities, where people have no access to books or pictures, the advent of the monthly magazine does much to supply the deficiency. In all such cases, where it seems almost impossible to be scrupulously select in the matter of intellectual diet, the best of our monthlies may profitably be read through from cover to cover.

But where there is no dearth of books, and the very choicest literature of all times is placed at one's disposal, the magazine should be rigidly prohibited from receiving such a monopoly of time and attention. It may seem a much more difficult feat to skim its pages and preserve the cream of their contents than to cull the most valuable things from the daily newspaper. Nevertheless, where the bent of one's literary taste is already determined, the magazine has but little to offer. The one or two articles in which you have a special interest may be read with care; but you will lose nothing by bestowing a mere passing glance upon the remainder.

Before leaving the department of periodical literature, let me say that among the most interesting and important things to be found in the newspapers and magazines are the advertisements. Wherever there is a live man in the land, doing good and acceptable

work in commerce, in agriculture, in manufacturing, in education, or in literature, you are almost sure to come across his name among the advertisements. The news columns tell us only of the extraordinary things that are happening; the advertisements tell us of the world's routine.

Those who think that none but editors and reporters are capable of misconstruing facts, must surely have neglected to read the advertisements. One of the most interesting of studies is to take up this motley company of advertisers, and note how each one makes his bow to the world, and solicits attention to his specialty. Where you find a man advertising his little business as if it were the grandest thing on earth, you not only receive some conception of the business itself, but you also obtain a very adequate idea of the man who is at the head of it.

Frank R. Stockton, whose subtle humor has given delight to many readers, suffered at one time from severe pain in the eyes, and was prohibited by his physician from reading anything. The first day that he was allowed to spend a half-hour in his library, his friends were curious to discover what he would select. "Give me some advertisements!" said he; and in answer to the shout of laughter that greeted this request, he repeated, "Yes, I am pining for advertisements. My wife has read everything else aloud to me, but I had not the heart to ask her to read the advertisements."

The reading of this transient literature is attended with several dangers, against which you must be on

your guard. Unless you hold yourself well in hand, it is sure to make serious inroads on your time. It requires no small effort of will to throw the newspaper aside after a half hour's reading, and to betake oneself to some more strenuous form of intellectual effort. More than this, the magazines, with their pithy, dashing, positive way of treating the great questions of the day, are apt to discourage us from reading the heavier and more extended dissertations on these subjects that are to be found in books. This induces a superficial habit of mind and a distaste for the careful weighing and balancing of arguments, and is liable to issue at last in flippancy, arrogance, and dogmatism. We complete our investigations of the doctrine of the Trinity in the course of a ten page article, and become firm adherents to the doctrine of free trade through the persuasions of a half-column editorial.

The truth suffers under such treatment; it is never to be won without thorough and painstaking investigation. These transient articles are good in their place, but they can never give you such mastery of the subject under consideration as is attained by him who reads the standard books on both sides of the question. Never permit yourself to take your ideas second hand from any editor or reviewer. Go to original sources; investigate and reflect for yourself; and allow yourself ample time for the developing and perfecting of your opinions.

But probably the greatest danger in reading this transient literature is that the memory will become

seriously impaired through the habit of continually pouring into the mind a mass of unimportant material which is immediately allowed to escape from it. While devouring the contents of the newspaper and the magazine, the memory is rarely summoned to its work, and consequently when more important matters are being pondered, it is apt to prove listless and inefficient. Indeed, the habit of reading in a purposeless and idle way proves debilitating to the whole mental system.

To offset these dangers one should resolutely confine the main part of his reading to books. A book represents the finest and highest ministry which the press can render to our modern life. Generally speaking, every book confirms the law of the survival of the fittest. The newspapers are destroyed, but the fittest things in them survive in the form of history. The magazine is thrown aside at the end of the month, but its best articles are usually recast, and reappear in the form of books. The very advent of a book indicates that one of the aggressive thinkers of the race has made a selection of his worthiest thought, and is offering that to men. The publisher discards nine-tenths of the manuscripts submitted to him, and prints only those that have merit enough to give promise of repaying the cost of publication. Better than all, there is that slow and sure selection of time, by which the noblest books of the ages are sifted out from the rest and become the classics of the people. Books that have had vitality enough to outlast the centuries offer a safe investment for our time and toil.

That man is pitiable who has not learned to love the society of books; and that is a starved and commonplace life into which they do not bring their ministry. From the intense rush and whirl of the present books rescue us, lifting us up to the sublime heights of contemplation. In that constant struggle to provide for the wants of the animal man books are a perpetual reminder of our higher and more enduring interests. And when the spirit is wearied with its daily round of toil, books come to interest, to instruct, and to delight. He that has learned to converse with the printed page finds that he has a new world opened up to him in which the soul may roam at will, a haven of refuge from the trials and limitations of the present.

Every man should own books. To see them standing in their accustomed nook, ready to open up their treasures to us at a moment's notice, makes one feel richer than Crœsus with all his fabled millions. Who needs ships, warehouses, travel, furniture, dainties, when he has books? Who longs for pageants, courts, the society of kings and queens, when he may every day escape to Parnassus? Who can make a better investment than to spend the day's wages for the privilege of living for years to come in the society of Plato, Bacon, and Tennyson? No man is so poor that he may not, if he will, have books. "Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is that of owning and con-

stantly adding to a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life."

If any man should say that he has not time for reading, the answer is that he must make time. Time, like money, is limited; no one ever has enough for the satisfaction of every desire. There is no buyer in the markets who is not compelled to deny himself some things that he may purchase others which he deems more desirable. In like manner nobody ever has time for accomplishing all that he wishes. We "make time," as we say, by giving up the less desirable things for those that are of more importance. You have not time to become a great scholar, and yet spend every evening in the ball-room or the theatre; you have not time for becoming an artist, a musician, a housekeeper, and a leader in society: then spend your time on the highest things, and let the lower go. If you cannot read books, and yet devote the evening to gossiping about the latest moves in the political campaign, give your time to the worthier interest, and neglect the other. There are few things more necessary than reading. The busiest man in the world can always make more or less time for it, if he is willing to undergo a few small sacrifices. When men say that they have not time for reading, it simply means that they care more for other things than for books.

And for real intellectual growth, for culture and

stimulus, for the enrichment and beautifying of our lives, it is astonishing how much a limited amount of time will accomplish. In this respect, reading is like eating: we spend but a small fraction of our time at meals, and yet see what it accomplishes! Without it the whole machinery of life would come to a standstill. If we were to spend as much time in feeding the mind as in feeding the body, it would probably realize all that is needful for the preservation of the intellectual life. A single hour a day devoted systematically and uninterruptedly to vigorous reading, would prove at the end of a year to have rendered invaluable service.

After you have grown accustomed to it, you can with vigorous reading get over at least twenty pages of ordinary print in the course of an hour. At such a rate you cannot remember everything; but you will be able to remember the most important things, and that is all that is necessary. Twenty pages a day, with six days' reading a week, would carry you through twenty volumes, of three hundred pages each, in the course of the year. Even twelve months of conscientious work would at this rate make you a comparatively wise man.

Unless you have a special inclination toward some other line of work, I would recommend you to take up a course of reading in general history. History is a subject in which everybody is interested. It does not demand peculiar talent or training. The study of it is to the mind what walking is to the body, an exercise in which the little child as well as the trained

athlete may profitably engage. It is the most democratic, and at the same time one of the most inspiring and liberalizing of studies. It brings one into vital fellowship with the greatest characters of the ages and into commerce with the moving events of the world. Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction. The novel holds up no characters so worthy of study as those of the real men and women who have moulded society, and it contains no incidents so soul-stirring as those that have actually taken place in the history of the race. History, moreover, should furnish the most fascinating of all courses of reading; for whereas every other study has but a single well defined interest, history deals with all the interests of the individual and of society.

If you begin with some volume that furnishes a general survey of the history of the world, you will find that it suggests a progressive course of study which it might be well to follow. After reading a work or two on the primitive condition of the race, when the arts and sciences were just coming into existence, and when the organization of society was just beginning to develop, you will wish to take up in their order the ancient peoples of the East, the Egyptians, Chaldæans, and Assyrians, the Phœnicians and the Hebrews. Then you will read the story of the two greatest nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans, who have left imperishable memorials of themselves in the civilization of the West. After them you will read the story of that mediæval period wherein the European nationalities were begotten; and thus by

easy gradations you will be brought down to these modern times in which the interest culminates.

A single year's reading will give you a good working knowledge of the course of civilization. It will tone up the mind, furnish you with a broad and exalted interest in human life, redeem the days of dull monotony, and cultivate in you that habit of reading without which no one can hope to play a full part in the life of this age of the printing-press. Moreover, the study of history will bring you into contact with One who, with unseen but mighty hand, has directed the currents of the world's affairs, and who, in discovery and invention, in the development of art and science, in the elevation of the people and the progress of liberty, in the crowning glories of every glorious age, has only rendered Himself more visible and more adorable to all His rational creatures. "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs," not the purpose of nature or of man, but the purpose of Him who, in the words of Jean Paul, "being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, with His pierced hand lifted empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

# XVIII.

## THE ART OF READING.

"O for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede;
Or the streete cryes all about.
Where I maie read all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde,
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde."

—*Old English Song.*

"God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race."

*Channing.*

OLERIDGE divides readers into four classes. He says: "The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared

"STUDIOUS LET ME SIT."

to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gems." We are to consider in this chapter, that method of reading which shall enable us to become members of this fourth class, retaining all that is precious and casting the worthless material away.

The first thought that comes to us is that the valuable part of literature, which Coleridge likens to the gems of Golconda, constitutes but a small proportion of the whole. The bulk of printed matter is nothing but refuse. Of the thousands of volumes that fill the shelves of our great public libraries, there are only a few that hold an undisputed place among the masterpieces. The library of the British Museum consists of over a million volumes, and the national library at Paris contains three times that number. In the literature of Germany alone, there are already some fifty thousand authors; and it is estimated that at the present rate of increase the time will come when there will be more German authors than readers. A competent authority declares that some twenty-five thousand new books make their appearance every year; so that he who would keep the run of current literature alone must read at the rate of five hundred books a week. Under such circumstances it is a comfort to know that the most precious things in the literary realm may all be gathered within a library of a few hundred volumes.

But we must recognize that what is valuable to one man is not necessarily valuable to another. The sand which has its use in the hour-glass is cast aside by the

slave who is searching for diamonds. The book that is worth its weight in gold to the veterinary surgeon, may be of no use whatever to the lawyer. The volume that sends the collector of rare and curious bindings into transports, may be valueless to the clergyman or the critic. The primer is serviceable to the school-boy, but is of no use to one of mature years. The worth of any book depends upon the purpose that we set before ourselves in our reading.

Hence the first essential in the art of reading is to settle in our own minds the end that we propose to realize. For reading cannot be made an end in itself; it is only a means to something beyond. Unless it does something for us and in us, it is a waste of time and effort. Instead of living to read, we should read to live. Books, like food and clothing, are useful only as they add to the satisfaction and efficiency of life.

Our purpose in reading determines not only the selection that we are to make among printed volumes, but also the method that we are to adopt in reading them. The dictionary is not to be perused like a novel. The Critique of Pure Reason is to be read in one way; the prayer-book demands a different style of treatment. If you wish entertainment simply, you will go to one class of literature; if you are seeking information you will go to another. Tell me what you wish to accomplish through your reading, before you ask me to say anything as to what and how you are to read.

At first it is perfectly legitimate to read with the view of simply forming the reading habit. A taste

for books is quite as artificial in its way as a taste for olives or caviare. We grow to relish the printed page only after many trials and protracted experience. It takes a patient and, sometimes, an athletic schoolmistress to initiate the boy into the mysteries of the spelling-book. Until the taste for printed matter is fully formed within us, the mind has to be coaxed and driven to the work of reading. In process of time, however, reading becomes so much of a habit that we can never remain in the presence of books without longing to open them and examine their contents.

This habit is so valuable that we may well devote any amount of time and energy to its acquisition. The best way of forming it is to work along the line of least resistance. Read the works that present least difficulty, the works that easily put you in possession of their contents and are of sufficient interest to rivet the attention. The child would never learn to love reading, if he were compelled to sit down day after day to some abstruse work on metaphysics or one of the Pauline Epistles. But give the little fellow something light and fascinating, The House that Jack Built, or Mother Goose, or Robinson Crusoe, and he will learn his lesson quickly enough. There are people who would never read a line, if they were confined to Emerson and Herbert Spencer; but let them have Dickens or Scott or Cooper, and it is not long before they begin to burn the midnight oil with a relish.

The Apostle Paul long ago set forth a wise principle and one that has very many applications, when, in

writing to the Corinthian church, he declared, "I fed you with milk, not with meat; for ye were not yet able to bear it." When we are just getting into the habit of consuming intellectual food, our diet needs to be exceedingly light and palatable. But it is to be hoped that after a certain age the mind will grow out of its swaddling clothes, and feel itself above the ministry of the feeding-bottle and the pap-spoon. The sight of full grown men and women endeavoring to stay the cravings of the intellectual appetite with the thinnest panada of literature is not an attractive spectacle.

As you endeavor to form the habit of reading, consult your own intellectual appetite and "study what you most affect." But remember that the intellectual appetite may at times prove an unreliable guide. There are abnormal conditions in which the mind may crave what is deleterious; and we should resolutely hold ourselves above reading any works, however interesting, whose moral tone is low, and whose influence is prejudicial to the highest interests of life. If you rise from a volume feeling that human nature is worse than you had ever imagined it to be, that the outlook for the world is dark, that the holiest desires of the race are delusive and their most earnest efforts vain and unprofitable, you may safely brand that work as dangerous in its tendency. Its style may be fascinating, and its beauties many and varied; but you cannot afford to run the risk of associating with it, especially in this formative period of the intellectual life. As you read for the sake of acquiring the habit, take

only those works in which you are deeply interested; but take no work, however interesting, that tends to pervert the moral taste or to deplete the moral energies.

After we have grown so accustomed to reading as to find no irksomeness in drinking in the contents of the printed volume, it will be perfectly legitimate for us to read with the view of receiving recreation and entertainment. Literature, like all the fine arts, has for its function the communication of pleasure. The great poets and novelists are artists, whose creations have power to lift us out of our cares and vexations into an ideal realm. The poet gives us a clear and intense perception of that world of beauty which exists on every side of us, and yet to which, amid the many duties devolving upon us, we are so apt to become indifferent; the novelist, on the other hand, gives us an insight into life itself, with its laws, its forces, its many and complex interests, its infinite variety of character and circumstance, its dreams and yearnings, its laughter and its tears. In either case the printed page is able to carry us through a set of experiences wholly different from those in which our working hours are passed.

It is quite as legitimate for us to seek variety and recreation in the fields of literature as in any other domain. One may often be in doubt as to whether an excursion into the country or to some popular resort would repay the effort and expense involved; but no such doubt can ever enter the mind of him who proposes making a little excursion into the literary

realm. Reading offers more pleasure and profit, with less expenditure of time and money, than any other diversion in which we can engage. Roger Ascham tells the following story of Lady Jane Grey. Her father and the duchess were one day hunting in the park, and rushed past her while she was reading a volume of Plato. Her tutor inquired whether she would not like to join the sport; to which she replied, "All the sport in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure I find in this book."

In particular, it may be suggested that the practice of reading aloud is one of the most delightful forms of recreation that can be introduced into the home circle. Let some work be selected in which old and young alike may take an interest, some novel, history, or record of travel; and then after the labors of the day are over, let one read while the rest listen and discuss the topics presented. The delights of reading are greatly intensified when others are present to share them with us. To read a good book in private is like sitting down to a solitary meal.

A step higher brings us to those who read for the sake of information. Nearly all the knowledge and wisdom in the world are preserved in print. Reading gives us in a few short hours the garnered lessons of thousands of years. If you wish to learn how to be healthy, how to cook, how to manage an empire, or how to appease a termagant wife, you will find the wisest methods all prescribed for you in books. If you would learn how the world has grown to its present conditions, how the nations have arisen, how the

arts and sciences have developed, how civilization and Christianity have been forwarded in their triumphant course, books will impart to you the information you desire. Whether your aim is simply to satisfy a natural curiosity or to better adjust yourself to the practical affairs of life, reading will render you invaluable assistance. Books have long memories and tireless tongues. They communicate their wisdom as readily to the beggar as to the prince, and will discourse to you as frequently and as lengthily as you desire.

In searching for information, read only the best and most recent books on the subject in hand. Dr. Arnold says, "As a general rule, never read the works of any ordinary man, except on scientific matters or when they contain simple matters of fact." Of all the histories written before the present century, Gibbon's Decline and Fall is the only one on which it would pay us to spend time and strength. The works that were published before the modern scientific spirit came into vogue, are useful only for the book-worm or the scholar. Why should we waste time in listening to the Sophists, when some philosopher who has digested all the past and is in touch with the living present, is willing to converse with us at our bidding?

The greatest difficulty that meets those who are reading for information consists in remembering what is read. The art of remembering depends upon two things, the intensity of the original impression and the frequency with which that impression is reproduced in consciousness. One of the most valuable lessons we can learn is the necessity of preserving close and rig-

orous attention. Some accomplish this by making notes as they read; others close the book at the conclusion of every paragraph, page, or chapter, and make a rapid mental review of the information it has given them; and others, again, seek some congenial friend to whom they may impart the knowledge they have just acquired. Any method that chains the attention to the subject in hand, will be found serviceable; for the mind is a regular savage, and will be off to the fields and woods the moment our grasp upon it is relaxed.

There are few minds, however, upon which a permanent impression can be made by a single reading. The habit of attention needs to be reinforced by the practice of reviewing what is read. If you cannot remember all that you wish by simply reading it once, read, read again. Daniel Webster was accustomed to read and re-read his favorite authors until he could repeat their best passages word for word. The retentiveness of his memory was a constant surprise to those who were privileged to listen to his conversations on the famous English writers. He indicated the method by which this faculty had been developed, when, in speaking of his boyhood, he said, "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart."

Attention and repetition will make any memory strong in time; while inattention and lack of repetition will render it weak and untrustworthy. The habit of reading one book after another, only to for-

get them as fast as they are read, makes the mind as unretentive of impressions as a piece of india rubber. The memory, like all the other intellectual powers, grows strong with exercise and weakens with neglect.

We may seek the society of books not only for the information which they impart but also for the aid which they render in the formation of our opinions. Opinions are built up on facts, and the object in reading is to find out how different writers interpret the facts that are known to all. In politics, in religion, in domestic affairs, in educational methods, in every line of work and on every subject under the sun, there is great diversity of opinion. One man thinks the world should live without meat, and another argues for a mixed diet; one has the strongest faith in popular government, and another extols the divine right of kings; one writes in praise of matrimony, and another has not enough to say against it; one is a Christian, and another an infidel. You cannot take up a book that is perfectly free from opinions. History, science, poetry, fiction are full of them; and even the very dictionaries have become infected. Johnson is not slow to indicate his political views, defining excise as "A hateful tax, levied on commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." He indicates his antipathy toward the Scotch by describing oats in these words: "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." And even the prosaic Noah Webster gives his opinion of the dandy by defining him as "A

male of the human species who dresses himself like a doll and who carries his character on his back." The dullest book is brightened occasionally with the sparks of controversy.

Under these circumstances it is not amiss to suggest that whatever we read should be read critically. A book is nothing more than the work of a man, and the opinions which it enunciates are not entitled to oracular authority simply because they appear dressed out in print. Bacon says, "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Every man's judgment ought to be a strong and delicate scales in which all opinions may be weighed, and by which the slightest as well as the strongest degree of probability may be determined. If the scales are true, there will be many occasions on which the one side will go down with a positive thump; but there will be other times when the balance beam will oscillate very evenly, and when it will be difficult to discover which opinion contains the preponderance of truth. John Morley, the English politician and writer, declares, "Politics are a field where the choice constantly lies between two blunders."

In reading for the formation of our opinions, we should, as a matter of conscience, read both sides of every question. Joseph Cook says no man has any right to an opinion till he is thirty years of age. It would be truer to say that no man has a right to an opinion until his judgment is matured and reliable, and until he has read the arguments on both sides

of the subject. If you have a strong affinity for one set of opinions, be sure to read those of the opposite character. No single man or party is great enough, good enough, or broad-minded enough to give you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It took four writers to tell the story of the Christ, each supplying the defects of the others. We should have sufficient faith in human nature to believe that nobody who is fairly honest and competent can be absolutely and utterly in the wrong. There is a germ of truth in all those erroneous views which have held a place for any length of time in the intellectual life of the race. The systems of thought that we most discredit contain an element of good.

Where, therefore, you find a book or a newspaper violently disagreeing with you, be sure that it has something valuable to offer. Ponder its arguments with the utmost care. But should they eventually approve themselves as weighty, think not that for this reason one opinion is just as good as another. To every subject there is a right side; and we may always discover it by careful and candid examination. Agnosticism is only another name for intellectual cowardice and indolence. In the political, scientific, or theological domains, the most unsatisfactory and contemptible position is that of the man who is trying to find rest on the top of a fence. It takes an acute juggler to preserve his balance there for any length of time. Opinions are the bones of our spiritual structure. A man without opinions is an intellectual jelly-fish.

As you come to know more and more of books, you will realize what service they may be made to render in giving tone and discipline to the mind. Works that prove quite unpalatable at first may be invaluable as tonics. If you adopt a line of solid and somewhat difficult reading, you will discover that through it the mind's action becomes greatly improved. For this reason the practice of reading works written in a foreign tongue is to be commended. True, one may always get at their contents more readily through translations; but if the aim in reading is not simply to acquire information but also to invigorate the mind, the easiest course is not always to be chosen. If my object is simply to reach a point two or three miles distant as soon as possible, it would be better to take a horse and carriage; but if my desire is not only to reach this point but also to improve the health, it might be better to walk.

Difficult reading does for the mind what vigorous gymnastic exercises do for the body. The most successful literary workers feel the need of pursuing some continuous course of study to ward off the evil effects of mental dissipation. So far as intellectual growth is concerned, one book thoroughly mastered is better than a dozen volumes read in an indifferent and superficial manner. The old proverb is a good one, "Beware of the man of one book."

Professor William T. Harris thus describes his study of Kant: "I commenced his 'Critique of Pure Reason,' with all the strength I could muster, in my twenty-third year. After repeated attacks on the

work, reading a few pages at a time and turning back to the beginning again and again, nearly a year had elapsed. I could not as yet see clearly what Kant was attempting to say. Indeed, I found his style of thought so difficult that I did not seem to understand one single page of it all. I do not remember that I was particularly discouraged by all this. I found, to my great delight, that I was acquiring a power of reading with ease other works that had formerly been very heavy and dull. I was gradually training my feeble thinking powers, and soon after I had devoted a year to the 'Critique' I broke through its shell and began to reach its kernel. It formed a real epoch in my life. It seemed to me that I had just begun to find life worth living. The year seemed so eventful to me that I was accustomed to say, 'I have made an intellectual step this year as great as the whole step from birth up to the time I began to study Kant.'"

When some favorite volume has been mastered in this thorough and painstaking way, the very sight of it years afterward will bring stimulus and inspiration. You rise in the morning dull and lethargic. The mind will not work; it needs to be toned up. There stands your favorite author, and you take down the volume from the shelves. You dip into it a little just by way of experiment, and put the mind through a pace or two to give it exercise. You begin to grow interested. The old pages recall the experiences with which they have become associated. The energy, the enthusiasm, the thrill of conscious power with which you read them a year ago come back to you again. From a

walk the mind begins to trot, canters, breaks into a gallop, and is off like the wind. Thoughts crowd upon you. New light seems to flash forth from the old and familiar sentences. Promising trains of association are started at every turn. Every faculty is quickened and toned up for the work and enjoyment of the day. Precious indeed are these moments when the fire of some great genius kindles the mind to its intensest glow.

In a previous chapter we have noticed the function that books may be made to discharge in giving culture to the mind. Here it will be enough to simply indicate that he who reads to acquire culture should keep close to the great masters of literature. Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Goethe—these are the kings, and as soon as you have grown accustomed to living with them you begin to take on the manners of the palace. They teach you how to conduct life in a noble and royal way.

The kings may be counted on the fingers; the lackeys run up into the millions. If you find it difficult to understand and enjoy the conversation of the monarchs, begin with that of the servants in the palace kitchen. Plato is too difficult for you: try Samuel Smiles. Shakespeare does not interest you: perhaps Sir Walter Scott or Longfellow will. In seeking culture, however, you must climb as soon as possible from the lower books to the higher ones. Do not stand in the kitchen jabbering with the milkmaid, when you may go into the great hall of the palace and converse with the king himself.

There are a dozen books in the world that are worth reading and re-reading a thousand times over; there are a million that are worth reading once. For purposes of culture, give me the dozen books dog-eared, thumbed, and grimed with constant service rather than a huge library of smart looking volumes all dressed out in the gaudiness of unsoiled gilt and morocco. The courtiers crowd about the kings and impede the access of the people. The best books are the very ones least known by the masses. Miss Superiority asks you whether you have read the latest novel. She believes that you have not, and thinks to humble you with her question. But you may turn the tables very effectively by enquiring, Have you read Paradise Lost?

Who can be content to live on turnips when he has learned to feast on tenderloin? Nevertheless a diet of nothing but tenderloin would hardly be the best thing for health. The mind that, in its zeal for culture, confines itself to the few best books is apt to fall into diseased and morbid conditions. Culture is only one among the many benefits of reading. For intellectual as for physical health, a mixed diet seems to be the best. For the full enrichment of life there is a place for the courtiers as well as for the kings. Small books and great ones, books of the ages and books of the hour, Faust and Helen's Babies and the village newspaper all have their uses in the development of the mental life.

There is a culture of the heart as well as a culture of the mind; and not least among the blessings of

books is the aid they render in the upbuilding of the ethical and religious nature. There are volumes from whose pages we invariably rise with an earnest desire to know and follow the truth whithersoever it may lead us. They make us strong against the solicitations of evil and cheerful in the midst of disappointments and tribulation. After conversing with them opportunity always seems more ample and the world more sweet and full of promise.

Charles Kingsley, speaking of this class of literature, declares: "It is wise at night to read—but for a few minutes—some books which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us before we sleep a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. And, thank God, no one need go far to find such books. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days; I mean any books which help to make us better and wiser and soberer and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just. In our own English language we may read by hundreds books which will tell of all virtue and of all praise; the stories of good men and women; of gallant and heroic actions; of deeds which we ourselves should be proud of doing; of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser, nobler, than we are ourselves." Better than all formal manuals of devo-

tion are the records of those who have risen from the natural into the spiritual order, and whose lives have been fertile in thought and achievement.

The delights of reading have been sung almost from the dawn of literature. He that has learned to love books has opened up to him a fountain of joy that flows on in storm and sunshine, in summer and winter, in youth and in old age. When the heroes of the world pass away to rest in the bosom of God, books keep their majestic voices ringing down the ages forevermore. The library is a magician's hall wherein all the glories of the earth are passed before the enraptured spirit. The pomp of vanished kingdoms, the mazy dream of philosophic thought, the immortal song-bursts of the heart, the garnered wisdom of the sages, are the prize that waits for him who reads. Here in this unimposing volume Xerxes holds his dazzling court, and Cæsar's mighty legions march with thunderous tread unceasing. At a touch blind Homer sings his rugged strain again, and Plato probes the mysteries of the soul. He that reads, summons the wisdom of the ages to the enrichment and adornment of life. And when the hearing fails, when the frame bends under the weight of years and the hands must cease from their labors, books still, as faithful friends, continue their priceless ministries.

Charles Lamb declared that he wished to ask grace before reading rather than before dinner. Fenelon wrote, "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn

them all." Southey, worn out with his laborious literary life, eventually lost his reason and became unable to read a word; yet the recollection of what books had done for him still remained so vivid that he would spend hours in his library stroking the dumb volumes, patting them as he would the head of a little child, and laying his face tenderly against them.

Surely it was something deeper than empty sentiment that led Prescott, the historian, to request that, when arrayed for the grave, his body might be left alone in the library in presence of those volumes that he had learned to love so well. There, rank upon rank, as from sepulchral urns the spirits of the mighty dead gazed down upon him, and like a cluster of stricken friends seemed to say their last good-bye. With still greater justice a lover of books in our own generation declares that when he comes to leave this present scene, he will wish but one book for his dying pillow. In that most solemn hour of human experience all other volumes sink into insignificance, and that one which claims a Divine origin and is filled with Divine consolations, becomes the stay and portion of the soul. There are many books fitted to interest, to delight, and to improve; there is only one that can bring rest and triumph in the hour of dissolution.

A MORSEL OF GOSSIP.

# XIX.

## CONVERSATION.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

—*George Eliot.*

"Language is a solemn thing; it grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

"Think of all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err, when she does keep the door."

—*Delaune.*

Y many it is asserted that conversation is a lost art. They point to the literary and social circles of past generations, and ask triumphantly where anything to equal them may be found to-day. That merry set which gathered in the Mermaid Tavern, when Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Doctor Donne and Sir Walter Raleigh, discussed the topics of the times over their pipes and wine, has been used once and again to throw the conversationalists

of the present into humiliating eclipse. The brilliant court of Louis Quatorze, wherein graceful sally and sharp home-thrust, witty conceit and polished epigram, were as plentiful in the conversation of king and courtiers as jewels in the royal crown, has been conjured up, like a long forgotten ghost, to point a finger of reproach at the sterile conversation of to-day. The subtle wit of Charles Lamb, the effervescing humor of Sydney Smith, the elephantine common sense of Doctor Johnson, and the copious and instructive flow of Macaulay's discourse are undoubtedly hard to match with anything that we have in the present.

Those who call our attention to these vanished glories, are accustomed to ascribe the prosaic plainness of our modern speech to the introduction of the printing-press. Jokes now have a market value, and epigrams are as precious as pearls. Under our present system, when every publisher is searching the literary firmament for some undiscovered planet and every editor is more clamorous than the Athenians of old for some new thing, one is hardly disposed to spend weeks in elaborating "impromptu" jokes, simply to grace the conversation of the dinner-table or the ball-room. We may as well admit that the conditions of the present are not such as to encourage that process of conversational legerdemain which flourished in a former generation, and by which ancient and grayheaded sayings that had been carefully matured in private, were suddenly thrust upon society as babes new-born. Who could be per-

suaded to wait fifteen years, as Sheridan did, for the opportunity of saying, "The gentleman has trusted to his memory for his illustrations and to his imagination for his facts!" Where a man has good things to say, he naturally prefers to publish them to ten thousand people at ten dollars a column, rather than to a select half-dozen at his own expense.

Undoubtedly the printing-press has something to answer for. But the force of the argument is abated by remembering that in that broader arena which is furnished by the press to-day, the Johnsons, Sydney Smiths, and Macaulays are sought in vain. If their voices have ceased in the drawing-rooms it certainly is not because they have betaken themselves to the periodicals. Indeed, one would be safe in asserting that in proportion to our achievements in literature we have as many brilliant conversationalists to-day as were to be found in any preceding age. Notwithstanding the immense drafts that are made upon the intellectual energies by the modern press, there is still many a mind so copious in its resources and so prolific in its creative power, as to afford unbounded entertainment to all that come within its range.

I have no fears that the art of printing will eventually reduce us to a race of dummies. For centuries the press has been extending its influence at an amazing pace; but there is no merchant in the land that does not value the power of a personal interview above the power of a printed advertisement; there is no lover but knows that soft and honeyed words have a witchery that paper and ink cannot acquire;

there is no Christian worker that does not place a greater premium upon personal conversations than upon the distribution of printed tracts. There is not one of us who would not prefer to have some great man converse with us than to simply read his books. The press reaches a wider circle, and thus gains a more extensive influence; but when it comes into direct competition, the power of the living voice is infinitely more intense.

When you consider not only the power but also the beauty of speech, conversation must be placed upon a lofty pedestal. Homer defines the race as "word-dividing" men. In contrast with the lower animals, that utter only inarticulate sounds, man is a word-divider; and the hero of the race should be he who performs this most characteristic action in an ideal manner. No beauty of feature, no grace of person, no prowess of limb or martial skill can compare with that supreme human effort in which the noblest thought clothes itself in the most fitting form of words. This is why the skillful novelist takes such pains to make his characters converse; this is why the enterprising reporter of Chicago, as well as the greatest of Athenian philosophers, uses the dialogue as the best means of imparting knowledge; and it is this, more than anything else, that gives the drama the highest place among the creations of the poet. That fine tact with which one cultured mind turns to meet another through the medium of words, gives as strong an impression of beauty as was ever afforded by the most graceful attitudinizing of Rachel herself.

Many centuries ago one of the wisest men of a great and wise race became conscious of this beauty, and he put his thought into a proverb:

> "A word fitly spoken
> Is like apples of gold in baskets of silver"

But it is doubtful whether we have yet come to appreciate this proverb at its true value. We train our children to be beautiful in many other ways. They are taught to dance, to play the piano, to paint pictures, to sing, to dress, and to behave themselves; but it never occurs to us that they should be taught to converse. We educate eyes, ears, brain, feet, fingers; but who ever thinks of educating the tongue? And yet without training of some kind it is just as impossible for us to converse gracefully as it is for one who is unskilled in the arts to insert apples of gold in filigree work of silver.

In analyzing the various elements that give us pleasure in conversation, the first place must be given to the voice of the speaker. Perhaps I should say something of the speaker himself, his manner, gesture, and personal appearance in general; for when men talk in earnest and to the best advantage, they talk all over; and eyes, mouth, nostrils, head, feet, hands, body, everything, are worthy of attention. But because in all this catalogue the voice is most prominent, we may, for the time being, confine our attention to it.

The gossip of English literature abounds in traditions concerning the voices of the great. Shelley's tones were shrill like those of a bird, while Keats was

accustomed to recite his verses with a deep and subdued earnestness of expression, as if a solemn spell had been cast upon him. Sir James Mackintosh had a voice soft and sweet as a flageolet, while Carlyle's strident tones were like those of a trumpet. Coleridge's nasal drawl wound on in interminable discourse, converting the *object* and *subject* of his philosophical terminology into "ommject" and "summject;" and De Quincey's voice is described by Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, as "the voice of a nicht-wanderin' man, laigh and lone, pitched on the key o' a wimblin' burn speakin' to itsel' in the silence, aneath the moon and stars."

There are as many kinds of voices as there are of men. There are voices that delight you with their rich cadences, and voices that distress you with their thin and reedy notes. There are voices that arouse, voices that give you the fidgets, and voices that put you to sleep. There are voices that salute the ears like the growl of a wild beast, and voices that seem to smite you in some sensitive part, provoking instant hostility. Speaking generally, the voice is a most valuable index to the character. Peevish individuals lapse into a habitual whine; nervous people speak with a succession of small electric discharges; while the boor grunts with the labor of expressing his thought. You recognize the clergyman the moment he begins to speak, for his voice carries with it a suggestion of congregations and solemn ceremonies; but if you hear prim and positive tones that lay down the law, as it were, there is the school-teacher. An honest

man's voice has a ring about it like that of pure metal, while the hypocrite's tones are as smooth and slippery as the road to hell. You can tell by a man's voice whether it is safe to fool with him or not; for there are some voices that come slobbering over you like a lot of puppy-dogs wagging their tails, and there are others whose every tone implies, "Business—and don't you forget it!"

The voice changes with time to accomodate the changing phases of thought and feeling; and every prevailing experience has its own congenial tone. There is a natural tone for authority, a tone for love, and a tone for prayer. There is a tone that expresses deference, a tone for servility, and a tone for self-esteem. As illustrating the revelations of the voice, two clergymen, we are told, were once officiating in a solemn cathedral service, the one an eminent dignitary of the church, and the other a feeble little curate whom the unusual responsibilities of the occasion had wrought up to a pitch of nervous excitement as indescribable as it was uncontrollable. And as they read the one hundred and second psalm responsively, the sixth verse began, with deep, majestic tones, "I am like a pelican in the wilderness." To which came the shrieking response, "I am like an owl in the desert." The electrified congregation had little difficulty in deciding which was the great ecclesiastic and which the subaltern.

The human voice is the sweetest and most expressive instrument that was ever made, and is capable of communicating to others an almost measureless de-

light. While careful training may do much for its improvement, as is seen in the case of professional singers, training alone will not do everything. Since the voice is the expression of our inner self, pleasant tones are the natural and invariable accompaniment of pleasant feelings. If, therefore, you wish to cultivate the voice, it would be better to begin with the heart than with the larynx. Let it be your constant aim to cherish the sweeter, the more sublime, and the more disinterested feelings of which human nature is capable, and you will find this culture of the soul revealing itself in time through the voice. But if you permit yourself to cherish feelings of melancholy or of antipathy to the race; if you allow the cares and disappointments of life to encroach upon your peace; if you foster the mental habits of a tyrant, a grumbler, or a scold, your voice will be sure to suffer accordingly. It is only by abiding in such pleasant frames of mind as I have described that we become able to detect our own disagreeable tones, and thus to remedy them.

Accent and pronunciation are minor matters, and yet they are not undeserving of attention. True, the chief duty of man does not consist in pronouncing words with perfect correctness; one need not go through the world with a Webster's "Unabridged," like the lantern of Diogenes, under his arm, testing the speech of friend and foe. And yet there is such a thing as a provincial accent, which, simply because it is provincial, falls unpleasantly on the ear and suggests a narrow and provincial experience. It argues that one has

not seen enough of the world to make him catholic and many sided in his sympathies.

But these preliminaries conduct us to a larger and more important part of conversation, namely, the style. "What do you read, my lord?" Polonius questions Hamlet; and the reply comes, "Words, words, words!" What are you speaking day after day? Words, words, words. That is all; and upon your choice and arrangement of words your conversational style depends. The uneducated boor is master of not more than three or four hundred words, and manifests little disposition to employ them by engaging in conversation. But the educated gentleman commands a large vocabulary, and is able to select from among many thousands that precise word which expresses the subtle refinement of his thought. It is said that Emerson, in conversation, would pause occasionally as if in search of a word; but the search always resulted in his finding the exact term or phrase upon which no subsequent improvement could be made. When one of Robert Hall's productions was being read to him, he came upon the word penetrate, and immediately exclaimed, "Pierce is the word; I never could have meant to say penetrate in that connection." Surely it is only an educated linguistic taste that could draw such a distinction between penetrate and pierce.

But education in the way of obtaining a copious and exact vocabulary, may possibly be overdone. When Dr. Johnson defines net-work as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with inter-

stices between the intersections," we begin to wonder whether we really know what net-work means. Dr. Chalmers, being asked to speak as simply as possible to a certain rustic audience, began in this way; I have been asked to-night to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology." And De Quincey, that master of style, when he wished his meat cut with the grain, is said to have addressed his cook after this fashion: "Owing to dyspepsia affecting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal direction." From which remarks his humble Scotch cook drew the sage reflection that "the body has an awfu' sicht o' words."

> "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found!"

"Brevity is the soul of wit." It is possible to smother the thought in language. For constant imitation, it might be well to hold up before yourself some such model of condensed expression as that given in the famous prize essay on the Mexican War: "Cause of the war: Texas. Result of the war: Taxes!"

There is a provincialism in words, against which you must be on your guard. If you think that a certain individual errs somewhat on the side of amiability, you may speak of him as soft, if you choose; but do

not, I beseech of you, allude to him as "clever." If you have been reared in the vicinity of Philadelphia, it might be well to remember that what you have been accustomed to speak of as "gums," are known to the outside world as overshoes, rubbers, or goloshes. The Philadelphia lady who was frank enough to avow the practice of cleaning her "gums" upon the mat every time she entered a house, was mortified to find her confession received with shouts of laughter.

With the young, whose minds have not been trained as yet to a nice discrimination in the use of language, and to whom everything in the world is novel and marvellous, conversation is apt to favor the exclamation-point, to the neglect of the other marks of punctuation. You frequently meet people whose custom it is to usher every sentence into the world with a little "Oh!" thus benevolently preparing the mind of the hearer against any dangerous shock which might otherwise be given by the startling information that is to follow. Nor are there wanting, even in the most respectable communities, conversational savages who strive to embellish their discourse with the most uncouth ornamentation. When the simple "Oh" seems insufficient, "Oh my!" is adopted by way of increasing the emphasis. And in still greater emergencies "Dear me!" will serve to remind the speaker that her own peerless personality is still intact. Young ladies who find the facts of life likely to overpower the reason with their mystery and magnitude, find vent for their agitated feelings in the expression, "Oh mercy!" And there is indubitable record of a fair American who,

whenever startled or surprised, would seek refuge in patriotism, and clasping her hands in the most fervid manner, would exclaim, "O my bleeding country!" As this is given on the authority of a doctor of divinity, rash and wicked would be the mind that dare doubt its veracity.

When people try to improve upon the natural force and beauty of the English language, you can hardly tell what expedients they may not adopt. When you think of the things that have been described as "grand," "magnificent," and "sublime"—their name is legion. You may hear the adjective "elegant" applied to anything that seems attractive, from the "elegant" frescoes of Raphael to an "elegant" stick of candy. And the "awful" things, and the "horrid" things, and the "too-sweet-for-anything" things that are seen and said and done—it would puzzle the brain of a hotel-clerk to keep account of them.

It is surely needless to remark that awful is applicable only to something that inspires the feeling of awe, and horrid to what creates horror; but what is the use of a law, if you cannot break it when you want to? The weather is "awfully hot," or the cow looks "awfully fierce"—a peculiar bovine aspect assumed only in the presence of young ladies—or a certain young man is "awfully nice"—also revealed exclusively to the fair sex. People of British antecedents are apt to describe anything disagreeable by the forcible adjective, "beastly." A "beastly woman" is one whose appearance, manner, or disposition is unpleasant. A "beastly dress" is one that does not fit perfectly, or that is a lit-

tle behind the fashions. And if the weather happens to be a trifle hot or cold, it too is spoken of as "beastly." An American who had been informed by an English lady that the weather was beastly, straightway went away and forgot what manner of adjective the foreigner had used, and subsequently was discovered in the act of delighting an interested and somewhat partisan audience by assuring them that the fair one had spoken of the weather as *animal* weather—verily, had not he with his own ears heard her say *animal* weather!

As to slang, one must speak with some measure of respect for those anonymous and unrewarded poets whose humor so touches the popular heart that their sayings begin to be quoted on every hand. Think of the fine play of imagination that must have gone on in the mind of him who first enjoined silence upon a fellow being by requesting him to "dry up." He draws a mental comparison between the profuse speech of his companion and the perpetual outflowing of some spring in the bosom of the hills; and then, with an audacity almost equal to that of Moses of old when he smote the rock in his own name and authority, he commands this fountain of a fellow being's speech to dry up. The figure is very suggestive.

Or, did you ever think that you are unconsciously quoting poetry when, desiring to ascertain whether your companion fully realizes the intent and purport of your remarks, you ask him whether he "catches on?" Catch on, I suppose, is simply plain Anglo Saxon for apprehend; but it holds within itself this

modest little figure, that our ideas are like those magnificent equipages that go bowling along the city boulevards, and that the individual who really apprehends our meaning is like the small boy who lays hold upon the rear of the passing vehicle, and thus becomes dignified by its splendor and carried forward by its movement.

Where dwells that "mute, inglorious Milton" whose genius first coined the significant phrase which describes the man of many interests and pursuits as "spreading himself out thin?" The figure needs no explanation, borrowed as it is from those early experiences of ours when parental economy compelled a paucity of butter to suffice for a superfluity of bread.

This will be enough to indicate that slang is not to be condemned without discrimination. A happy phrase, a taking epithet, in whose creation humor plays an important part, is not in itself deserving of condemnation. But after its fine humorous suggestiveness has been worn off, like the figures on a coin that has been repeatedly passed from hand to hand, it ceases to give pleasure. To persist in clothing our ideas in those worn out garments that we find lying loose upon the streets, is offensive to a sensitive taste. If we have ideas, we should be able to provide them with clothing of their own.

If, as Buffon says, the style is the man, we may infer that profanity is the index of a common and vulgar mind. Profane language marks a man to whom the highest and holiest ideas are alien. Dr. Dale says, "To prostrate noble words to base uses is as great a

wrong to the community as to deface a noble public monument." Those who are guilty of this offence depreciate our noblest currency of thought by mingling with it an alloy of base suggestion, and by so doing work a subtle injury upon themselves. For if men are to assert their spiritual manhood in this world and come into communion with the unseen holy, they must preserve some region of thought free from all contaminating and belittling associations. Man needs to keep some shrine in the soul to which all that is highest and noblest in him may repair—some temple whose solemn chime, pealing on and on forever above the sordidness and the meanness of life, may summon his divinest faculties to unceasing worship. Now, sacred words, if anything, constitute that chime. Their function is to call up within the mind the loftiest ideas of which it is capable. But when that which should suggest only what is holy is applied to common and unseemly purposes, it loses its power to evoke the divine element within us. This habit of profane speech turns the temple of the soul into a bar-room or pig-sty. He that cheapens the words cheapens the conceptions for which they stand, and thereby cheapens himself.

But more important than the words or the style of discourse is the thought. On general psychological principles we are compelled to admit that when people speak they think, though some unquestionably do not think enough. A wag once declared that there are individuals whose tongues are set on a swivel and talk at both ends. One of the most fatiguing exper-

iences that can befall you is that of being compelled to tolerate the conversation of one who makes no selection from among the various thoughts that come to him, but permits the mental stream to dribble out unimpeded through the lips. To listen to such discourse is like drinking turbid and unfiltered water. No one has any right to throw out all the rubbish of his mind before the public. A careful process of selection should take place, and only that which is worthiest should be presented to others.

The prime essential in good conversation is something to say; and for this a well furnished mind is absolutely indispensable. If you attempt to get something out of the mind without putting anything into it, the world will not be long in discovering your mental bankruptcy. The more you have felt and seen, the more will you have that is worthy of being talked about. Travel, of itself, is almost sufficient to make the veriest fool entertaining. But there is a shrewd saying current among the natives of Japan, "The poet, though he does not go abroad, sees all the renowned places." There is something in the poetical spirit that brings one into touch with the whole round of human experience, and makes him susceptible to inspirations from afar. Some men see with the eyes, and others see with the mind; but, in either case, it is the seeing that furnishes the man and gives him material for discourse. The ideal conversationalist is he who can strike all notes in the great scale of human experience without producing a discord.

Most men, however, are narrower than this; and some

seem to be incapable of doing anything more than striking the same note over and over again. A friend of Sir Walter Scott's, who prided himself upon his conversational powers, once endeavored to interest a fellow traveller with but poor success. At length, feeling somewhat piqued over his failure, he began to expostulate. "My friend," said he, "I have ventured to talk to you on all the ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise, game-laws, horse-races, suits-at-law, politics, swindling, blasphemy, and philosophy—but all to no avail. Now, is there any subject in which you happen to be interested?" The silent man's face relaxed, and with a grin of expectation, he replied, "Sir, can you say anything clever about *bend-leather?*" This was the only subject in life that he cared to hear about.

There are individuals who ride some one hobby so long that they can never learn to ride anything else. You trot along all your favorite topics without eliciting the least response from them; but let their hobby once come within reasonable distance, and they are into the saddle and off at a gallop. I do not mind a man's riding a hobby, so long as he does not attempt to ride it over me. The line, I think, should be drawn just there. Once in a while we are made to feel the need of some conversational policeman to prevent these furious hobby-riders from trampling all our noble longings and lofty conceptions into the dust. I have no doubt that the grocery business is an eminently proper and respectable business for an immortal spirit to engage in here below; but I pity the

men whose minds are forever astride of sugar barrels, and whose talk is always redolent of cod-fish and kerosene. As for hobbies, if I could only persuade the Reverend Doctor Goodenough to cease making such constant allusion to the "great work of grace in Waytown;" if I could only persuade him to spend a half-hour of cheerful chat with me on the habits of the horned toad, or the fashions of Fiji, or the uses and abuses of phosphatic fertilizers; if, in short, I could induce my excellent friend to dismount from his favorite hobby-horse of spiritual mechanics for one short half-hour, I believe I should be supremely happy.

The first essential in conversation, then, consists in something that is worth the saying. Where you haven't anything to say, do not say it. The precept of Pythagoras was a wise one: "Be silent, or say something better than silence." A cynical old bachelor once demanded of a lady, "Madam, what do you hold on this subject of woman-suffrage?" To which the lady replied, "Sir, on that subject I hold my tongue." Silence is golden. A flash of silence in the midst of some conversations that you will be compelled to listen to would seem positively brilliant. Some people are like drums—the emptier, the noisier. Von Moltke, they say, has learned to be silent in eight languages.

The first requisite is something to talk about; the second is somebody to talk with. I say somebody to talk with, rather than somebody to talk to, or somebody to talk at. Schiller complained that if anybody would converse with Madame de Stael, he must con-

vert his entire personality into ears. It is said that this lady, on being introduced to a certain gentleman at an evening party, straightway launched out into conversation with her usual fluency; and as the stranger appeared to be greatly interested, she so directed her brilliant flow of speech toward him as to keep him by her side during the remainder of the evening. "Who is that gentleman?" she subsequently asked; "I thought him remarkably agreeable!" "Did you?" was the astonished reply. "He is a very excellent man; but unfortunately he is deaf and dumb."

Sydney Smith once drank a toast to a certain Mr. Buckle who sat near him at a dinner party; but on that gentleman's making no effort to respond, Smith suggested that he must be a buckle without a tongue. It was not thus, however, with Buckle, the historian, whose speech was like a Mississippi flood, compelling people to swim for their lives. On one occasion when Darwin and Buckle were together, the historian monopolized the conversation as usual, until a lady in the room adjoining began to sing, when Darwin, welcoming the opportunity to escape, rose and declared that he must hear her. Buckle, however, simply turned to a friend and remarked with the utmost coolness that Darwin's books were "much better than his conversation."

"Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I n-n-n-never heard you d-d-do anything else!" was the scathing retort of that stammering little wit. Coleridge's monologues are pro-

verbial. The slightest circumstance would suffice to set the wonderful mechanism of his brain and tongue a-going; and when once started, it had to run down before it would stop. Theodore Hook tells of a lengthy discourse to which he was compelled to listen, and which was provoked by the simple fact that Coleridge had observed two soldiers sitting by the roadside. At the conclusion of a three hours' harangue, Hook exclaimed, "Thank heaven you did not see a regiment, Coleridge, for in that case you would never have stopped!" Coleridge, it is said, would seize a companion by the button and hold him a prisoner, while, with closed eyes, he discoursed by the hour

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

On one occasion, having thus captured Charles Lamb in a quiet London alley, the dexterous wit contrived to free himself by cutting off the button and leaving it in the hands of the unsuspecting philosopher. And it is recorded as a fact, that when several hours later Lamb was returning from his desk at the India office, there stood Coleridge firmly grasping the button, and pouring out the rich stream of his discourse with unimpaired equanimity.

Such anecdotes irresistibly suggest that of the granger who betook himself to the the city to purchase a timepiece. "What be that ticker worth?" he enquired, indicating the particular clock with his finger. "Why, that," responded the clerk, "is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and will go three years without winding." "Three years without windin," mused the

granger. "Three years *without* windin'! Say, Mister, how long would she go if she *was* wound up?"

Monologue is not conversation. Conversation is an intellectual feast in which two or more persons discuss a certain dish together. And it is essential to the perfection of the repast that all should take some part in this discussion. There will be social lions, to whom the lion's share is assigned as a matter of course; but surely the social mice may be encouraged to give an occasional nibble.

If you will only cultivate the art of listening, so as to encourage free and spontaneous mental activity in the mind of your companion, you will not fail of your reward. There are listeners that seem to throw a wet blanket over us; and there are others, again, whose look and attitude encourage us to do our best. For your own sake, as well as for the sake of your companion, it is well to draw him out. That revelation of the very self-hood of men which comes through speech, is infinitely more interesting than, for example, the revelation of a flower's structure which is given under the microscope. A man's talk gives you the measure of him, and suggests the story of his life. Some men are good listeners, others are good talkers, but the good conversationalist is both.

If you "take toll of every mind that travels your way," it is incumbent upon you to give something in return. Where two people are more eager to receive than to give, it is difficult for any profitable social intercourse to take place between them. It sometimes happens that an excess of modesty may prevent one

from saying anything; but modesty, in such cases, is very easily mistaken for selfishness. The very fact that others converse with us at all, is an indication that they esteem us sufficiently to be willing to enter into reciprocal relations with us; and the most modest man in the world has no justification for not endeavoring to show himself worthy of that esteem. Human life is so rich, so varied, so complex, that every individual may be assured he has something that would be of interest to those associated with him. The greatest of men possess no more than segments of the great circle of human experience.

But unquestionably the highest types of conversation are found only where minds that have much in common come together. When inferior meets superior, the range of topics is limited. The student, who has a most facile tongue in presence of his classmates, may find great difficulty in carrying on a lengthy discourse with the man of the world. The clergyman, who fences circumspectly when visiting his parishioner and hails the moment that permits him to beat a decorous retreat, will spend hours in the company of some clerical associate, eclipsing the magpies with his chatter and the bulls of Bashan with his roars. "Birds of a feather flock together." That is nature's law; and it holds good in conversation as in everything else.

The one unpardonable sin in conversation is to give offence. Society has unwittingly adopted the golden rule, and declares that we must speak to others as we would have them speak to us. The ex-

pression of strong emotion, even, is not encouraged, because it generally strikes a chord to which no one in the company can at once give a fitting response. People begin with the subject of the weather. If we were to start out with religion, with the fine arts, with philosophy, somebody's corns would probably suffer. So men have by general consent resolved to start out with the indisputable testimony of the lowest of the senses, that of temperature, and from this general meeting-point to feel their way toward higher topics. We may abuse the weather God gives us as much as we choose, and yet never in a lifetime meet the rebuke of that pious Scotchman who declared that any sort o' weather was infinitely preferable to none at all.

Blessed be the freezing days of January and the boiling days of July! Blessed be the days that are dark and dismal as well as those that are clear and bright! Blessed be the rainy days, the windy days, the days that blow our neatly arranged tresses into chaos and shed tears upon our cherished millinery! For out of how many conversational predicaments do they deliver us! The weather is surely an angel in disguise that links the hearts of men together with subtle bonds of sympathy. God bless the man who tells me it is a fine day! It is. Of course it is. I knew that it was a fine day; but I was not quite so sure that anyone else knew it. Give me your hand, my friend. You and I differ on many things; but it is a fine day, isn't it? We are both thinking the same thing. We are not as far apart as we might have imagined. You walk out while the rain is falling in tor-

rents; and to the first acquaintance you meet, you remark, "Rainy!" "'Tis somewhat moist," replies the fellow, with a pleased expression of countenance. Why does he smile? Simply because he realizes that you and he are one. There is something flattering in that. The more we find men thinking as we do, the more disposed are we to think well of ourselves.

But to find others differing from our opinions in a marked or emphatic manner is hard to be endured. Controversy is something that society cannot tolerate. It puts too much stress on individualism, and violates the unifying principle of the social instinct. When controversy degenerates into personalities, woe be to the controversialist! The great Doctor Johnson gives his sanction to this unwritten code: "Sir," said he, "a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." But the preaching of this Ursa Major was considerably better than his practice. As a matter of fact, those who dissented from the Doctor were met with such stunning retorts as, "You do not understand the question, sir." "You lie, sir!"

Egotism in conversation is insufferable. Some one has well said that an egotist is an individual who takes up the time in talking about himself, while you would prefer to talk about yourself. The man whose text is always the capital I, indicates that he has but small interest in the welfare and affairs of others. He is too self-absorbed to be social. He should be sent into some desert place to blow his

trumpet to the rocks and trees. We are all drawn towards him who seems to be so interested in us that he inquires after our family, preserves in mind the names of our children, and seems conversant with our success and our misfortunes. When your hostess remembers that you take no sugar with your tea, is it not a most subtle compliment? To know that such a trifling peculiarity has been treasured up in her memory, indicates that your personal tastes must have a more than ordinary interest for her.

But of all beings that are distasteful to society, the most repulsive is the one whose tongue is dipped in slander, and who has never a kind word to speak for another. "Slander," says the Abbe Roux, "is a verdict of guilty, pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defence or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge." Petty slander, like every petty thing, is more contemptible, though less injurious, than that which takes greater proportions. There are men who would not impugn your honesty, but who do not hesitate to publish abroad the fact that you are a little close in your financial dealings with others. There are women who would not say a word against your honor, but who delight to proclaim that your striking Spring costume is only last year's dress dyed and made over. Everybody despises the petty scandal mongers. They are the vermin among conversationalists, living only on what they can obtain from the exposed portions of the lives of others.

There is such a thing as discourse that runs across the border line of propriety. Not to be offended at

such talk is to shake hands with the devil. The man who utters low and salacious thoughts in your presence challenges every pure and noble principle in your being to rise up in antagonism. It is to be hoped that when your noblest powers are thus defied, they will never fail to assert and maintain themselves. One need not storm, nor even administer an open rebuke upon the spot; but at such times there is a silence that may become more eloquent than words.

Purity, however, is a very different thing from prudery. To the prude, much thinking upon forbidden topics has made even the commonest objects suggestive of evil; while the pure mind, never having cherished a thought upon these unwholesome things, is not quick to take offence where nothing offensive has been uttered. This prudishness is well ridiculed by the story of the gentleman who innocently offended a roomful of company by speaking of ox-tail soup. On enquiring into the cause of his offence, he was informed that he should have spoken of "fly-disperser soup!" To that company the term *ox-tail* was too suggestive to be tolerated.

There is a purity like the purity of God, that can look vice full in the face and hate it, and then go on its course unruffled and unharmed. There is a purity that thinks never of the unspeakable thing, and whose own innocence, like a halo of heavenly light, is its protection and its glory. But there is that which merely apes purity; there is that which looks vice in the face, and turns aside with a little smirk; there is that which, always thinking of evil, projects its inward

thought into the world without, and borrows evil suggestion from things innocent and pure; there is that which strives to conceal the thought of hell with the language and accent of heaven. And woe be unto us if we ever allow it to prescribe what shall be counted decorous in conversation.

Be yourself; be real and truthful; be kind and good; be humble and thoughtful of others; be as bright and witty as you can; and you will not fail of winning conversational success.

# XX.

## FRIENDSHIP.

"A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

—*Bacon.*

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."

—*Gray.*

"There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the man of observation: these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued: these are injurious.."

—*Confucius.*

RIENDSHIP is something so real, so forceful, and so common to all countries and times, that one cannot help wondering how anybody can be a sceptic concerning it. Ancient Greece has its legend of Damon and Pythias; ancient Rome tells the story of Lucullus, who would not allow himself to be made consul until his younger brother had enjoyed the office; and ancient Israel records how "the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own

SHAKE HANDS!

soul." No finer description of the very essence of friendship is to be found in the whole course of literature. Our friends are those whose souls are knit with ours, and who love us as they love themselves.

Even if we might adduce no such conspicuous examples as these, the very existence of the counterfeits that are found in society would lead us to suppose that somewhere genuine friendship is to be discovered. How can there be a counterfeit, unless there is an original and genuine thing to be counterfeited? All the mock-friendships of the world are only a confession that the real article does exist, and that it is intrinsically valuable. Indeed, it may be urged that many of these counterfeits come from that unwritten law of society which insists that the forms of friendship are to be preserved at all costs, and that any outward show of hostility is to be considered a mark of ill breeding. To smite a man with fists or words, to knock him down either physically or mentally, argues that one belongs to that uncouth and backward class which has hardly escaped as yet from the barbarism of previous generations. So for form's sake, for respectability's sake, for the sake of our own reputation as ladies and gentlemen, there is none of us who will not consent to a little hypocrisy now and then. "Dear Sir," we always say in our letters, when if we were to speak the truth, the fingers would write only "Sordid Sir," "Inhuman Sir," "Detestable Sir." Society has got far enough along to perceive that friendship is an ideal thing, a beautiful thing, a noble and graceful thing; and hence it is fashionable to be friendly in public.

The man who is in office, the man who has a superfluity of this world's goods, the man with a little patronage to bestow, usually have so many "friends" that they do not know what to do with them. There are human leeches who would attach themselves to any creature that walks, if they thought that thereby they might obtain a living. Instead of calling them friends, let them be known by their right names—sycophants, parasites, vampires! It must have been of such as these that Goldsmith wrote in his bitterest mood:

> "And what is friendship but a name,
> A charm that lulls to sleep,
> A shade that follows wealth or fame,
> And leaves the wretch to weep?"

True friendship, however, gives such different examples of its working, that the whole world recognizes these as counterfeit. Friendship implies a union of soul with soul. Friendship is the root-principle of all those growths of love that earth exhibits. The ideal family is not that in which the members are simply thrown together by the accident of the family relationship, but that in which such spiritual attachments have been cemented as to form abiding and delightful friendships. Where the wife cannot be the husband's friend, she can be little more than his housekeeper; where the children cannot be friends of the father, they are denominated "youngsters," or "brats"; while the father, in his turn, becomes to them simply the "governor," the "old man," or, as is heard once in a while, the "ancient buffalo"! It is only through the

portals of friendship that one can enter into these dearer relationships.

Friendship is of all stages and degrees. Some go so far as to call another their friend simply because he has never manifested any hostility toward them. The aspiring young man who loves to tell you long stories of his friends, the Duke of So-and-So and Admiral Blank, probably proceeds on the assumption that these gentlemen must be his personal friends because they have never knocked him down. From this, friendship rises through all gradations to its perfect type. In its highest development, it is necessarily exclusive. There are many people with whom we may be friendly, but with whom we can never be friends. The moral and spiritual affinities are against it. Friendship means intellectual and moral attraction, such as results in communion of soul with soul. Christ Himself found that in the chosen company of the twelve there were only three who could enter into His most intimate fellowship.

That friends may render substantial aid in the advancement of our temporal interests admits of no question. For getting on in the world, good friends are as serviceable as good judgment, good executive ability, or good financial backing. Other things being equal, the man who has the greatest number of friends is the one who stands the best chance of rising in life. The unsuccessful man may pour out the volumes of his scorn upon nepotism, favoritism, and influences of this sort in general; but the fact remains that, as the world goes, friendship has a temporal as

well as a sentimental and spiritual value. If this world were so conducted that one friend could never be of practical assistance to another, you would not place any great amount of faith in either the wisdom or the goodness of the Providence that administers it. He whose life is so absorbed with its own selfish interests and ambitions as never to become knit in tender affiliation with the lives of others, loses something that he values through this selfishness. It takes a good heart, as well as a good body and a good brain, to make one's way in the world.

Apart from all that our friends can do in the way of direct efforts in our behalf, the very fact that a man has a large number of associates who are personally attached to him and interested in his welfare, is one of the best letters of introduction that he can present to the world. It certifies in the strongest way to the general uprightness and unselfishness of his character. It is a virtual declaration of the fact that in his past history he has been regardful of the interests and even of the prejudices and peculiarities of others. For no man who is indifferent to the welfare and feelings of his fellows can either make or keep friends.

Friends exert a profound influence in the development of the intellectual and moral powers. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. A life that is given to solitude stands in great danger of intellectual and moral degeneration. The tendency of solitary confinement is towards insanity. Goethe says that character is per-

fected "in the stream of the world." All kinds of moods, whims, and humors are apt to take possession of the solitary. His judgment becomes perverted and his eccentricities exaggerated. He grows arrogant, conceited, and domineering. He becomes morbidly sensitive, scents danger in everybody that approaches, withdraws himself into his shell, and steadily loses faith in humanity. Where a man has no friends to keep him constantly mindful of the better and more gracious aspects of human nature, how can he be expected to preserve his confidence in it?

If you wish to know how stupid and abominable you can be, live alone with yourself for a day or two. We grow more tired of ourselves than of the worst bore that ever invaded our homes. The stimulus that a congenial companion can give to the intellectual energies is like that of ozone. In the society of a few chosen spirits where thought can be interchanged with perfect freedom and sympathy, the mind is naturally spurred on to do its best. Then, if ever, the pungent wit, the quick repartee, the flashing wisdom, and the rollicking humor pour forth in a steady stream.

As you study the power of individuals in moulding the thought and life of the world, it will become apparent to you that the great men of history have established themselves and gained volume and force for their current of influence, through gathering round themselves at the start a little nucleus of congenial friends and companions. The story of Christ choosing the twelve to be His intimates and the distributors of His influence, is reproduced in the history of almost

every individual who has wrought for the betterment of the world. What would Socrates have amounted to, if it had not been for that little circle of devoted followers who attended his steps through the streets of Athens? Plato and the scholars of the Academy, and Aristotle with his company of disciples at the Lyceum, are familiar figures to all students of ancient thought. Paul had his circle of personal companions and friends, to whose assistance he attributes no small measure of his success. To Luther's friends and the aid they rendered him in the carrying forward of his purposes, the world owes as great a debt of gratitude as to Luther himself. And it was through his friends that Wesley was instrumental in rousing all England to the necessity of a more earnest spiritual life. Every friend whose heart is knit with ours in the prosecution of some great interest, doubles our personal power and influence.

One of the most gracious effects of friendship is the way in which it keeps the heart tender and true amid the many temporal and selfish pursuits in which our lives must be spent. It shows us that there is something in the world better than honor or power or wealth, and breaks down the artificial barriers that would otherwise separate man from man. The friendly man has a heart too big to be held within the restrictions of class, caste, or party. Mrs. Browning once said to Charles Kingsley, "What is the secret of your life? Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." After a moment's pause, he replied, "I had a friend!"

If you had the opportunity of acquiring ten thou-

sand dollars or ten real friends, it would pay you better, in point of happiness as in point of everything else, to choose the friends. I fail to see how a man without friends can be happy. Aristotle says, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god." He that has friends finds all his pleasures multiplied and all his griefs assuaged. They bring in to us a constant revenue of delight. They are banks, as it were, in which we can deposit happiness against future emergencies. "A brother is born for adversity." Distress and grief come to all; but in the hour of trouble the voices of our most intimate companions may bring unspeakable comfort. No amount of knowledge, fame, or money can compensate for the lack of friends. Life without them is poor indeed.

Seeing, then, that friends are so desirable, one of the most important of all practical questions that can come up for our consideration, is how these personal friendships are to be established. How are we to make friends? To me it is an unquestionable mark of the Divine benevolence that we are all created with so strong a bias in the right direction. Men come into the world with a tendency toward friendship, just as they are born with a bias toward patriotism, matrimony, and religion. Our natural instinct is to make friends.

Of the truth of this statement almost every child furnishes a conspicuous example. You notice with pain and surprise that your own well beloved boy has as strong a propensity as an unsophisticated puppy-dog toward establishing intimate companionships with

everybody. He feels no need of formal introductions. He breaks down all barriers of caste and reserve. He makes no discrimination against rags and filth. He is the most democratic being on the face of the earth. In the way of establishing friendships, he is a prodigious success. He becomes acquainted in the morning, is on terms of tenderest intimacy before noon, and an hour afterward he has probably had a little disagreement with the friend of his bosom, and has cut short this rank familiarity with blows and blood. He is so social!

It is not only children that give an illustration of the workings of this natural instinct. In those adults whose regulative faculties have received but a meagre development, and who are therefore led largely by the instincts, this proclivity toward friendship becomes prominent. We all know men and women whose facility in establishing attachments is well nigh miraculous. They wear the heart upon the sleeve. They are but children of a larger growth. They are led by the natural feelings and impulses of their being. They become so confidential on short notice that within a day or two you may learn every detail of their character and history. But equally remarkable is the facility with which they will cast off the old friends of yesterday for the new friends of to-morrow. Feeling angry, or disappointed, or tired, they straightway betake themselves to fresh fields of intimacy. They may have many good natural parts, but they are undeveloped and shallow. The only principle that seems to guide them in the formation of their friendships is

that of local association. Let them simply be brought into contact with another human being, and the natural instinct accomplishes all the rest. There is no trouble in making friends if one is not at all particular.

As character develops, this natural attraction toward friendship is found to be strongest between individuals to whom some great interest or pursuit is common. A process of natural selection goes on, by which men of the same professions, the same ways of thinking, the same tastes, the same moral and religious enthusiasms are drawn toward one another. Napoleon, standing beside the tomb of Frederick the Great, declared, "I wish I had known Frederick the Great; I think we should have understood each other."

> "Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."

Thus is the old proverb established that "birds of a feather flock together." Tell me the class of companions that a man habitually seeks, and it will throw the strongest light on his individual character. He that finds an affinity in the society of the wicked must have something wrong in him. He may, for the time being, reveal no canker of evil to the outside world; but the symptoms are all there; and the disease is bound to develop itself in due course of time.

We form friends in the line of common interests and spiritual affinities. Two youths were boon companions at college; but the one becomes a merchant,

and the other a priest; and the disruption of the common interest dissolves the old intimacy. The young mother finds in her little babe a force that makes her gravitate toward the society of matrons, whose cares and fears and hopes are kindred with her own. The wedding bells ring, and it is two friends as well as lovers, that stand before the altar and vow by all that is sacred to cherish one another till death; but unless the common interest be carefully guarded by each, disappointment and distress will come to that home whose foundations are being laid with pledge and prayer. Where the wife loses all concern for that sphere in which her husband habitually moves, and the husband, on his part, becomes so much of a business machine as to grow away from the home interest, the old friendship will be seriously impaired, if not destroyed. There is many a home in which the advent of a little helpless stranger laying siege to two diverging hearts, proves to be God's wise preservative of that finest type of intimacy which earth affords.

Thus, in the formation of our friendships, we must have not only the natural instinct and the local association, but also some congeniality in those pursuits, interests, and characters which our complex civilization tends to develop.

The one remaining condition of friendship is that it must be formed by mutual consent. How can two walk together unless they be agreed? The very nature of friendship implies an interchange of thought, of courtesy, of life. There are people whose very

disposition prevents them from forming friendships of the highest grade. They are too cautious, too reserved, too exacting. They act as if they expected the intimacy to come altogether from one side. They are willing to be courted themselves, but will do no courting in return. They will have you take all pains to be agreeable to them, but they will take no pains to render themselves agreeable to you. Under such circumstances no friendship can be established; if friendship is not mutual it is nothing.

We need to remember, therefore, that if we would have friends we must show ourselves friendly. We must be ready to discharge our side of the unwritten compact, no matter how much effort or pains it may cost us to do so.

> "Who seeks a friend, should come disposed
> T' exhibit, in full bloom disclosed,
> The graces and the beauties
> That form the character he seeks;
> For 'tis a union that bespeaks
> Reciprocated duties."

When, therefore, you hear people lamenting that they have no friends, that nobody seems disposed to court their acquaintance, the reason should be apparent. Others do not take an interest in them because they do not take an interest in others. Good friends, like most of the other good things in life, must be sought in order to be found. Friends do not come by chance any more than wealth or learning or moral character. If you wish them, you must seek them, and you must

come prepared to fulfill your part in that "union which bespeaks reciprocated duties."

This suggests a question as to the sphere that choice ought to play in the selection of one's friends. For in this matter, choice has its use as well as its abuse. The abuse consists in singling out some prominent individual and declaring "Go to, let us become this man's friend!" The kingdom of the affections, however, is not to be taken by violence. One has no more right to attempt friendship by force than to attempt forcing another into matrimony. The utmost that is permitted us is to make a few unembarrassing advances and then wait until they are favorably received. Choice, however, has a legitimate function. Out of thirty or a hundred individuals with whom we are thrown into local association and with whom we have some special community of interest, we ought to select a certain number to be our more intimate companions; and we should make this selection on the basis of those highest considerations to which reason and conscience lend approval. Be as wise in the selection of your friends as in investing in town lots or horses or bonnets. Scrutinize, compare, experiment; and shun like poison the society of the man whose intercourse does aught to impair your reverence for what is great and true and holy. When a choice has thus been formed, nature may be allowed to take her own course. We can guide nature; we cannot force her. Plant the seed of friendship, and she will mature it in her own good time.

Such a choice as this, actuated as it is by the highest

considerations, is far from that which arises only from motives of prudence. Indeed, it is exceedingly doubtful whether any friendship can grow out of a mere regard for our own interests. Where one is choosing intimate companions with the thought that they may be of benefit to him in some worldly way by advancing his financial interests or giving him an introduction into a higher grade of society than that to which he has been accustomed, he can hardly be said to be seeking friends; it is rather assistants, servants, tools, that he is in search of. Friendship is disinterested, seeketh not its own, is an end in itself, is altogether lovely, and must be wooed and won for its own sake only. He that would have it must set his heart upon it, rather than upon the blessings that it is able to confer.

In this way friendships are established. In every great and growing life the process of their formation should never cease. As one gains new interests and comes into new surroundings, he ought to develop new companionships and attachments. The healthy spirit will always be alive to its opportunity. It is easy to settle down in the old thoughts, plans, methods, and to calmly close our eyes toward the future. But the merchant who does that goes into bankruptcy; the thinker who does that loses his hold upon the rising generation; and the friend who does that commits suicide on the affections. Let the watchword ever be progress. You have a past, to be sure; but the future is infinitely larger and better than the past. Never turn your face to the rear and begin beating

time, while the years are scurrying by. On the horizon there are always looming up new sights, new experiencies, new truths, new companionships; and the live and growing man will take to new friends just as easily as to new discoveries in science.

The tendency of these new friendships is not to weaken the old, but rather to strengthen and preserve them. Just as business firms keep out of the ruts and preserve their vitality by taking in new partners, so will you best keep the old friendships fresh and intact by establishing new ones. Fill up the ranks with new recruits; and if they are raw and young, so much the better. When a man gets to be so old that he has no longer a place in his heart for young people, he is old enough to be buried. One of the most beautiful and suggestive sights in the world is that afforded by the fellowship of the old with the young.

It is one thing to make friends, and another thing to keep them. They will certainly cost us something in many ways; for friendship means love, and love means sacrifice. The ministers tell a story of the man who made his boast that the gospel was free, arguing on the ground that he himself had enjoyed its privileges for twenty years, during which time it had cost him only twenty-five cents. Friendship, however, does not come quite so cheap. You cannot afford to be a constant recipient of favors from others without endeavoring to make some substantial return. Otherwise your character as a friend would become submerged and lost in that of a dependent.

There are some refined forms of selfishness that no

friendship can tolerate. If, for example, you would keep your friend, you must not attempt to drain him of his sympathies every time you meet. There are those who go about the world in a constant frame of melancholy, demanding consolation from every quarter, and giving nothing in return. In extreme cases they may even weep while protesting that nobody loves them, that, in fact, they have not a friend in the world. They certainly will not have a friend in the world, if they continue this practice for any length of time. There are occasions in life when you need sympathy and ought to have it. But if our friends are gracious enough to give it to us then, we should remember to faithfully return it all to them in the days to come. If you expect them to consider your trials, you must consider theirs. If you were to ask a dollar of your friend, he would give it, expecting, of course, to receive it from you again. But if you were to ask a dollar every time you saw him, he would soon cease to regard you with any degree of kindliness, and would walk half round the city rather than be compelled to listen to your entreaties. It is substantially the same with sympathy: ask it of your friend and he will give it once, twice, thrice; but continue asking it, without making the slightest attempt to pay it back, and the bond of friendship will soon be broken. It cannot stand the strain of such unconscionable selfishness as that.

Be charitable toward the sins and short-comings of your friend. He has faults and blemishes, but you are not devoid of these things yourself. If you expect

him to make allowance for your defects, you must be prepared to extend a like degree of charity to him. He may disappoint and even annoy you in many ways; but friendship demands that these things shall be borne and forgotten. There are no perfect friends on earth. If we understand this at the start, it will prove a safeguard against those extreme oscillations of opinion which are so liable to occur in our estimates of others.

By virtue of our friendship, we are the constituted defenders of those whom we love. There is something contemptible about the man who deserts his friends the moment that the sky grows dark and the storm begins to gather. Fair-weather friends are not friends at all; they love fair weather rather than you. Next to the members of a man's own family, his friends should stand as his shelter and defense. Men expect you to act as your friend's advocate rather than as his judge. Stand up for him before the world. Shield him from harsh criticism. Let his virtues be known, let his praises be spoken, and let his follies and vices receive from you such apology and extenuation as is meet and fitting. See how a mother feels toward her faulty boy, and you will learn how one friend should feel toward another. He who deserts his friend in time of trouble or disgrace may think he is acting conscientiously, but he is certainly taking anything other than the manly course.

While, in our personal relations, we should do all we can to develop our friend's virtues and eradicate his faults, the selfishness of human nature is apt to

make us altogether too sparing of our approval and too prodigal of our criticism. What a delicious thing it is to go to our best friends with the express determination of opening up to them their faults and failings, of mingling for them such a cup of gall and bitterness as will make them writhe and squirm. And should they resent this method, how delightful is the feeling that at least we have done our duty, that we are martyrs for conscience' sake, and that in due time we shall assuredly receive our reward. To speak of such conduct as dutiful, is to mistake the devil for an angel of light. Never give a nauseous dose when you can by any possibility avoid doing so. Never administer a pill without coating and concealing it in sugar. Never try to make your friend feel more badly about his faults than you yourself feel about them. Where you grieve so intensely over his shortcomings that you can no longer remain silent, something must be said; only let it be as brief and as affectionate as possible.

Put forth your main effort toward making your friend positively good rather than negatively faultless. Men need to be built up in the line of their strongest virtues, rather than criticised for their defects. That New York clergyman was right who declared, "An ounce of taffy is better than a ton of epitaphy." Do not falsify matters; do not strain a point to turn a compliment; do not praise things that have no moral worth in them, such as beauty of person, or inherited wealth and social position. But where your friend is making a vigorous and successful effort after better

things, be generous with your approval and sympathy. If one is freckled and pug-nosed, he is apt to resent being told that he is a perfect image of Apollo. If we stamp across the drawing-room with the ponderous tread of an elephant, we feel like doing something desperate to the wretch who dares to compliment us upon our commanding dignity and deliberation of movement. Nobody wants such compliments. Nobody needs them. But where we are trying to do our best, morally, mentally, practically,—and it is the hardest thing in the world to do one's best—a word or two of encouragement may prove exceedingly helpful.

Sometime ago a fireman was trying to rescue a little child from the upper window of a burning building. High up on the tottering ladder he stood, while the dense smoke blinded him, and the devouring flame angrily beat him back. It seemed impossible to save the life of the pleading child against such fearful odds; and for a moment the fireman staggered, hesitated, and pressed his hand to his eyes with a gesture of despair. "Give him a cheer, boys, give him a cheer!" cried someone in the crowd below. And as that multitude lifted up a thousand voices in one grand hurrah, spurred on by the shout of acclaim, the brave fellow fought his way through smoke and flame, and the deed that had seemed impossible was done! That is the kind of encouragement our friends stand in need of. When they are doing grandly and are attempting things that seem to us impossible; yes, when they are high up on the ladder where we our-

selves dare not or could not go, let us stand about them and cry, Hurrah! If we cannot do anything else, we can cheer; and the strong, honest, unselfish cheer will come back upon us, and do our own hearts as much good as it does theirs.

> "The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Hold them in perpetual affection. Keep the heart true to them as the needle to the pole. They are worth more than all the treasures of the earth. They outlast the centuries. Distance and death take them from our sight, but they are our friends still. We shed tears when the vessel departs; we weep over the tomb. But our friends are as much ours in the unknown region of the spirit as in the far off continent beyond the seas. They are taken from sight, but not from love. We still claim them as our own. We rejoice in a sense of their affection. And we wait in hope, looking forward to a reunion sometime, somewhere, in this great universe of God! For that blest day the heart sighs with unutterable longing, and no sophistries of man can persuade us that we shall not see its dawn.

> "No seas again shall sever,
> No desert intervene,
> No deep sad-flowing river
> Shall roll its tides between:
> Love and unsevered union
> Of soul with those we love,
> Nearness and glad communion
> Shall be our joy above."

## XXI.

# LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MATRIMONY.

"When you go to sea, pray once; when you go to war, pray twice; when you marry, pray three times."

—*Russian Proverb.*

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leaped from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other."

—*Longfellow.*

LITTLE Roman Catholic girl, who was supposed to have mastered her catechism, was once asked to define the Sacrament of Matrimony. "It is," said she, "a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and a better world." She had evidently confounded matrimony with purgatory. And yet there are not wanting those who would accept her definition as substantially correct. For to-day we are listening to discussions on a question that never seems to have agitated the minds

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

of our unsophisticated ancestors, namely, Is marriage a failure? There seem to be so many mal-adjustments in the married state, divorces are so numerous, scandals so many, and domestic quarrels so common, that the philosophers have taken the matter in hand, and are asking whether, notwithstanding the glamour that poetry and romance have thrown around the married state, it is not, after all, a delusion and a snare.

If the object of the discussion is simply to elicit the truth, it might be wiser to put the question the other way. Instead of asking, Is marriage a failure, let us ask, Is celibacy a failure? Are not old maidenhood and old bachelorhood, according to the average experience, the most unquestionable failures that the domestic world contains? A cautious Scotchman was once lecturing his daughter on this very subject. "Jeanie," said he, "it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I ken that, father," retorted the quick-witted lassie, "but it's a great deal solemner to remain single." To this conclusion the common sense of mankind has always pointed in the past, and will always arrive throughout the future. Marriage is the law of nature; and to attempt upsetting nature by argument, is as ridiculous as to attempt drawing an inference with a span of mules. With you there will hardly be a question of marrying or not marrying; but only of marrying at the first chance or waiting for something better.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, you are justified in looking forward to the married state with hopeful anticipations. On the first

page of the Bible, I find the Creator represented as rejoicing in that distinction of sex which He had established. "And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them." When the morning stars sang together and nature flushed with newness of life, the first marriage took place in Paradise, God Himself performing the ceremony and pronouncing the benediction.

And when you consider the rashness and haste of men and women in entering into this relationship; when you consider with what little knowledge of character, of life, and of practical affairs two individuals can persuade one another to take this most critical step; when you consider what little place is given to reason, and what an almost unlimited sphere is allowed to instinct in entering upon this life-partnership, the wonder is that marriages result as happily as they uniformly do. On the right hand and on the left, happy unions are to be counted by the score, while unhappiness through the married state is the exception. If you are searching for proof of the benevolence of Providence, do you not find it here? So uniformly does marriage prove a blessing to the race, that one is almost tempted to declare any marriage better than none at all.

Yet when you reflect upon it, what an exceedingly critical step this is for two young people to take! If I make a mistake in entering the grocery business, I can easily retrace my steps and devote my energies to something else. If I discover that I have acted fool-

ishly in beginning the study of German, I can drop that pursuit and take up with some other. But should I discover that I have allied myself to the wrong individual in matrimony, there is no help for me! Lord Burleigh, writing to his son on this subject, said, "It is an action of thy life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once."

Hence it is well to take a wide survey of our contemplated course at the very start. The Russian proverb says, "Measure your cloth ten times, for you can cut it only once." Before you plunge into the danger, stop until you realize what the danger really is. Matrimony, let us remember, involves a union of two beings for life. And there is no interest, personal and private, social and domestic, intellectual, moral, or religious, that is not imperilled by such an alliance. The poet sings,

> "Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!"

But there are marriages in which domestic happiness does not appear to have survived the fall: it seems to be as far removed as Adam and Eve, to say the very least.

A gentleman who had been somewhat unfortunate in his choice of a wife, was once reproaching a Quaker friend of his, because the latter had advised him to get married. "Why," he remonstrated, "you told me that if I would only get married, I should be at the end of all my troubles."

"Yes, friend," responded the Quaker, "but I did not tell thee at which end!"

To the young gentlemen who are rashly contemplating matrimony, let me commend the wisdom of the Japanese as embodied in their proverb, "A tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high." Or should this statement seem a little wide of the mark in your own particular case, here is another from the same Oriental source: "Beware of a beautiful woman; she is like pepper"—from the fact, I suppose, that though she seems so beautiful to the eye, she is able to make somebody smart, should he venture on a more intimate acquaintance.

But why go to the heathen Japanese for our wisdom, when we have at hand the sagacious words of Solomon, that much married gentleman of antiquity? It appears that having escaped for a season from the domestic tempest below to the quiet of his palace roof, he reflected,

> "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top
> Than with a contentious woman in a wide house."

And so impressed was he with the appositeness of this reflection that he inserts it twice within the compass of five chapters of his book of Proverbs. At another time when the palace roof became leaky during the rainy season and the drops fell one after another with ceaseless and irritating monotony, this experienced sage began to console himself with the reflection, that after all, there are other evils in life quite as bad as a leaking roof, and he wrote,

> "A continual dropping in a very rainy day,
> And a contentious woman are alike."

These surely are danger signals, that the inspired word would hang out before every young man who proposes to enter the married state.

But there is another side to the question, to which those of the opposite sex might well call our attention. It is not always the wife to whom the loss of domestic happiness is to be attributed. There are careless husbands, selfish husbands, husbands who are so absorbed in business that they violate all the responsibilities which the home places upon them. There are husbands who take such a decided interest in the club, or in politics, or in "a man down town," that the home life suffers every evening from their neglect. There are incompetent husbands, drunken husbands, brutal husbands, mean husbands. Not to dwell on the extraordinary cases, let me suggest that if any young lady should be so unfortunate as to fall in love with a careful, close-fisted, parsimonious specimen of humanity, she had better prepare herself from the start to go through a life of positive beggary. In that neat little arrangement which prevails at the present time, wherein the husband is usually the financial partner of the firm while the wife supplies the brains, the lot of a great number, possibly of even the majority of our married women, is worse, financially speaking, than if they had simply hired themselves out to their husbands as domestic servants. There are women who toil steadily every day in the year, and who are yet compelled almost to get on their knees and beg for every penny they would expend upon themselves. In these modern days there are opening up to women so

many different fields of employment that they are no longer under the necessity of exchanging a state of helpless dependence upon a father for one of helpless dependence upon a husband. The cases of conjugal pauperism that fall under our observation serve to illustrate the fact that a plunge into matrimony is not always a leap into Paradise.

But there is something in life more valuable than money, or happiness even, and it is this that becomes most imperilled by an unwise marriage. The ruin of our fortunes or of our peace is not to be compared with the ruin and degradation of ourselves. In that most intimate form of companionship which marriage involves, that companionship which we must endure and from which there is no escape, a coarse, uncultured, or evil partner will work intellectual and moral deterioration to the other. There is many an intellectual and educated woman of whom one might say what Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to know her is a liberal education." But there are others who can never converse upon anything higher than the last case of measles or the newest thing in bonnets. There are men whose very presence sets the mind aglow and makes the wits sparkle; and there are men whose presence puts a damper upon anything higher than animal content. To strive for intellectual and spiritual communion with them, is like attempting to kindle a bonfire with floating driftwood in the middle of the Atlantic. Tennyson outlines the fate of more than one disappointed woman, when he sings in "Locksley Hall:"

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level
day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.
As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.
He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse."

Great as may be the risks that men run in entering the married relation, those that are run by women are infinitely greater. Marriage to a man can hardly be said to represent one half of what it signifies to her who becomes his wife. The man may escape to his business, to his club, to a dozen different places; but for the woman there is no escape from the home. Its duties are always present to her, and its cares always perplex her. Her work and interest centre in the one spot that she calls home, and should it prove a disappointment to her, life would have little compensation to offer.

Inasmuch as the risks in matrimony seem so great, it may become a matter of astonishment to the philosophical mind how any sane individual can be induced into wedlock. Nature seems to have anticipated the difficulty, however, for she leads human beings along toward this dangerous destination by one of the strongest principles of their being. In other words, she causes them to fall in love. There never has been,

there never can be any adequate study of human nature that leaves out of account this mysterious and powerful principle. We are accustomed to speak of it lightly and flippantly in our conversation, but it deserves a nobler treatment. We talk of Cupid as entangling some unfortunate couple in the fatal meshes; but if our theology is not at fault, what the heathen spoke of as Cupid, it becomes you and me to speak of as God.

Love, in its higher manifestations, is surely a breath from the Spirit of God, a fire from the altars of Heaven. Its grandeur has furnished a theme for the poet from the beginning of literature. It ushers in life's age of gold, and gives to mortals a foretaste of Paradise. Never does the world seem so beautiful, or human life so full of promise, as to him who is in love. Never does manhood appear so august or womanhood so queenly, as when dominated by this principle. Love stimulates the intellect, fires the imagination, rouses the courage, purifies the heart, and quickens the sentiments of religion. Love inspires the poet's lyre, the painter's brush, and the lips of the orator, and turns every common man into a hero. Love gives to the spiritual in man an overweening influence, and chastens the soul till every hidden thought is pure as snow. Love treads all common and earthly affairs beneath its feet, walks on air, laughs at impossibilities, scouts the cunning persuasions of prudence, flings worldly maxims to the winds, refuses acknowledgment to facts, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all

things." The saintly Doctor Goodell spoke the truth when he said, "I did not fall in love; I rose!" Love is the mightiest factor in the shaping of human life and destiny.

Hence it becomes an interesting and profitable study for us to pursue the enquiry as to how, or under what circumstances, this mighty passion is developed. So far as we can see, simple companionship is all that is necessary.

> "For man is fire, and woman is tow,
> And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."

That is what the poet says, and the poets are always wise. Let two young people be thrown into one another's society, and nature will do all the rest. Hence love is all the time developing itself in the most unlikely places. It is a possibility in almost any circumstances that bring the sexes together. The young gentleman of three-and-twenty has been known to fall helplessly in love with a lady on the other side of fifty; and gentle maidens in their teens have fallen to worshipping the very ground on which treads some gallant hero of sixty. What is a slight disparity of thirty or forty years to love, that passion which is as old as Eve and as young as the youngest face whose blushing cheeks and downcast eyes make sweet confession!

Love is liable, like dynamite, to go off at any time and under any circumstances; but unquestionably there are conditions that ought to be labelled, Extra Hazardous! If "man is fire, and woman is tow," as

the poet sings, there are circumstances that most powerfully dispose the sparks to fly from that fire into that tow—sparking circumstances, we might term them! These must be especially avoided by all who do not wish to behold a conflagration. A pretty teacher was once instructing her Sunday-school class on the first miracle at Cana in Galilee. "Johnny," said she, "can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?" "Yes'm," replied the boy. "Mother says if you don't marry the new parson, 'twill be a miracle!"

I preach one supreme condition for successful marriage, honest, genuine, old-fashioned, all-absorbing love. I have faith in the unions where that is present; I have no faith at all in those where it is not to be found. A supreme affection between two is the indispensable condition of happiness in the married state. I would therefore most heartily endorse the advice that was given on this subject by a somewhat cynical individual to his friend. "You ask," said he, "whether you had not better get married. My advice to you is, *Don't*—unless you can't help yourself." If you have an affection that holds you to one individual as steadily as the needle is attracted to the North, an affection that is overpowering and well nigh irresistible, an affection that constrains you, disquiets you, and impels you, then of course you must yield to the inevitable and bear your fate as well as you can.

But to this piece of advice, I would add another. If you have not any better reason than love for getting married, it would be wiser to remain single. Love,

you know, is proverbially blind. While it is so majestic and powerful, it is also at times the stupidest thing that can be imagined. It is a regular blind Samson, liable at any moment to pull out the pillars of reason and conscience, and bring the universe crashing about our ears. In other words, love, like all other blind instincts, needs control and direction. It must be made obedient to the dictates of wisdom. To give love supreme control, is like putting the chariot-reins into the hands of a blind driver, and then bidding him whip up the firey steeds. That is a sure way of bringing on catastrophe.

John Ruskin says that the greater part of the evils incident to married life arise from falling in love with the wrong person. Such a fall is a fall indeed, and ought to be chronicled among the lists of fatal accidents. We occasionally see and hear intimations to the effect that the affections will not lend themselves to the control of the cooler judgment and reason, that, in fact, falling in love is just falling: after you have begun, there is no help for you; you must go right through till you stop at the bottom. But what I wish to indicate is that no human being is under the necessity of falling—you never begin to drop until you have let go. It is the sheerest nonsense to say that the affections cannot be controlled. You might as well declare that a man cannot control his appetite; that if he craves pickles, for example, knowing that pickles mean dyspepsia and death, pickles he must eat!

Should a man find himself beginning to crave the

society of a certain individual who is destitute of those qualities that give efficiency in the making of a home, destitute of good sense, of skill, of taste, of moral principle and religious convictions, the best thing he can do is to stop short at once, and retrieve his indiscretion as well as he can. If a lady should find herself becoming partial to the society of some young fellow who has nothing more than his good clothes and pleasant manners to commend him, a young fellow whose habits of idleness and self-indulgence have rendered him incompetent to take a man's place, do a man's work, and receive a man's reward in the world, the best thing she can do is to put a damper immediately upon that foolish attachment. Such a course may occasion a few heartbreaks in the present, but it will prevent an infinitely greater number of heartbreaks in the future.

Love should be guided by choice. With Adam it was a question of Eve or nobody; his descendants, however, are permitted to be more select. Tennyson's Northern Farmer was half right when he advised his son as follows:

"Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is!"

I say the man was half right in giving such advice. He was wrong in so far as he intimated the supreme desirability of money. The man who deliberately chooses a helpmeet with the idea of living upon and enjoying her money, is destitute of the first principles of manhood. But this Northern Farmer is right in so far as he intimates that if we only choose and culti-

vate the society of somebody whom cool common sense pronounces worthy, love will come of itself. It is like smallpox or measles or scarlet fever in this respect, that one is almost sure to catch it where he exposes himself to it seven evenings a week and takes no precaution against the infection. The old order of love, courtship, and matrimony should be changed so as to bring courtship first.

Love is something that ought to develop gradually on a basis of esteem; and where we cannot esteem another, we should be ashamed to think of falling in love in that particular quarter. Instances of love at first sight play a prominent part in the story-books; but in practical life love at first sight is apt to end in aversion at second sight, or in disgust and loathing at third sight, after the marriage knot has been tied and the way of escape is cut off. I lay stress upon the necessity of a thorough acquaintance before the final step is taken. If you were choosing a friend in whose society you expected to spend the next year or two, how careful you would be! How much more careful should you be in choosing the companion with whom you expect to spend the next forty or fifty years! Love on a basis of intimate acquaintance is the only safe and rational course. Where two people do not know one another, how can they be sure that they love one another?

In this connection, let me suggest that the judgment of a wise and unworldly father and mother, as also the judgment of one's own tried friends, is to be obtained and heeded. Their opinion may be wrong;

but there are nine chances in ten that it will be right. The fathers and mothers who have had forty, fifty, or sixty years of experience in the practical affairs of life, may be supposed to be better judges of human nature than young philosophers of eighteen and twenty. There are many things in which we may be blind and headstrong; but marriage is too critical a step for us to take without a reasonable assurance that we are acting wisely.

What, then, are those qualities of body, mind, or estate that should lead us to cherish the acquaintance of any individual with the view of ultimately loving and getting married? I put on the lowest plane such external advantages as wealth, title, or social position. No doubt these things are desirable, but they are the least desirable of all the elements that figure in a wise matrimonial choice. The picture of foreign aristocrats seeking American heiresses and of American heiresses marrying a title rather than a man, is not a pleasant one. It reflects little credit on the sincerity of our democratic utterances. That marriages of this sort should result in unhappiness, is not to be wondered at.

Next to these external advantages will come those physical charms that are everywhere recognized and valued. Beauty of face and figure, grace and dignity of carriage, refined and winning manners, are unquestionably attractive. No doubt the most excellent goods are at times wrapped up in homely packages; but where you can get the same grade of goods in neat and attractive packages, you will probably be

moved to choose accordingly. At the same time it is well to understand that an ample purse and a pretty face are the least things that go into the making of a happy home. Adolphus may be very rich and handsome, but if he is not something more than that, he is not likely to make a good husband. When you see a man whose years should have taught him wisdom, and who has hitherto remained impregnable against the assaults of the fair sex—when, in fact, you see an old bachelor falling in love with a pair of pretty eyes and proposing matrimony on the spot, there you see an old bachelor making a consummate fool of himself. Pretty eyes are all right in their place; but they furnish small guarantee of domestic happiness. It takes something more than pretty eyes to superintend the larder, ward off calamity, and reduce the hired domestic into submission.

There is something higher than beauty, and the greater emphasis should always be placed upon it. For want of a better name we may speak of it as capacity. Every young man with matrimonial intentions should be made to face the question, Are you able to support a home? And every young lady who is willing to encourage such intentions, should be brought face to face with the question, Are you competent to guide and manage the affairs of such a home? This does not mean simply, Are you able to keep house; but can you do so with tact, with refinement, with cheerfulness, with good temper? Can you make the domestic affairs run so smoothly that the life of the home will be restful and delightful to all its

inmates? Can you brook opposition and bear trouble, as well as cook beefsteak, with a serene heart and a smiling face?

These questions are not unworthy of consideration. I would not be understood to hold that women must be measured simply by their ability to discharge the little drudgeries incident to domestic life. I despise that whole theory of woman's sphere and mission voiced by Byron when he said he would have the reading of the other sex confined to the Bible and the cookery-book. The civilization that does not accord to woman the amplest opportunity for the development of her intellectual, social, and spiritual powers, is a disgrace on the very name of civilization. But at the same time, one cannot overlook the fact that there are incompetent women, who are so utterly indifferent to the obligation of becoming home-makers in every noble sense of that word, that they even glory in their incompetence. Beware of the woman who feels that there is any higher mission in life than the making of a home! Beware of the peevish woman and the slatternly woman! Beware of the woman who can never become anything more than a doll-wife, like the Dora of David Copperfield! Beware of all whose dispositions, habits, and education unfit them for discharging the duties that marriage involves!

But, on the other hand, there are some male incompetents, against whom every young lady would do well to be on her guard. Beware of the lazy man! Beware of the man who has never fitted himself to take a man's full part in the life and work of the

world! Beware of the man who is forever losing his situation! Beware of the selfish and self-indulgent man! Beware of the man of dissolute habits! Beware of the drunkard! The inability of such men to sustain a home is more than doubtful. To marry any one of them would be to throw domestic happiness overboard forever.

But more important than the question of capacity is that of congeniality. What suits you will never suit your next door neighbor, depend upon it. There is as much difference in personal tastes as in noses and ears. Birds of a feather get on very well together; but where the chicken is mated to the hawk, there is little domestic happiness in store—for the chicken. Two cats are congenial companions in the kitchen, and two dogs in the kennel; but where one cat is obliged to remain in the society of one dog, domestic incompatibility is apt to develop itself. Let us take the lower animals for our teachers. Any great disparity in social position, fortune, years, education, and tastes, works against a happy union. The millionaire's daughter would get along most admirably with one of her own kind; but when she aspires to the hand of the family coachman and marries him, she finds the responsibilities and honors of her new position altogether too great for her. It is all very well for the novelists to write of the opulent youth who marries some sweet rustic maid, and is happy forever after; but in practical life the rusticity of the maid is apt to give serious and constant offence to her urbane and polished husband.

George MacDonald defines love as "the attraction of correlative unlikeness." Where you find two pieces of timber that perfectly dovetail into one another, there you find what corresponds to correlative unlikeness; the ends that dovetail are evidently unlike, but evidently correlated. One cannot measure congeniality by rule and compass. The only adequate test is that which comes through a long and thorough acquaintance. And if such an acquaintance were to become the customary thing before matrimony, we should hear much less than we do of homes disrupted and marriage bonds dissolved on the ground of incompatibility.

There is something, however, more excellent and desirable than anything I have yet mentioned, namely, character. This is concerned not with outward attractions, not with natural gifts and acquired facilities, but with those inward principles and motives of the life upon which all outward conduct turns. The man whose life is guided by moral principle, and who is daily and hourly striving to know and to do what is right, is likely to make a most creditable husband. But he who is lax and indifferent to moral interests, he who holds low views of human nature, especially when that nature is found in the other sex, he whose virtue is known to have a market value, and who expends his energies in excusing and palliating his vices, rather than in condemning and forsaking them—he is to be shunned as if he were a viper. To receive a proposal of matrimony from such a moral leper, should be regarded by every virtuous young woman as one of the

greatest insults to which she could be subjected.

I believe in women of character; I believe in strong minded women; I believe in women who cannot be moved by a single hair's breadth from the path of duty. There are thousands and millions of such women, who may be trusted always and everywhere to walk by the light of conscience, and by that alone. He who allies himself to a woman of this sort obtains a wife who is a fortune in herself, and whose price is above rubies. But where moral character is undeveloped and moral principle lacking, matrimony means putting your head into the lion's mouth!

These are some of the essentials of what may be called a successful marriage. But in matrimony you must not expect too much. Perfect couples are as rare as perfect individuals. Every union involves more or less of compromise. Conspicuous success in matrimony is about as hard to win as conspicuous success in the grocery trade, in law, or in politics. But a fair measure of success is not only attainable; it is almost an assured thing to those who seek counsel from wisdom, conscience, and religion, and do not allow blind impulse to shape the action of the hour.

I cannot too strongly impress upon you the necessity of seeking this higher spiritual guidance. Surely if there is any step in life about which the sanctities of religion need to be thrown, it is this. Here where the voice of reason is so weak and the voice of passion so strong; here where the unseen and spiritual qualities are so apt to pass unnoticed and unvalued; here where the whole future of happiness and charac-

ter seems to be turning upon a fateful centre; here, if anywhere, we need the counsel and sanction of the Highest. Let the marriage vow be a vow to God as well as to man! Let the marriage covenant be prefaced with a prayer and sealed with a benediction! And let the two who from the marriage altar go forth to face the world together, do so with the assurance that there is One above, whose blessing vouchsafed in poverty, sickness, temptation and tribulation, is able to make the roughest path seem smooth and to fringe the darkest cloud with light.

MOTHERHOOD.

## XXII.

# HOME, SWEET HOME.

"The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose."

—*Sir Edward Coke.*

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

—*Longfellow.*

"To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise."

—*Julius Hare.*

ESUS of Nazareth is the Problem of History. There is nothing in His environment that can be made to account for Himself. He realizes the ideal life and character under the most unfavorable conditions. Born of a peasant, He carries Himself with kingly dignity, and stands unabashed in the presence of the great. Reared in the narrow, provincial life of Galilee, His sympathies are cosmopolitan in their scope, and His teaching is adapted to all lands and times. Secluded from the

influences of classic culture, and trained to labor as a carpenter, His words touch deeper depths than were ever sounded by pagan philosopher, and the peerless beauty of His utterances becomes the inspiration and delight of all who ponder them. A homeless wanderer without where to lay His head, His heart overflows with domestic sympathies, and His life is rich in those social virtues that mature only under the genial influences of home.

Not thus can any of us develop in social or moral power. We are like plants that have their peculiar habitat, and droop and die when transplanted to an unfamiliar clime. The tenderest heart grows calloused when compelled to endure without cessation the indifference and suspicion of the world. Amidst strangers, the lips are sealed, thought lies dormant, love grows cold, and moral vigilance is relaxed. Away from home, temptation engulfs the unsuspecting youth in its giddy whirl, and even the prominent official of the church throws prudence and conscience to the winds.

Home is that stationary trellis by which the soul climbs upward toward the warm and quickening sun. Home supplies a motive force that rouses the ambition and stirs the activities of men as nothing else can move them to-day. Home is that imperial power whose touch brings knighthood to our human nature, and whose smile is counted more than recompense for the risk, the struggle, and the strain of our battle with the world. Home is that angel of light whose gracious suggestion quickens the heart of the pilgrim into song and moves the prodigal to tears. For the erection,

the embellishment, and the maintenance of the home, the million wheels of industry revolve in their unwearying round. For home the ships go speeding across the seas, the mine pours out its riches, and the loom weaves its fabrics. For home there are songs and sighings, battles and tears, labor and thought.

Blest be that day when from the shelter of a home outgrown, they whom Heaven has united in the sacred bonds of love go forth to establish a home of their own. Let smiles greet them on every side! Let flowers by stainless hands be scattered in their pathway! For them let the happy bells ring out, and music sound its sweetest strain! For them may many a prayer wing its way to Heaven, and many an answering benediction descend! They that establish a home in purity and love are the greatest benefactors of their times. Rich beyond all riches of silver and gold is the community that is rich in Christian homes; and mighty with a power stronger than that of the sword, is the nation in which such homes abound.

Though the house is not the home, it is nevertheless essential to it. There cannot be a household without a house. Where shall we locate this house of ours, and after what pattern shall we build it? To an extent we must be creatures of circumstance; but let us, as far as possible, be also children of freedom, choosing wisely and well. The house is for the household, not the household for the house; and the welfare of the household is the great point to be considered. Down in the valley, where the mists hang thick in the morning and the odors of decaying vegetation walk

abroad in the darkness, building lots are cheap; but let him who makes his home there be prepared for the bills of the physician, and let him not turn religion into a farce by praying Heaven for health, while he wilfully makes his abode in the lurking-place of the pestilence. Where the prairie stretches drearily away to the northward, with not a house or tree to break the monotony, land costs little; but he who would build in that desert spot must remember that where nature with gaunt and forbidding face looks in at every window, the heart is bound to sicken and the spirits to flag.

The intellectual and moral surroundings are even more important than the natural. Where the stream of intelligence and morality runs shallow, land is dear at any price. To some dubious Lot, the plain of the Jordan, green as an emerald, may seem like a fertile field of Paradise; but he that lives in Sodom rears children for Hell! Physical and moral healthfulness and beauty form the only appropriate setting for the Christian home.

No house can ever be too comfortable or too beautiful for immortal spirits to dwell in. But there are houses that are almost too ugly and inconvenient for swine. The bleak and bare outlines of the old-style human barn are enough to turn a sensitive architect into a raving maniac. The savage thinks but little of his abode; but we who claim to be civilized may well lavish thought and labor upon these homes of ours. Give us a dwelling that, in outline, color, and surroundings, might make a picture; and the house will have

a most blessed effect upon the spirits of its inmates! When God gave directions for the tabernacle and the temple, He consulted those principles of beauty which He had implanted in the human soul. Let us act likewise in our building enterprises. Let comfort, cheer, and beauty be the ruling ideas of this home of ours both without and within. Let us see what art can do to soften the asperities and spiritualize the earthliness of everyday living. Let walls, ceilings, floors, grates, windows, all combine to uplift and enrich our lives. Here shall be rooms for reading, for music, for entertaining, as well as for eating and sleeping. Here let every convenience be assembled that shall take away the drudgery from life, and give the spirit opportunity for the development of its nobler powers.

Oh, the joy, the delight, the rapture of planning, building, decorating, furnishing and moving into a house of our own! It corresponds to the feeling of him who, after having been compelled all his life long to wear the cast off garments of others, becomes possessed at last of a suit made expressly for himself. There is a sense of dignity, of responsibility, and of independence, which nothing can communicate save the out-and-out possession of a fragment of this earth's surface including all beneath it four thousand miles away to the centre. The influence of the house on self-respect, on citizenship, on morality and religion, must not be underrated. Pope at Twickenham, Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill, Scott at Abbotsford—the men and the houses go down to history together.

But the labor of keeping such a house in order is

no light consideration. If it is the part of the husband to furnish the house, surely it is the part of the wife to turn that house into a home through skill and labor. Home-making is woman's particular sphere and mission, and without her the home is not possible. The moment you enter a home, you can tell by numerous undefinable things, by deft little feminine arrangements, that a lady has been there. A bachelor's hall can never be a home.

Three types of women there are with whom home-making is impossible—the one that will not work, the one that would work but does not know how, and the one that will not do anything else than work. Pity the man who has married himself to a doll, a dowdy, or a drudge! Think of what it must be to be fenced in for life with some waxen creature, who can do nothing but look helplessly at you—and other men—with eyes of heavenly blue, while some coarse-voiced domestic superintends the affairs of your little kingdom, and does her best to ruin your digestion and your temper. Think of what it must be to come home at evening from your toil to one who meets you always with a loving heart and a dirty face! But O what must it be to be linked for life to one who makes her house her idol, and to whom a speck of dust upon the window or a thread upon the carpet is more shocking than profanity! Too much housekeeping is as bad as too little. There is a golden mean which should not be so hard to reach—a compromise, as it were, between filthiness and faultlessness—which, while attending to the needs of the lower man, refuses to give them su-

preme consideration. Thank Heaven that those "good old times" are past and gone, when the women of the household were compelled to drudge from dawn till dark, with not a single moment for ministering to the needs of the intellect and the higher nature generally. We now feel that the piano and the library are as essential to the making of a home, as the cook-stove and sewing-machine.

If it is the duty of the husband to provide the house and the means of maintaining it, and if it is the duty of the wife to keep that house and its machinery in working order, duty surely does not stop with these things. Home-building is higher than house-building, and home-keeping than house-keeping. What young woman could be happy in the society of a man with no higher conceptions of home duties than simply to carry in fuel and put up stove-pipes after business-hours? And was there ever a swain with no higher ideal of wifehood than the ability to stew and scrub and sew on buttons? Home is something more than a place for feeding and sleeping. Home is the place in which culture should bring to us its most generous stimulus, and in which the social powers should receive development and training. Home is the place for reading, music, art, religion, the meeting of friends, recreation and discussion. And I take it to be the duty of husband and wife to work together for the establishment of a home that shall be rich in these higher ministries and graces.

Returning again to the consideration of the several elements that go into the making of a home, let me

ask, What is home without a head? That there must be a head of some sort, is generally conceded; but in deciding the question as to who shall be head, some little misunderstandings are apt to arise. "You are now one," said the clergyman, after pronouncing the benediction upon the wedded couple. "Which one?" archly enquired the bride. "Ah," replied the minister, "you will have to settle that between yourselves." It is hardly safe for friend, minister, or mother-in-law to lay down any fixed and rigid rule upon this subject. Where a strong, sensible, and energetic lady submits to be led to the altar by "the sweetest little man in the world," she is very apt to reverse the order, and lead him after the knot has been tied. "I tell you," said one married man to another, "I know how to manage my wife." "Why don't you do it then?" enquired the other. "Why? Because she won't let me," replied number one. And that is where the difficulty presents itself in some families. A man was once boasting to some friends, whom he was entertaining in the absence of his wife, that in his own home he spoke only to be obeyed. "I am master in my house," he declared. "I do not believe in woman's ruling. When I speak, gentlemen, my wife knows that she has to submit—I'm a regular Julius Cæsar, I am!" Just then the wife entered the room and remarked, "Gentlemen, is it not time for you to go home? And Julius Cæsar here will walk right upstairs with me." Which Julius Cæsar immediately did. There was a head to that family.

But you have probably come across homes in which

this condition of things is reversed, and in which the wife is simply the husband's looking-glass, living only that she may reflect his opinions entire and undistorted to the world. To my mind it is just as repulsive to behold a woman all the time playing second fiddle to some aggressive and domineering man, as to see the weaker minded man guided and controlled by a valiant-spirited spouse. The one picture is pathetic; the other is ridiculous. When the lion and the lamb ally themselves, the lamb is apt to become absorbed by the lion; and this principle holds good, even when the case is that of a male lamb and a female lion. But the ideal union is not that in which the lion and the lamb are found together—not that in which one of the heads is a "mutton-head"—but that in which two lions, equally matched, give direction to the affairs of their blended lives. Two heads are better than one in matrimony as in everything else.

But if one of the partners happens to be exceedingly "set" in his way—or her way—which is to yield? I answer, Both. A successful married life must be a series of concessions and compromises. That is the only way in which two equal partners in business could get along together; and it is the only way in which a divergence of opinion ought to be settled by the partners in the matrimonial compact. Where two people are more anxious to do right than simply to get their own way in the world, a compromise is always possible. Mr. Gladstone defines his domestic policy thus: "Whenever my wife insists I submit; whenever I insist she submits. We never discuss family affairs at

the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening we never refer to it till next day."

There are strong wills, bad tempers, faults and failings of husband and wife, to which concessions must be made; but if the foundation of the home life has been laid in a love that is pure and strong and ardent, it should never be an impossibility to establish a worthy structure upon it. Love turns sinners into saints. Love covereth a multitude of sins. "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil." Love is the mightiest factor in the shaping of human lives, and all things are possible to those that love one another. Love is the great harmonizer; there cannot be any serious incompatibility where there is love.

The greatest problem for husband and wife to consider is how to preserve that love by which they were originally drawn together. Dean Swift says, "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Ah, young ladies, is it not enough for you to simply catch your bird; you must try to keep him where he will live and sing. Love is like electricity: if you want the constant current you must keep up the developing process. Those arts and graces of person, dress, speech, and manner, by which love was originally won, must never be abandoned. He that falls in love with a beautiful, sweet-voiced, and attractive maiden, will find his love growing cold

should she degenerate into a slatternly and shrewish wife.

What woman's love can do in the way of stimulating man to his utmost and noblest effort, is abundantly manifest. Those who have owed most to their wives, have not always been ready to acknowledge their indebtedness; but there are enough of such confessions to give us some idea of the facts. Martin Luther, speaking of his wife, declared, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Napoleon found in his latter days that the great mistake of his life had been in forsaking the amiable and accomplished Josephine, to whose patience, courage, and unerring tact he was indebted for so much of his success. His subsequent career was little more than a succession of failures.

History affords some beautiful pictures of the aid that women have rendered their husbands in their undertakings. There was Lady Napier who waded through volume after volume of dry portfolios and manuscripts, deciphering, translating, and condensing, for the benefit of her husband who was engaged in writing his famous History of the Peninsular War. There was Lady Hamilton who, after her husband had been elected to the professorship of logic and metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, was accustomed to sit up with him night after night, writing out a passable copy of the lecture that he should deliver on the morrow, from the rough notes that Sir William, working in an adjoining room, would from time to time furnish her. There was Mrs. Fawcett, wife of

England's blind Postmaster General, through whose devoted eyes her husband read his way to distinction. There was Mrs. Livingstone, courageous helpmeet of a courageous husband, who shrank not from accompanying him in his journeys through the wilderness, and whose bones now lying in a deserted spot of the Dark Continent, while those of the man that she helped to make repose in state at Westminster, point reproach upon a public that is still so hampered by conventional prejudice as to rule genius and devotion out of the Pantheon simply because they are found in the person of a woman.

By that faithful companion of Pliny, who, when her husband was making one of his greatest speeches, kept her messengers on the run to and from the place of his oratory, that she might keep constantly informed of the impression her loved one was making; by the wife of Mahomet, whose faith in him while others doubted, spurred him onward to the attainment of undying fame and influence; by the wife of Carlyle who sacrificed herself upon the altar of her huband's indigestion; by the wife of Bismarck who, he confesses, was "the making of him"; by the wife of Disraeli, who bore with a smile the agony of a crushed finger, rather than distract her husband on the eve of one of his great public speeches; by that accomplished Lady Stanley, who went from the Queen's palace to the Deanery of Westminster, and whose great-souled husband confessed that in her death "the light of his life had gone out"—by such examples as these, which might be quoted by the thousand, the world takes note of the

fact that a wife may be a real helpmeet, and that he who is well married is on the highroad to success.

But if the wife may do so much for him whose lot she shares, what may not he do to promote her welfare? The Apostle Paul felt it needful to say something to those of his own sex on this most vital theme; and he gave to the world that text which the clergy have been so prone to ignore in their homilies: "Husbands, love your wives." This, therefore, is to be regarded as a religious duty, sanctioned by one of those highest authorities whose words all Christendom has been taught to reverence. A husband's religion is to love his wife. Love marks the civilized as well as the Christian man. The Algonquin Indian has no name for love in all his vocabulary. The African savage does not hesitate to fell his wife to the ground with a club for any trifling act of disobedience. But Christian civilization demands that womanhood shall be honored and cherished.

Love will insist on revealing itself by something more practical than caresses. It instinctively follows the Golden Rule, and adopts and maintains toward the loved one those little courtesies which are so dear when practiced by the loved one toward ourselves. Love does not spend the evening in a corner with newspaper and cigars, compelling the wife to sit mute, inglorious, and unreconciled to her fate. Love never prompts a man to inform his companion how far her domestic science falls short of that of her esteemed mother-in-law, nor how beautiful and talented is the wife of somebody else. Love does not mope and lapse

into the blues, and worry the life out of a poor woman with stories of financial ruin, simply because she has been rash enough to spend five dollars on a new bonnet. Love does not let the wife split kindling and light fires and walk the floor at midnight with a crying child. Love listens to Xanthippe's pasquinades and calls them spicy, puts a wreath on the wrinkled brow and swears that it is beautiful, and chews away at sour bread and gutta-percha beefsteak, protesting that the meal is fit for a king. Love is as full of sunlight as the balmiest day in June, as plentiful of smiles as a woodland lake when the breath of the morning stirs it into a million ripples, as songful as the birds of Spring. Love sees, hears, feels a faultless world—angels in the empty spaces, melody in the pulseless air, flowers in the desert, and beauty, light, color, joy in everything. "Husbands, love your wives"—if not for their sakes, at least for your own.

But there is another element in the making of the home that must on no account be passed over in silence. What is home without children? If through selfishness and neglect, these two whose lives have been joined together by holiest bonds and vows, have been finding it hard to maintain the common interest, there will be no more trouble after the Almighty puts into their hands a little helpless babe to be nurtured and loved. If there has been any doubt heretofore as to which one is the head of the house, there can be no further dispute after baby comes. He is the head, and everything must bend to his interest and caprice. He monopolizes attention, draws all eyes upon himself,

becomes the all absorbing topic of conversation, turns night into day, and interrupts the conversation of the wise, the witty, and the great with his prodigious screams. King Baby is mightier than all the monarchs of the earth. A great divine who happened to be preaching in a strange city, observed a mother in the congregation endeavoring to quiet her restless babe, while he was doing his best to rouse the people with his discourse. Finally the mother rose and began to move toward the door. "Now, madam," said the preacher, "pray sit down; the little one does not disturb me in the least, I assure you." "Mebbe not," retorted the mother, "but you're a-disturbin' of him!" And what is the noblest eloquence in the world as compared with a baby's comfort!

Children are a nuisance! If ever a body needs proof of the doctrine of original depravity, let him live in the same room for a while with a little child. From the day that the babe first opens his blinking eyes upon this planet till the day that he assumes the full estate of manhood, he never comes up to the standard that our poor human nature is all the time setting for him. His propensity toward evil displays itself on every possible occasion. If there happens to be a vestige of disease in the remotest part of the village, he is sure to catch it. And if there is any choice open to him between one sickness and a dozen, he decides unanimously in favor of the dozen and accomodates them all on the spot. He shows his depraved ingenuity by always waking at midnight and sleeping when he is desired to wake. When we wish him to show off his

pretty ways, he becomes seized with indigestion; and when our wealthiest neighbor condescends to smile upon him, he goes into hysterics. He mortifies us, robs us of our rest, plunders us of our wealth, breaks in upon our settled habits, pours milk, medicine, and contempt upon the cherished contents of our artistic home, torments us, wheedles us, despises us, rules us.

If the baby is bad, the child is worse. Like bread and beef, he does not improve with age. We teach him to speak, and he straightway attacks us with questions, till the peace of our lives seems clean gone forever. We teach him to walk, and he keeps us in a constant panic by running away from home. We teach him the use of his arms, and he makes a target of the conservatory, and trys the hardness of his fists on the countenance of his younger brother. We permit him to sit at the table with us, and he goes abroad publishing our family secrets to the neighborhood in a confidential shout. A lady who was reproving her hopeful son for certain of his misdemeanors was met by this retort: "At any rate, mamma, I think you ought to be real glad that I ain't twins." There is a bright side even to this darkest of subjects. Think of what it might be, if the distracting boy were twins!

Ah, friends, I need not tell you that the things I have been saying are so far away from the truth that you will not fail to take them as a jest. And yet you know that there are people in this world who repeat such arguments over and over as if they were unanswerable, and who are foolish enough to decline the dignity and delights of parenthood, because of the

cares that it entails. I cannot cry out, Shame upon this folly; rather, if I would voice the deepest feeling of those hearts that the sacred responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood have greatened, I would call for pity. Pity the poor creatures that are striving to make a home, with no childish prattle to fill it with heavenly music, and no childish laughter to conjure away its care. Pity the heart that never yearns to feel the tender life of a little child beating close against its own, and the arms that have no longing to shield that precious thing in their secure embrace. Pity for him who has nothing to do but plot and toil and struggle and die, and go out of the world at last leaving no breathing image of himself behind; and pity for her who strives to satisfy the unconscious yearnings of a woman's heart by fondling a cat or a dog! Oh, if ever the angels weep over the folly and blindness of men, it must be when they see these homes of ours, whose doors are always open to visitors from the outside world, but always closed to those little messengers that God would send from Heaven. A home without children is like a song without music, a painting without color, and a Paradise without joy. Never do we know how glorious self-sacrifice is until that little stranger from above obtrudes his presence upon us, forcing us out of our old lines of self-indulgence and calling us to new and holy responsibilities. Never till we know how a human parent feels toward his child, can we understand how He feels toward us who has taught us to call Him, Our Father.

And when the little soul that we have nurtured be-

gins to find its way out beyond this world of soil and cloud into the realm that eye hath not seen ; when the little spirit that has come from the land of mystery and silence begins to grasp the secret of that invisible Presence in whom "we live and move and have our being," no sight or sound of nature, no swelling organ tones, no pathos of poetry or power of eloquence can begin to exert that moral force upon us which is unconsciously put forth by our own child. I have stood by the shores of the ocean, watching the waters as they billowed away league upon league till the nebulous horizon hid them from sight, while wave after wave came throbbing in from the bosom of the deep, giving irresistible suggestion of the pulsing of that mighty Life, that mysterious sea of being which beats forever upon these sands of time. I have seen sunsets so rich, so varied, so glorious in their royal coloring, so throbbing with the seven-fold beauties of the light, that no pigments of the studio could ever put them upon the canvas—sunsets when it seemed as if the gates of pearl had swung wide, and the glories of the upper sanctuary were being poured down through cloudland upon earth. I have heard the wind stirring through the forest, as it were the rustle of a million wings, and the mighty roll of the thunder that is as the voice of God. But the most moving thing that these eyes have seen is the vision of a little child, in white robe, with clasped hands ; and the sweetest thing that these ears have ever heard is the sound of that little voice lisping with solemn treble its first prayer to the invisible King : "Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the early days God sent prophets to tell His people of His nature and His purposes; but now "a little child shall lead them;" and that frail and tender messenger, coming from the upper courts, speaks of Divine grace, of purity, of angelic sweetness, of the things of Heaven, as no other being can ever speak of them to us.

There are people—well meaning people, no doubt—who affect to despise the home, and who cannot suffer themselves to allude to domesticity without a sneer. God forbid that we should speak unkindly of them; but God forbid that we should follow them in their mistake! For the home is the most venerable and the most powerful institution that our civilization exhibits. It has given proof of its fitness by surviving amidst all the changes and conflicts of time. The holiness and happiness of the race are more dependent upon it than upon anything else here below. To those who feel that the confines of the home are too narrow to give scope to their ambitions, let me say, What other line of work in life is filled with such precious opportunity or is capable of engendering so many holy enthusiasms? Is it more noble in man or woman to strive for wealth, for honor, for power, or for knowledge, than for the upbuilding of that holy institution round which are gathered our tenderest memories and our most cherished hopes?

There are those who have made it the supreme aim of their lives to accumulate vast fortunes that should speak to coming generations of their industry, their enterprise, and their self-denial. There are those who

have made it their supreme ambition to write their names across vast continents through the blood of thousands slain. There are those who have striven to put their thought into marble, into color, into verse, hoping thereby to establish for themselves an immortal name and influence. But nobler and wiser than all are they who, through the homes established and maintained by their affection, their wisdom, and their self-denying toil, have trained the children that bear their names to go forth into the world as living representatives of all that is strongest and best within themselves. Higher work than that to which God calls the fathers and mothers of the land is not to be found on earth or in heaven. To develop the tender spirit of a little child in righteousness and love, is an infinitely grander work than to develop the resources of mighty empires.

They that write their names upon the map of the world, write them upon sand; they that put their thought into marble, into granite, into bronze, put it into that which crumbles and corrodes; they that think and toil, invent and discover, build for themselves monuments that time at length defaces and buries; but they that put their noblest thought, their ripest wisdom, their holiest enthusiasms into those little souls that the great Creator has entrusted to their care, find the work of their hands established upon them, and leave behind them monuments that, even when stars and planets fade, shall continue to shine as the sun forever in the kingdom of the Father.

Home, Sweet Home! What blessed memories do

these words evoke within us! Before the mind there floats a vision of life's morning-time, and we see again the old house, now deserted and falling into ruins, whose rooms echoed to the shout and laughter of our childhood's happy hours. Its gaunt outlines and weather-stained walls give to the casual eye no suggestion of loveliness; but for us it has a beauty that cannot be expressed in words. A glory not of this world bathes with supernal splendor those eaves where now the unmolested swallow rears her young; and from the doorway overspun with spider's film, there floats a light more radiant than the sun. The wierd echoes that fill the deserted rooms are like footfalls from the boundaries of another world. For us the light of long extinguished fires glows again upon the hearthstone, and faces long forgotten look forth from every corner. For us the homely house grows beautiful, and the silence is filled with music; and in the contemplation of the blessed scene, from over the measureless spaces that divide us from the gates of pearl, there comes to us again

> "the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

O thou blessed home of holiest memories! Desolate thou seemest, and cheerless, and inhospitable, to the stranger who pauses by the tottering gate, and notes only the broken panes and the tangled vine; but to us, in thy spiritual suggestions thou art a vision of light, a palace, a poem, a picture of Heaven, a symbol of that home which lies afar in the regions

of the upper day, where parting and disruptions are unknown.

And for the establishment and upbuilding of a home like this—a home rich in spiritual ministries, a home that shall exert a hallowing influence on the lives of all who go forth from its threshold into the strife and trial of the outer world, a home that shall abide forever in memory's most sacred resting place—for such a home one may well put forth every energy and endure any sacrifice.

HARMONY.

## XXIII.

# THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

"To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray, are the things that make men happy."

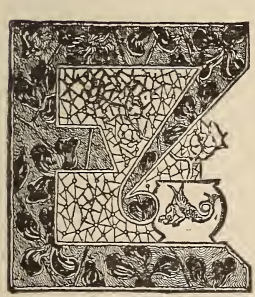
—*Ruskin.*

"Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he is well dressed. There ain't much credit in that. If I was very ragged and very jolly, then I should begin to feel I had gained a point."

—*Dickens: Mark Tapley.*

"There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere."

—*Alice Cary.*



PICTETUS says, "If a man is unhappy, this must be his own fault, for God made all men to be happy." I do not see how any sane mind can question this statement. I fail to find the slightest ground for believing that God desires human beings to be miserable. Every soul that comes into this world has implanted in it a consuming desire for happiness, a longing so deep-seated in its constitution that no experience in life can possibly uproot it. To suppose that the Divine Being

gives such a longing without furnishing the means for its satisfaction, would be to ascribe to God the character of a demon who takes delight in putting hapless man through struggle, sacrifice, and pain, in the effort to find that which lies forever beyond his reach. Alas for the race, were it thus doomed to the torture of a quenchless thirst!

But the whole experience of life runs counter to such a supposition. Man that is brought into the world with this longing for happiness, finds the means for its gratification most lavishly provided. Through the flood-gates of the five senses ceaseless streams of pleasure sing their way to the enchanted soul; while through reason, conscience, and the religious nature, the joys of heaven come to supplement the satisfactions of earth. Never was king's table so laden with the means of satisfying the appetite as is this world with the means of ministering to our delight. The body hungers, and almost every living thing on the face of the earth can furnish food; it thirsts, and from a million fountains bursts forth the cool and crystal stream. Man longs for knowledge, and every plant by the wayside, every gnat in the summer air, every star in the great vault of heaven becomes his teacher. Man seeks a vision of the beautiful, and the earth grows radiant, the forests wave, the floods clap their hands, and with royal splendor of purple and crimson and gold the clouds of the sky stand transfigured. As man strives to realize himself physically, intellectually, socially, and morally, he finds that the door of opportunity stands wide open, and that every power

of his constitution working in normal rhythm produces pleasure.

By that ineradicable desire of happiness which the Divine Being has implanted in our hearts; by that abundant provision which He has made for every want; by the cross of His only begotten Son, who came "that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly," and by the mission of the Spirit whose work it is to bring forth love and peace and joy in human hearts—by all these I learn the unmistakable purpose of God, that your life and mine might be filled with happiness.

Now, if it is God's plan that we shall be happy, I hold that it is our plain duty to co-operate with the Divine Being in realizing that plan. Where we know that God wishes us to be happy, piety demands that we shall do our very best to carry out His intentions. Yet who ever thinks of happiness as a duty? Who ever supposes that "the blues" are as much of an offence to God as they are to men? Who speaks and acts as if his happiness depended on himself? When men want houses they are willing to take the raw material from God, work it up into bricks and mortar, and build these into the desired shape. When they want harvests they stand prepared to till the soil and sow the seed and give it the necessary amount of cultivation. But when they desire happiness, they are apt to go on the supposition that God must furnish the raw material and do all the work besides.

I would have you realize that happiness is just like harvests, houses, wealth, or anything else that we de-

sire and toil for: we can have it if we will work for it. God having done His part, everything further depends upon us. If we are able to make other people happy, we are surely able to make ourselves happy. Whosoever will may enter this kingdom of joy. But whosoever will not, whosoever chooses to neglect his opportunities, must be prepared for the consequences. A free agent must always be free to make himself miserable. Where men can be happy and will not be happy, the fault lies in the men rather than in the circumstances by which they are surrounded, or in the Deity by whom those circumstances are controlled.

What, then, is the secret of happiness? Let me state it in a single word: *Adjustment.* This gives the law by which the coveted boon may always be obtained. Just as the watch whose wheels are properly adjusted goes on its merry ticking night and day; just as the great engine whose parts are properly adjusted moves in its work with smooth, majestic motion, so the man who is properly adjusted to God's great world goes on his course serene and satisfied. This law has various applications.

I. Adjustment with nature, or *Health.* The world of nature is God's world; the laws of health are God's laws; the piety of the flesh is good health. Sound lungs, strong heart, vigorous digestion, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, hard muscles, make up the physical saint. There are all kinds and degrees of health: fair health, indifferent health, poor health, bad health, no health at all; or on the other hand, fair health, good health, splendid health, brimming, bubbling, overflowing, laugh-

ing, dancing, glorious health. Who cares for the cold when he has a furnace within going at full blast? Who cares for mud and wind, drizzling rain and sleety snow, when panoplied with health? Who cares for the world when joy goes a-thumping from the heart into every part of the physical frame? I preach the gospel of good health. I shall have a higher gospel than this to proclaim before I am through; but for the present let me impress this truth, that not all the gold of California nor all the honors of this Republic can express the market value of your good health. Part with health, and you will feel the loss from sole to crown. Part with health, and the lusciousness of the peach will nauseate you, the glory of the sun will pain the eyes, and the sweet laughter of a child will make your nerves quiver with distress. Parting with health involves weakness, irritability, morbidness, suspicion. Ill health racks its victims with pain, and if it sings at all, sings only this song:

> "Lord, what a wretched world is this,
> To sorrowing mortals given!"

When a man begins to "praise God" with that sort of music, it is time for him to die. In nature's wise economy, feebleness and disease come properly and inevitably only when the threescore years and ten are up, and one needs to be weaned from earth and prepared to bid it a last good-bye.

At all cost of dollars and cents, at all cost of gratification and amusement, at all cost of fame and power, keep your health. Of temporal blessings it is

certainly the greatest. Away with everything that opposes your reaching that very climax of health which makes living itself a luxury. Hence, loathed melancholy! Hence, care and confinement! Hence, late hours and unnatural excitements! Now for open air and sunny skies! Now for long walks and good company! Now for

> "Sport that wrinkled care derides,
> And laughter holding both his sides."

Now for the exercise, the romp, the play, the laugh that bring us into adjustment with scurrying winds and restless sea, with singing stream and smiling sky! Now for Health!

O these perverse wills of ours! Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, "Since I have had full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh." Poor man! He thought it very ungentlemanly to laugh; it produced such a shocking distortion of the face. There are others who would make laughter an outlaw on religious grounds. Away with such namby-pamby-ism! Let laughter peal out from every merry heart! The religion that glories in asceticism is false. The Son of Man came eating and drinking. God does not want men to hang on hooks in mid-air, nor to make long journeys on hands and knees, nor to live like hermits, nor to go about this world as if their mortal bodies were filled with vinegar. God wants men to be happy through the adjustment of perfect health. The twinges, the pains, the aches, the weariness that you feel, are all gentle reminders from Him that you are violating His laws.

But I have another gospel than that of health to proclaim to you. If we were purely physical beings, good health would mean everything; but because we are complex beings, part physical and part spiritual, we may triumph over the world and preserve our cheerfulness while all the bodily powers are falling into ruin. So Sydney Smith never loses his humor, but writes to a friend, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." And Robert Hall, even in the insanity induced by intense bodily pain, preserves his wit. "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" inquired a stupid visitor at the asylum. "What will never bring you here," quickly retorted the great divine, significantly tapping his head; "too much brain, sir; too much brain!" Paul, the Apostle, goes on rejoicing, notwithstanding that his thorn in the flesh is not removed; and a greater than Paul, as if in very mockery of the world, cries as he goes to the cross, "My joy I leave with you." O blessed joy of the triumphant Christ! Joy before which the pleasures of the senses fade into nothingness as the stars die out at the rising of the sun! Joy that becomes the precious compensation of those who make sacrifice of health and strength and life itself upon the cross of duty! Other things being equal, the healthiest being is the happiest; but it is well to know that there are higher adjustments than that with the physical universe, and that those who forsake the lower for these higher are never without their reward.

II. Adjustment with circumstances, or *Contentment.*

When the world within and the world without conform to one another, when desire and possession meet, there is happiness. No man can be utterly indifferent to the circumstances that surround him. Is not it easier for us to be happy in a crisp and bracing atmosphere than when the air is humid and sweltering? Who would not rather live in a palace than in a hovel? Who says there is no pleasure to be derived from books and pictures, tapestries and marbles?

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Thomas Arnold was made wretched by the monotonous scenery of Warwickshire, and fled to the lake country for refuge. Faraday could not bear the trade of bookbinding, and jumped at the chance of washing bottles for Sir Humphry Davy. The men who say that circumstances do not count in the making up of life's happiness talk nonsense. Circumstances always count. If your house is unsightly, dismal, squalid, can this fail to affect your feelings? If one's wife is a slattern or a shrew, is not he sure to feel it? If one is bound down to an odious business, will not that impair his happiness? Or if the society of your village is ignorant, semi-barbarous, uncouth, surely you will suffer. A man cannot turn himself into a stone; he cannot be utterly indifferent to these things.

We are all children of circumstance, dancing like motes in the sunbeam or weeping when the skies are grey. Wanted! Something that will bring the human heart into adjustment with the circumstances of its environment. Found! One sure cure for discontent—

honest, industrious work. Give a man something to do, and it will not be long before he forgets himself and begins to whistle or to sing. Work develops the consciousness of power. Work makes a man feel that he is able to overcome the world and mould it to his own desires. Work makes man the master of circumstances; idleness leaves him their prey. Martin Luther declares that he is never happier than when writing against the Pope. Work to the sorrowing heart is like medicine to the sick.

But the sick man is not to be cured by drugs alone without the power of nature. Better than all your pills and potions is nature's own remedial force. For the man whose circumstances are not congenial, nature works a miracle: the lot is not adjusted to the man, but the man becomes adjusted to his lot. The square man in the round hole will grow round by and by, and will cease to recognize the pinch. Time dulls the edge of grief. Familiarity with pain breeds contempt for it. Byron's Prisoner of Chillon is true to the facts of common experience when he says,

> "My very chains and I grew friends,
> So much a long communion tends
> To make us what we are: even I
> Regain'd my freedom with a sigh."

Blessed be nature, our great foster-mother, who pillows every troubled child upon her breast, and heals the wounds and bruises of both body and spirit.

Work and nature help many a one over the hard places in life; but they can do but little without the

co-operation of the will. And what a marvellous power resides in simple resolution! Face your trouble manfully, and away it goes as chaff before the wind. But nurse it—and does not everything grow by nursing?

> "There's many a trouble
> Would break like a bubble,
> And into the waters of Lethe depart,
> Did we not rehearse it,
> And tenderly nurse it,
> And give it a permanent place in the heart."

If you resolve to be happy against all odds, you will find few things strong enough to withstand you. When the will begins to assert itself, the night of trouble breaks and men behold the glimmers of returning day. As there is no night without some light in it, so there is no lot in life without some agreeable feature upon which the attention may be concentrated. If behind the rear fence of your garden your neighbor has constructed a pigsty, why should you spend the best hours of the morning sniffing the tainted air and scowling at the swine? Seek a pleasanter outlook, and endeavor to be happy. If some offence has met you, why should you let it rankle in your heart, why should you brood over it, and fret and complain about it till you become a chronic grumbler? Think of something else.

Live where circumstances put on their pleasantest aspect. Study your own joy and minister to it. Let no blessing go unimproved. Why does the Divine Being bestow upon you so many mercies if He does

not wish you to enjoy them? Keep your eyes open to all that is good. Follow the Psalmist in singing,

> "Bless the Lord, O my soul,
> And forget not all his benefits."

Count them over one by one. Do not wait till you have become wealthy or famous or learned before being happy. Be happy now. If you cannot be happy with what you have already, a few more dollars or honors will not make you so. Enjoy life as you are going through it, if you wish to enjoy it at all. Let no day pass without giving you some occasion for thanksgiving. Once form the habit of appreciating all good things, and then the more you have of them the merrier you will be. But if you fall into the habit of ignoring life's blessings, not riches, honor, or power will be able to move you to thanksgiving. The gallant Lovelace had something worth more than all the wealth of Crœsus, when, like a bird in its cage, he sang from his prison cell,

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet, take
> That for an hermitage."

Jeremy Taylor discourses a wisdom more precious than rubies when he writes: "I have fallen into the hands of thieves; what then? They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry coun-

tenance and my cheerful spirit and a good conscience. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns."

Look steadily on the bright side of things, and contentment will come of itself unconsciously and blessedly. But where men say, "Go to, let us be content!" they are very apt to school themselves into a kind of base satisfaction with their surroundings, such as destroys ambition and saps away the springs of every noble effort. There is a noble species of discontent —of dissatisfaction, rather—which lies at the root of all progress. Where your circumstances are uncongenial, your first duty is to work upon them until they have been brought as far as possible into conformity with the ideal. But all the same, if you confine your attention exclusively to these unpleasant features, if you chafe and fret over them so as to permit them to steal away your joy from you, you act weakly and unwisely. If you are a hod-carrier earning only a dollar a day, it is imperative upon you to do all in your power to better your condition. But at the same time, it is equally imperative upon you to keep your eyes open to the bright side of your lot, and to let no blessing pass unimproved. We should take our cue from that quaint old divine who, on sitting down to a wretched meal of salt herrings and potatoes, said grace in this way: "Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast compassed sea and land to find food for us this day." Alphonse Karr says, "Some people are always

finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses: I always thank her for putting roses on thorns."

> "Some mumur when their sky is clear
> And wholly bright to view,
> If one small speck of dark appear
> In their great heaven of blue.
> And some with thankful love are filled,
> If but one streak of light,
> One ray of God's good mercy gild
> The darkness of their night."

I said man was the child of circumstances, but he is also the child of God. His soul is made to fly upward, and like the lark sings its sweetest song in midheaven. When the clouds gather over life, you may rise into the sun-swept spaces above. Circumstances have no power to prevent this. He that will, may always partake of those higher joys that befit an immortal spirit.

III. Adjustment with men, or *Love.* The only way to get happiness from men is to love them. To the unloving eye the world will always seem unlovely. Whenever the uncharitable man delivers himself, he reveals the fact that he is acutely sensitive to the blemishes and defects of others. His most intimate companion is a disappointment to him. His nearest neighbor is intolerable, and that neighbor's children are very imps! He despises the dress, the appointments, the ideas, of the people by whom he is surrounded. To him their motives seem always sinister, their ambitions mean, and their actions commonplace. His lofty spirit is galled and lacerated beyond meas-

ure at being compelled to associate with such deformity. "Faults are thick where love is thin."

What such a man needs is love. Love covers a multitude of sins. Love magnifies the virtues of others and minimizes their vices. Your neighbor's opinion of his child is very different from your own, because he looks at the little one through loving eyes. "Every crow thinks its own chick white." The mother folds to her breast a wretched little atom of humanity, and for its sake counts all sacrifice joy. She would go through fire and water for it without hesitation. She will rise from her slumbers a dozen times a night to attend to its wants, and never murmur. Her secret is love. Love is mightier than magic in transforming the world. Get love into that soul which looks out through the eyes, and you will be amazed to discover how winsome everybody becomes. To love others is to see them always on their brightest side, which is like basking in sunshine.

Love seeks to give rather than to get, and hence has little difficulty in executing its purposes. If you are always standing on the tip-toe of expectancy, waiting to see the crowd bow down before you in acknowledgment of your greatness, the first rough fellow that jostles against you will send you sprawling. If you are waiting for the world to make great ado over you, you will probably wait a long time, and grow sour with disappointment at last. But if out of the depths of a loving heart you are seeking to confer benefit upon the world, you will have abundant opportunity to do as you desire.

Ah, how easy it is to go through life finding fault with everybody because they do not minister to us, but finding no fault with ourselves because we do not minister to them! Let the tables be turned. "As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." The golden rule is as precious for its wisdom as for its justice. When Lady Holland asked the poet Rogers what she should do to make life tolerable, he caustically suggested, "Try to do a little good." The advice could not have been better. If you wish to be happy in life, try to make sunshine for somebody else. Get your heart so full of love for those who struggle and are in need, as to do something for them, and it will make you feel like a prince. With a full reservoir away in the bosom of the hills, the little stream sings its way down the slopes all summer through; and when the fountain of the heart is full, the stream of life makes ceaseless music. Love in the home, the school, the shop, the world, would turn this earth into a Paradise.

IV. Adjustment with God, the result of which is *Peace.* No man can stand in perfect harmony with the universe, unless he is at one with that Divine Being who is the centre and the circumference of all that is. God Himself is the most intimate environment of the soul. The book that you hold in your hand, the breath of summer air that fans your face, the friend into whose eyes you are looking, are not half so near to you as is the invisible God. There is no escaping Him. You may live away from the old home of your childhood, and apart from the friends of your youth;

you may travel beyond the bounds of your native land, or even beyond the bounds of civilization itself; but you cannot get where God is not. Where you go, He is. Every moment of your existence the Divine Spirit is your nearest environment; and to attempt living a happy and contented life without coming into harmony with this Spirit, is to attempt the impossible.

Madame Recamier, surrounded with all the gayeties of the French capital, writes to her niece that she is "in the centre of fetes, princesses, illuminations, and spectacles," and then adds sadly, "I sit and muse on the shore of the ocean; I go over all the sad and joyous circumstances of my life; and I hope that you will be happier than I have been." Lord Chesterfield, that courtly and polished worldling, writes concerning the pleasures of life, "Those who have only seen their outsides always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes.....I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose." Study the career of the poet Byron, in the flame of whose dazzling genius many a soul has been scorched and blinded, and you seem to hear the voice of the Eternal crying through it all, "No peace, no peace to the wicked!" Titled, brilliant, scornful, admired and idolized, yet forever restless, rebellious, and dissatisfied; fleeing from place to place and from one dissipation to another, in the futile effort to shake from himself an incubus whose purport, apparently, he did not understand. I find the

great Goethe declaring that in his whole life he had not experienced five weeks of genuine happiness; and I cannot refrain from asking, Was it for this paltry fragment of pleasure that the favor of monarchs, the love of woman, and the applause of the world were lavished upon him? Is this all that can be won by genius, culture, and fortune? Then alas for the common race of men to whom genius, culture, and fortune have been denied!

But there are experiences of a more hopeful character that must be taken into account. There have been men with endowments and opportunities far beneath those of Goethe, men frail in body and commonplace in mind, men who have been placed in the most unpromising conditions, and yet have found their happiness increasing as the "tree planted by rivers of water." In poverty and peril, in affliction and bereavement, homeless, despised, forsaken, they have yet possessed a secret by means of which they have been enabled to "rejoice always and in everything to give thanks." And I cannot help feeling that the knowledge of this secret is worth more than all the wealth and culture of the world. To feel clear of all past mistakes and transgressions, to feel assured of a future whose experiences are too glorious to be imagined, to know that nothing can occur in the present to impede our prosperity, but that all things must work together for our good—such an experience is surely the best that this present world can offer. Men try to get it by means of money or knowledge or power, but it is not thus to be secured. The melan-

choly confessions of Byron, Goethe, and Chesterfield only confirm what the author of Ecclesiastes established by the experimental method so many years before, that those who refuse to come into right adjustments with the Divine Being will be forced to cry over the grave of departed joys, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

There is no peace possible to him who is out of harmony with God. His life must be as restless as the uneasy sea, with ambition, avarice, and passion always throwing it into turmoil. No strife of wind and current can compare with that war between the flesh and the spirit, between conscience and desire, between selfishness and love, to which every soul is exposed. From of old, man has been rebuking this tempestuous sea in vain. He knows that as a free agent he has power to withstand the storm; but he knows also that if the storm is to subside, some power mightier than himself must cry, "Peace, be still!"

He who uttered those words nineteen centuries ago, stilling the wind-swept flood of Galilee, has power to bring peace to-day to every storm-tried soul. Over the restless billows of our modern life walks the majestic figure of the Son of God. In our hearts, the uppermost feeling of the moment may be one of fear; but it is He alone that can bring peace to us in the unrest, the guilt, the grief, the anxious foreboding of our lives. Peace through the teachings, the death, the resurrection, the spiritual presence of the Son of God! Peace that comes not intermittently like sum-

mer freshets, but that with copious stream flows on forever—a majestic river that rises from beneath the eternal throne! Peace, serene, priceless, eternal, such as the world can neither give nor take away! Blessed and triumphant peace of the soul that is perfectly adjusted to Him who is higher than the highest heaven and nearer than the nearest thought!

Queen Elizabeth of England, ignorant of the requirements of art, is said to have asked that her portrait might be painted without shadows. Ah, how many souls, ignorant of life's meaning and methods, ignorant of the requirements of that art which He follows who sits working behind the stars, would have the future pictured as without a shadow. I cannot do that for you. The shadows will come, whether we wish them or not. I can only assure you that in life, the light prevails over the darkness, that the opportunities for happiness are most abundant, and that even the shadows themselves will make for beauty and eventually be turned into occasions of rejoicing.

> "The fountain of joy is fed with tears,
> And love is lit by the breath of sighs;
> The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
> Have holiest ministries."

The secret of a happy life is also the secret of a happy death. Adjustment with God brings adjustment with that future which awaits us all. "Are you not on the shady side of seventy?" an old man was once asked. "No," he replied, "I am on the sunny side, the side nearest the glory!" Here it is shadow-

land; there it is day. Here there are tears; but there "the Lamb of God will wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"No shadows yonder!
All light and song:
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that blest throng?"

"No weeping yonder!
All fled away:
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

"No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder:
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder
Hands clasp forever."

FAITHFUL.

# XXIV.

## CHARACTER.

"We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern."

—*Matthew Arnold.*

IN this chapter we are to deal with something which amid the hurry and distractions of life is very apt to be overlooked, namely, the character that each one of us is unconsciously forming. While you are busy in the house, or the shop, or the store; while you are talking or resting, thinking or playing; while you are striving to get money or favor, comfort or friends, behind the screen that separates the visible from the invisible there is a workman constantly occupied in giving form and feature to your inner soul or self.

You cannot see this workman, and you are probably quite unconscious of the fact that he is effecting any change within you; but he is there all the time. And never was sculptor so diligent in giving shape to the marble, never was painter so tireless in putting color upon the canvas, as is this unseen artisan in his plasmic work.

By character, then, we are to understand simply the form and features of the soul. Just as every human body has a certain physical conformation that distinguishes it from all other bodies, so every soul has certain characteristics that distinguish it from all other souls. It is just as impossible for any individual to be without a character as it is for him to be without a body that has form, features, complexion.

Whatever our character may be, it is all the time disclosing itself to the world. We never speak a word or perform an act without making some revelation of the nature and distinguishing marks of our inner self. Every tone of the voice, every glance of the eye, every movement of hand or foot, gives some indication as to the beauty or deformity, the power or weakness of that workmanship which is going on within. It may be as difficult to interpret character as it is to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics; but though difficult, it is not impossible. A man may endeavor to conceal the features of his soul, just as the criminal endeavors to disguise his countenance; but to the practised eye the artifice avails but little.

Some characters reveal themselves at once; others take time for their full disclosure. "Do you take me

for a fool, sir?'" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the cautious servant, "I'm no lang here, an' I wadna like to venture an opeenion." On short acquaintance one may hesitate to venture an opinion; but time rectifies our blunders, and helps the world to estimate every man at his proper rating. Satan himself may appear as an angel of light at first; but whosoever abides in his company is sure to discover before long the cloven foot and the lying tongue. It is useless, therefore, for man or woman to attempt concealment. Character, like murder, "will out." In the case of some particular individual, pure brass may be mistaken to-day for pure gold; but the fraud cannot last forever. The world is neither foolish nor indulgent. It will not suffer itself to be hoodwinked. With infinite patience it goes on weighing every man in the scales of its judgment until his reputation comes to represent his character with almost absolute fidelity. In ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, those who are in bad repute deserve to be where the world has put them.

The easiest way of obtaining a good reputation is to acquire the character of which it is the counterpart. The world is not disposed to be blind to honest merit. A certain monarch, it is said, endeavored to instruct his son in the duties that pertained to the kingly office. "The great art of governing," said he, "is to make the people believe that the king knows more than his subjects." "But how," asked the son, "is he to make them believe it?" "Simply by knowing more," answered the wise father. The world will

not willingly allow jewels to remain buried in the mud. The instinct of the masses guides them to the hero as surely as the instinct of the bee guides it to the spot where lies the honey. When one of the tragedies of Æschylus was being played at Athens, a certain sentence was uttered in favor of moral goodness; and, it is said, at once the eyes of the audience involuntarily turned from the actor to that spot in the amphitheatre where sat Aristides the Just. What were all the riches of the world compared with a good name like that!

Character, then, we may be sure, cannot be concealed. There are no men and women among our acquaintances, of whose character we are in absolute ignorance. We know something of every one; and in many cases our knowledge is minute and intimate. And O what infinite variety is presented in these spiritual figures that disclose themselves beneath the veil of flesh! Never can such motley procession assemble in the outward world as that which reveals itself to the student of the soul. The spiritual substance is more ethereal, more plastic, more susceptible to training and influence than is the material. The spiritual being has an individuality more marked and remarkable than can ever be that of the body. The face of one may be mistaken for that of another; but there is no possibility of making mistakes in souls.

Hence one of the first things to be desired in any adequate study of character is some principle on which we may classify the varying types that we meet from day to day. This may be done by seizing upon

some salient feature of the soul, just as, in classifying the various types of physical manhood and womanhood, we draw distinctions according to some peculiarity of the person. The length or plumpness of the figure, the size of the nose, the color of the eyes or hair, are used as distinguishing marks. And we have as the result, tall men and short, fat men and lean, straight-nosed, pug-nosed, hook-nosed, blue-eyed, black-eyed, grey-eyed, brown-eyed specimens of humanity. Now, in the same way, you may classify characters by any dominant feature or peculiarity, in which case every intellectual as well as every moral quality gives a dividing line. Some individuals are intelligent and others are stupid, some imaginative and others prosaic, some reflective and others superficial. And in the same manner, with reference to moral qualities, some are honest and others dishonest, some courageous and others cowardly, some miserly and others charitable. Thus characters may be classified in accordance with some particular feature of the soul; and this is what the unscientific mind is always doing.

But it is possible for us to get down to a deeper principle than this. If you study the character of any individual for any length of time, you will notice that there are certain minute but quite perceptible changes constantly taking place in it, and that these changes run along definite lines. We note not simply a change, but a change in the way of development, of progress in a certain direction. As we are accustomed to put it, character grows, and the change is only incidental and essential to the growth. In other words, that un-

seen artisan, whom I pictured as toiling away there behind the screen, works apparently in a rational manner, with a definite plan and purpose. He seems to have some end before him, some ideal in his mind, which he is striving to realize; and as the days and years pass by, that ideal of spiritual beauty or ugliness which dominates him stands out more and more distinct in the substance of the spirit.

Sometimes this truth is expressed by saying that character has its drift or current, by the direction of which our measurements must be taken. You know that in the river the great body of water is always flowing toward the level of the sea. There may, in places, be eddies near the shore, where the water seems to be flowing backward; but it is the main current, and not the eddies, that we take into account in determining the direction of the stream. In like manner, the drift or current of a character frequently has its eddies. A man that seems to be drifting steadily downward toward ruin, will suddenly manifest a little eddy of goodness that may, for the time being, blind people to the real direction of his life. The miser may on some occasion surprise the world and himself by subscribing to foreign missions. The thief may manifest a sense of honor, and the coward, brought to bay, may fight like a hero. And on the other hand, some man whose life-current seems to be trending toward righteousness may manifest an eddy of wickedness, a relapse into evil, that will for the time being overwhelm with shame both himself and those who have put their faith in him. Charity may utter some

biting speech, and piety may lapse into an oath. Even the saintly John Wesley was once betrayed into writing thus concerning the author of that sublime hymn, Rock of Ages: "Mr. Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do not fight with chimney sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with; I should only foul my fingers." These, however, are simply eddies in the tide; they run contrary to the main current of the stream, which continues to flow hopefully onward as before.

Now, it is just these currents or drifts in character that are most apt to be slighted by the superficial moralist. Such a man is most likely to commend particular virtues, and denounce specific vices; but virtue and vice in themselves will probably be passed by with scant recognition. One might as well praise or disparage individual quantities of water, taking no account of the stream or current from which they have been drawn. You do well, therefore, to recognize the existence of these drifts in the formation of character. You may always be sure that there is such a drift, though in the case of any particular individual, it may be impossible to say at a glance whether his life is flowing toward the sunless abyss or toward the sunlit sea. Judgment in many cases has to be suspended. But whether I can tell the direction of the movement or not, I know that the movement itself is there. The Chinaman, when asked what he intended to make of a log of wood that he was hacking, replied, "Dunno. Maybe god; maybe woodchuck!" I watch as well as I can the strokes of that

mysterious workman who, behind the veil of sense, toils on so tirelessly; and I know that he is working, and working also along certain lines; but whether it is a divine image, or the likeness of something worthless and bestial, that he is fashioning out of the spiritual substance, may not be fully manifest until that last great day, when in the eyes of the whole rational universe, the veil of flesh shall be swept aside from his workmanship, and the final judgment shall be pronounced upon it.

O what changes are now going on in this unseen empire of the spirit! Never did Alexander with his conquering hosts effect such transformations in the political configuration of the globe, as each one of us is producing in the realm of things invisible. So steadily and so rapidly are these changes wrought within us, that the lapse of a few years is often sufficient to produce the most astounding result. Once, so the story runs, an artist made the portrait of a beautiful child, a face so sweet, so truthful, so innocent that it might have belonged to some cherub from Paradise. There upon the walls of his studio the artist hung the picture, and it became to him in time a kind of talisman, an altar of the invisible discharging heavenly ministries, a place where the angels of light seemed to gather, bringing warnings and inspirations, sweet persuasions and messages of hope. As the years passed, the artist conceived the idea of painting a companion picture, some face so darkened by crime and so debased by sensuality that it would fittingly represent the deepest depths to which humanity can fall. He

found the countenance that he sought at last, the face of a criminal who lay writhing with remorse upon the floor of a prison cell; and he painted those features in all their hellish despair and malignity. But when the story of the criminal's life came to be told, the artist recognized that the man was none other than that little child whose beautiful features had so fascinated and beguiled him through the long and weary years. Whether this story ever had its counterpart in real life, I do not know; but ah, my friends, it cuts too close to the facts of your life and mine for us to say that it could not be true. It takes not many years for an angel of Paradise to become transformed into a fiend of Hell.

There are these drifts in character, then, these currents, which are the deepest and most important things for us to notice. And as we know so well, there are only two directions in which the current of our lives can set. Let me indicate what these directions are. Each one of us is a denizen of two worlds, the world of the flesh and the world of the spirit. There is, first of all, the physical universe which reveals itself to us as well as to every lower creature, this world that comes home to us through the senses, the world that we see and handle and hear, the world that we enjoy in common with every bird of the air and every beast of the fields. But there is a higher world of which the beasts know nothing, the world of things unseen, intangible, spiritual. The great question concerning any man is not whether he is going to get into this spiritual world by and by; for every hu-

man being, by virtue of his humanity, is in it now. There is not a day of our lives that it does not manifest its reality to us. There are motives that make themselves constantly felt in the soul of man, which are not and can never be derived from sensation, motives which prompt us at times to trample every physical good beneath our feet. Every day we feel that there is something near to us, which, though we cannot touch it or see it, is nevertheless the profoundest reality of our lives.

Since, then, we are really denizens of two worlds, the great problem of life and character is, To which world will you conform yourself, to the physical or to the spiritual? Will you have this workman who is moulding character behind the veil, work with an eye to the seen world alone, or to that which is unseen? The answer that we give to this question settles in which direction the life-current is to flow.

It may occur to you that the distinction thus indicated is not a novel one by any means. More than eighteen centuries ago Saint Paul, referring to this matter, spoke of certain individuals "who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." And the same Paul tells the world of a great inward conflict in which he himself was engaged, of a law in his members warring against the law of his mind. In this struggle every man must take part, who would conform himself to his spiritual environment. Voltaire declares, "There is no man who has not something of the wild beast in him;" but at the same time, we may add, there is no man who has not something of the

divine in him. There is always a fight going on between the angel and the beast in human nature to determine which shall have the ascendency. The two cannot co-exist as independent factors; one must dominate the other. The beast tries to put the angel in chains, and may even succeed in destroying its influence altogether. But the angel, on the other hand, may enchain the beast, and tame it, and render it serviceable in carrying forward the heavenly purposes.

This distinction is all the time working itself out in the practical lives of men. One man toils industriously for the support and comfort of the human animal. He clothes it, feeds it, houses it, and gives it the means of gratifying its desires. And there his work stops. He may not be a bad or immoral man at all; he simply devotes whatever energy and skill he has to the work of supporting and ministering to his animal nature. But another man, while taking care of the animal, as he is in duty bound to do, cultivates the spiritual side of his nature, and makes his work a means not simply to bodily livelihood, but also to the subsistence and development of the spirit. In many cases it is difficult to say for just what the individual is toiling and planning, whether he is working for the spirit or for the flesh. For work is so universal, so compulsory, so uniform in its results and methods, no matter what may be the motive that actuates it, that it is almost impossible from the outward form of the life to infer its inner and essential spirit.

But when men are released from the necessity of

toil and are left at liberty to enjoy themselves, the distinction comes out in the most marked and unmistakable manner. There are people who cut down their enjoyments to so small a scale that every creature of the fields and woods may be said to participate with them. They seek enjoyment simply as human animals. They eat, drink, and are merry. But there are others that, when suffered to enjoy themselves in perfect freedom, naturally and instinctively find their delight in those intellectual and spiritual pleasures in which no lower animal can possibly have a share.

We see this distinction cropping out even in the virtues. Take honesty, for example. There is an honesty of the flesh, which may be cultivated by a man who is making not the slightest attempt to realize himself as a spiritual being. There is an honesty that man shares in common with cats and dogs and oxen. It goes only skin-deep, and is expressed by the well known maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." Now, any thievish cat or mongrel cur can get as high up as that in the scale of being. On the other hand, there are some men who are honest not from policy so much as from principle. They are honest even when they see nothing but personal loss to themselves as the result of such honesty. They are honest when it does not appear politic to be honest, because they recognize that honesty is the law of that higher spiritual sphere to which they are endeavoring to conform themselves. These, in truth, are the only honest men that we have; for the men who are honest

from policy are not honest at all: they are simply politic. It was assuredly only those who are honest from principle that the poet Pope referred to when he said,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The man who is honest from principle is a noble exponent of the divine element in human nature. But the man who is honest from policy is not the noblest work of God; at most he is only the noblest work of the devil.

Take, again, anger in that form which is so commonly known as temper. A little child will throw himself prostrate on the floor with rage, and scream, and kick, in a perfect frenzy of passion. But in this respect he is simply acting out that nature which he shares with the lower animals. With very little trouble you can make a dog or a bull or a turkey-cock go through a similar performance. But there is an anger of a higher kind; there is an anger of the spirit that ennobles rather than debases him who feels it. There is a wrath of the soul, passionless, intense, and awful as the wrath of God, a wrath that is too lofty to seek vengeance, but that insists upon having sway. It was this that the apostle referred to when he said, "Beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give way unto wrath." When any scandalous act of injustice is committed, every noble spirit mounts into a white flame of indignation. The man who can behold cruelty and oppression without feelings of this kind must have the spirit of a craven, rather than the

spirit of a man. Such a wrath is the only appropriate expression that the soul can make of its repugnance to things base and mean. It is essential to the very existence of manhood. It is this that the Bible speaks of in its mention of the wrath of God.

In the same way, there are two kinds of courage that men are all the time manifesting, one purely animal, and the other spiritual. There are some whose heroism rests altogether on a physical basis, men who do heroic things simply because they are courageous animals. But there are others who acquit themselves as heroes because of a moral courage that has its origin in the soul rather than in the body. While the nerves shrink and the knees tremble, it may be, the soul for the sake of principle commands the body to assume the risk, and the heroic deed is done. A courage of this kind is infinitely higher than the other.

To illustrate what I mean, let me give two examples, one taken from Napier's History of the Peninsular War, and the other from certain records preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford. We read that at the Coa, "a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called 'The Boy,' because of his youth, nineteen, and of his gigantic stature and strength, who had fought bravely and displayed great intelligence beyond the river, was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round, he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: 'So this is the end of our brag. This is our first battle, and we retreat! The

boy Stewart will not live to hear that said.' Then striding forward in his giant might he fell furiously on the nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them." Now, you cannot read that story of utter foolhardiness and pertinacity without feeling that something very similar is done by every bull-dog that seizes its victim, and refuses to release its hold until its throat is cut. In either case the courage is that of an animal.

But here is the other story, revealing courage of a higher kind: "The tower-door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgeworth, England, was left open, and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount to the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help, for no one was near. At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

'Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?' replied the little lad.

'I think I could,' returned the other.

'Then good-by and God bless you!' cried the little fellow, loosing his hold. Another second, and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. His companion clambered to a place of safety."

Here is something that we instinctively recognize as heroism. The little fellow whose manly heart led him to sacrifice himself for his companion, is a hero, while the pertinacious soldier who rushed upon death simply to glut his own passion, is not. It is only by obedience to the mandates of the spiritual man that heroes are made. Napoleon fired the hearts of his army when, fronting the forces of the Mamelukes beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, he cried, "Soldiers, remember that from yonder piles of stone forty centuries look down upon you!" But alas! Napoleon in all his career never touched the spiritual height reached by him who from his battle-ship at Trafalgar signalled to the British troops, "England expects every man to do his duty!" Napoleon's watchword was *Glory*; Nelson's was *Duty*. Glory—that is something for which horses contend on the course, and chickens in the cockpit, and prizefighters in the ring. But duty is that which inspires and controls the myriads of heaven.

That little word *duty* is the noblest in all our vocabulary. It was duty that led the heathen Pompey, when he was urged to refrain from going to Rome on an important mission, to reply, "It is necessary for me to go; it is not necessary for me to live." It was duty that made the hearts of timid Christian maidens strong as steel in the ancient days of persecution. It was duty that led brave John Maynard to stand steadily at the helm, keeping his burning vessel, with her human cargo, headed straight for the shore, while the flames burned to a crisp the noble hands that held the

wheel. It was duty that thrilled the hearts of the English seamen at Trafalgar. It was the call of duty that, less than a generation ago, rang out like the blast of the archangel's trumpet through all these Northern States, till every heart glowed with a fire of righteous indignation and patriotism such as can never be kindled save from the altars of heaven. Then men, women, and children even, became transfigured into the heroic, and by their united sacrifice and devotion proclaimed to all coming time this glorious truth, that human beings are put upon the earth for something nobler than to eat, drink, and be merry.

Those who come thus openly before the world, revealing the heroic element in human nature, are our greatest benefactors. Not simply are we indebted to them for the immediate practical results that their heroism secures; they quicken self-respect throughout the whole length and breadth of society; they establish faith in human nature in general; they do much to strengthen the attachment of men to that divine principle of duty which is so apt to be slighted; and their illustrious example is handed down for the guidance and inspiration of succeeding generations.

The longer you live, the more will you be surprised at the amount of genuine nobility that exists in the world. Diogenes the Cynic once cried in the marketplace of Athens, "Hear me, O men!" But when the crowd began to assemble, he said with scorn, "I called for men, not for pygmies!" But Diogenes was wrong. The call is for men, and human nature on all sides is responding magnificently to that call. There

is never a great accident at home or abroad; never a fire, flood, or famine, that does not reveal more than one case of conspicuous heroism. The heroes toil away at the anvil, on the schooner's deck, or deep down in the mine, unnoticed and possibly despised; but when the crisis comes and the cry goes forth for men, the man appears, and the latent nobility of his character becomes apparent to all. The hero is essentially a hero all the time, living by the higher principle, and waiting the call of the crisis to reveal the secret of his life to the world.

And in the uneventful tenor of private life there are critical occasions all the time presenting themselves, that make demands upon the courage and reveal the essential drift of the character. When Carey, the missionary, sat at the Governor-General's table in India, he overheard one officer asking another whether the missionary had not once been a shoemaker. "No," quickly responded Carey, "only a cobbler!" To render such a reply in such a company, involved quite as great a draft upon the courage as to lead a body of troops up to the cannon's mouth. There is no career, however peaceable and ignoble, that does not afford opportunities for the development of this nobler side of our nature. "Here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou now standest," cries Carlyle, "here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and, working, believe, live, be free!" The humblest life may breed heroes.

I dare say that some will be inclined to doubt this; because the world, just now, is putting a great deal of

stress upon something called environment, and the environment of many lives seems to be exceedingly commonplace. "What!" you say, "Can the heroic be developed in cottage or forge, behind the counter and the dish-pan?" Most decidedly it can. Ah, friend, you who put so much stress upon environment, you who are pleading for leisure, books, companionship, culture, you who long for stirring scenes and great occasions, you are forgetting that the soul is environed not simply by the things that are seen, but also by those that are unseen; you forget that from the kingdom of the invisible in which we are already living, there comes to us all the gracious and uplifting influence that is necessary to enable us to be brave and noble and good.

Here, in that middle region between the temporal and the spiritual, we are living; and whether we sink into the merely animal life, or rise into that which is higher, rests altogether with ourselves. The influences of both worlds are beating upon us, and we are at liberty to follow either. "Free will," says George MacDonald, "is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulses."

> "So close is glory to our dust,
> So near is God to man;
> When duty whispers low, Thou must,
> The youth replies, I can."

When you ask that question of questions, how a

right character may be acquired, the answer is near at hand. A noble character is open to every one who will persist in doing his duty. That is the secret of the whole matter.

In closing, let me say a word or two as to the advisability of cultivating just such a character as I have outlined, a character that is as true to duty as the magnetic needle is to the pole. Never were such rewards accorded to the possession of a noble and virtuous manhood as are to-day given to it in the business, the political, and the social worlds. Other things being equal, the man of character goes steadily to the front, while those who are morally weak are forced to the rear. When President Garfield was a boy, somebody asked him what he meant to be; and his reply was, "First of all, I must make a man of myself; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing."

Mirabeau declares, "If there were no honesty, it would be invented as a means of getting wealth." But woe be unto you if you adopt honesty, or any other virtue, from such low considerations as that! Man is too great and divine a being to allow himself to be swayed by motives of policy alone. Honesty is right. Truthfulness is right. Charity is right. Chastity is right. And it is better for you to be simply right than to win all the wealth and honors that the world can offer. "I had rather be right," cried Henry Clay, "than to be president of the United States." There is the principle that never fails of bringing success; for wealth and honor alone are not success, but character is. And the time is coming when he who, by

faithful adherence to duty, has established his character in righteousness, will by every rational being be adjudged the successful man.

Little as we dream of it, there is a process of selection constantly going on, by which the wheat is being winnowed from the chaff, and the good from the evil. Little as we dream of it, our characters are always developing away from or nearer to the spiritual ideal. Little as we dream of it, this workman who toils on behind the screen, is simply following the design which you and I are setting before him. Some day his work will be complete. Some day the statue will be unveiled. And the verdict of the All-wise that will then be passed upon it, will determine whether it shall abide in the heavenly halls, or be consigned forever to darkness and oblivion.

> "Take thou no thought for aught but truth and right,
> Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure;
> Youth fails and honors; fame may not endure,
> And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
> Keep innocence; be all a true man ought,
> Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal;
> Who hath this, he hath all things having naught;
> Who hath it not, hath nothing having all."

# XXV.

## THE BIBLE.

"I meet men who do not believe John wrote John's Gospel. Well, what matters it whether he did or not? There is a forest in England, it is said, which William the Conqueror planted; but what do I care whether he planted it or not? If I can ride through it, why should I care who planted it? There are the trees, and there is the shade; and if I can enjoy the benefits of them that is enough."

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"After all, the Bible must be its own argument and defense. The power of it can never be proved unless it is felt. The authority of it can never be supported unless it is manifest. The light of it can never be demonstrated unless it shines."

—*H. J. Van Dyke.*

QUESTIONS as to the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures do not affect their value as literary products. He that would ascertain which book, of all the volumes that crowd our libraries, is most deserving of study, need not wait long for an answer. There is one book that has come down the centuries with a constant increase of influence and renown. While other volumes have appeared only to be buried by the thousand in the march of civilization, this one has more than held its own against the assaults of time. It has

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

furnished delight to the child, counsel to the young, comfort to the sorrowing, strength to the infirm, and wisdom to both the unlearned and the sage. Not only is the general verdict of Christendom in its favor, but even those who do not accept its teachings have not hesitated to accord it the highest place in the literature of the world.

Sir Matthew Hale declared, "There is no book like the Bible for excellent wisdom, learning, and use." Queen Elizabeth said, "I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may perceive the bitterness of life." Sir Walter Scott declared on his death-bed that "among all books there is but one, even as among men there has been but One whose being was divine." Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, wrote on the blank page of his Bible, "The Scriptures contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected, within the same compass, from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom." When John Locke was asked how a young man could, in the shortest and surest way, attain a knowledge of the Christian religion, he made this reply: "Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words

of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter." Fichte wrote of the Scriptures, "The ancient and venerable record, taken altogether, contains the profoundest and the loftiest wisdom, and presents those results to which all philosophy must at last return." John Stuart Mill, another philosopher who had no bias toward Christianity, wrote, "It is impossible to find in the ideals of any philosophy, even the latest, a single point which is not anticipated and ennobled in Christianity." John Adams asserted: "The Bible is the best book in the world. It contains more of my little philosophy than all the libraries I have seen." John Quincy Adams followed in the same strain: "For pathos of narrative; for the selection of incidents that go directly to the heart; for the picturesque in character and manner; the selection of circumstances that mark the individuality of persons; for copiousness, grandeur, and sublimity of imagery; for unanswerable cogency and closeness of reasoning; and for irresistible force of persuasion, no book in the world deserves to be so unceasingly studied, and so profoundly meditated upon as the Bible." And Theodore Parker speaks thus of its wonderful influence: "As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies and its birthplace in distant unknown mountains; as the stream rolls on, enlarging itself, making in that arid waste a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way; creating palm groves and fertile plains where the smoke of the cottages curls up at eventide, and marble cities send

the gleam of their splendor far into the sky; such has been the course of the Bible on the earth."

Here is a book that has left as powerful an impress on our civilization as all other volumes combined. Our literature is fairly permeated with its influence and teachings; our architecture, music, and painting have reached their noblest triumphs in the effort to embody those divine ideals with which the Bible has fired the hearts of men; our political and social system has been in a large measure derived from it; and our moral reforms all find in it their inspiration and seek from it their authority. It is safe to say that no man can understand the past, grasp the present, or forecast the future of the Anglo-Saxon people, who refuses to become intimately conversant with the teachings of the Scriptures. Hence, as John Quincy Adams so aptly put the matter, "It is not so much praiseworthy to be acquainted with, as it is shameful to be ignorant of it." If, therefore, you have time for only one book, by all means let it be the Bible.

Although in outward form the Bible is but a single volume, it really constitutes a whole library—a library of some sixty-six books in all, carefully chosen because of their intrinsic value and the relation that they hold to one great central theme. Here we have histories, poems, works on law, orations, fantastic and symbolical visions, and letters to various individuals and communities. In language, in style, in age and character, these books of the Bible manifest as great a variety as any sixty-six volumes that you can take at random from your library. The works of the Old Testament are

written in Hebrew; those of the New Testament in Greek. Unlike the Koran of Mahomet, which was completed in a single lifetime, the biblical literature required some fifteen centuries for its development. One by one the various works accumulated, whole centuries passing at times without bringing a single addition, while at other periods the additions were numerous and important.

It was not till many centuries after the New Testament had been written that the process of printing came into use; consequently all copies of the Scriptures had at first to be made by hand. If you were to come across one of these old manuscripts of the Gospels, you would notice many differences between it and the ordinary Greek Testament of to-day. It would be written upon parchment or vellum, instead of paper; capital letters only would be employed; and you would miss in it not only the ordinary signs of punctuation, but also the spacing between the words, and even that division into chapters and verses which we find so convenient to-day. In these earlier manuscripts each book is an almost unbroken series of capital letters from beginning to end. If you can imagine the Gospel of John as printed something like this, it will give you an idea of how the first New Testaments appeared: INTHEBEGINNINGWASTHE WORDANDTHEWORDWASWITHGODAND THEWORDWASGOD. After a time small letters came to be employed in the manuscripts, instead of capitals. In the thirteenth century our present division into chapters was made; but not till the year

1551 were these chapters subdivided into our present verses. In reading the Bible, therefore, we do well to remember that the division into chapters and verses was not made by the inspired writers, and that in several instances it destroys the sense of what they wrote.

Now, the men whose business it was to write out copies of the Scriptures for the use of the churches and of individual Christians, did their work exceedingly well; but they could not help making mistakes once in a while. And a mistake made in one copy, was likely to be duplicated in every copy that was subsequently prepared from this. So that to-day we have as many as one hundred and fifty thousand different "readings," or variations in the different manuscripts. These must all be considered by every scholar who attempts to edit a Greek New Testament. Of these variations Dr. Ezra Abbot says, "Nineteen-twentieths are of no authority,.....and nineteen-twentieths of the remainder are of no importance as affecting the sense." No one who makes a study of this subject can doubt that we have the New Testament substantially, but not exactly, as it was originally written. Those early transcribers made mistakes enough to prevent us from worshipping the mere letter of the Scriptures, but not mistakes enough to warrant even the most captious in rejecting any essential part of the history or doctrine that these books contain.

From the beginning, a great many translations of both the Old and the New Testaments were made.

Those who spoke the Latin language or the Syriac had to wait but a little while before the Scriptures were given them in their native tongue; other nations were compelled to wait longer. Of the English translations of the Bible, there are two that are familiar to us, the Authorized Version of 1611, and the Anglo-American Revision of this Version, published only recently. These two can hardly be regarded as competitors for popular favor. For reading and study, he who would be abreast of the times will unquestionably use that Revised Version which the ripest scholarship of our own generation has placed at his disposal. It gives a better idea of what the inspired writers wrote than the reader who is unacquainted with the original tongues can derive from any other source. To wilfully neglect that light which the best scholarship of the age sheds upon the inspired volume, is to shut oneself against the truth.

The various books of the Bible, diverse as they are in many respects, all deal with one central theme, Redemption. History, prophecy, psalm, poem, proverb, meditation, gospel, epistle, all discourse on this theme "by divers portions and in divers manners." The Bible in its entirety may be defined as a history of the origin and development of that redemptive process which is going on in Christendom to-day. The first pages of the Old Testament bring us face to face with the fact of sin—a fact that receives constant confirmation in every man's experience to-day—and we read there the inspiring story of how God Himself came down to lead our first parents back into those

paths of virtue which they had forsaken. This story strikes the key-note of the Biblical literature. It constitutes the spring whence the stream of pure religion takes its rise—a stream whose course we are permitted to trace down the centuries, until in the Apostolic days, it overflows its ancient channel, and begins to cover the face of the earth.

That in this work of redemption, one nation should be chosen as the channel through which the gracious influences of God are brought to bear upon the world, should occasion no surprise. There is no partiality in the Divine procedure. It is the world, rather than the Jewish people, that is uppermost in God's thought. If He vouchsafes to them special care and guidance, it is simply because He would eventually use them as His instruments for conveying the blessing of pure religion to all the nations of the earth.

This fact renders considerable help in understanding the Bible. God's aim in those Old Testament times was not so much the formation of an infallible book, as the training and development of a people. He strove to educate the nation in the fundamental principles of pure religion, rather than to prepare and transmit to the world a perfect text-book on the subject. Because His work had to be wrought on imperfect men through imperfect instruments, it required time for its execution. There is no sudden and complete transformation observable in the religious life of the people. God works by development, not by magic. There is "first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." The nation is not made

perfect in a day; but a steady change is brought about in the thought and life of the people through uplifting spiritual influences, a change that finds its greatest obstacle in the downward proclivity of the sinful heart. By slow and steady stages, the people are carried forward, and receive new disclosures of the divine truth as they are able to bear them.

This imperfect condition in which the Divine grace finds that people, will explain the constant accomodation to human weakness and depravity which we discover in the pages af the Old Testament. God had to take men as He found them, and lead them upward by degrees. In speaking of the laxity of divorce legislation in the olden times, Christ declared that Moses allowed it because of the hardness of men's hearts. Slavery and polygamy were tolerated; the warlike spirit of an early and barbarous age was not suddenly exterminated; and men who would now bring disgrace upon any Christian community were then found taking a prominent part in the services of religion. The justification of all this is, that to imperfect states of society perfect laws are not applicable. Men do not see as well in the dim dawn of the morning as in the full light of noon. The steps of the infant are never as swift and sure as those of the man in his prime. This principle of accomodation is recognized in education and statesmanship as well as in religion.

This clears away many difficulties in the Old Testament that have been known to perplex good Christian people. If King David were being judged by the light of this nineteenth Christian century, he would

hardly be called a man after God's own heart. But judged by the age in which he lived, by the character of the people who were about him, and by the magnificent work that he accomplished in forwarding the interests of true religion, there can hardly be any doubt in our minds as to the place that he should occupy.

In the same manner, it could hardly be expected that a fiery, passionate, semi-civilized people like the children of Israel, could be suddenly forced to desist from war. They fought; they were obliged to fight. In those troubled times, the very existence of a nation depended upon its ability to give battle. If the Hebrew people had attempted to keep the peace at all costs, a single decade would have sufficed to sweep them from the earth, and overthrow the plan and purpose of God in their extinction. In reading the Old Testament history, therefore, we are not to be surprised at the wars of the Israelites, nor at the harsh manner in which the vanquished were sometimes treated. For these things were the universal practice of the age. We are rather to be surprised at the fact that the martial spirit is held in such constant subservience to religion, and that, notwithstanding their many wars, Israel never developed into a great military power like Macedon and Rome.

This principle of historical criticism explains also why slavery was tolerated in those ancient times. God's method was not to uproot a long standing institution at a sudden stroke. He chose rather to put into society those great truths and principles by which in

time it should become so leavened that slavery must die a natural death. But even in the earliest ages, we find restrictions placed upon the institution which greatly mitigated its severity among the Hebrews. A master might not kill his slave at pleasure; and the loss of an eye or a tooth gave to the bondsman his freedom. God's redemptive work begins by showing that the slave is something more than a mere chattel, and has rights that must be respected. Hence, among the Hebrews slavery became a comparatively mild form of service, as contrasted with what it was among other nations.

Even in the New Testament days the practice of slavery continues, and receives no open condemnation. Paul sends Onesimus, a runaway slave who had been converted to Christianity, back to Philemon, his former master. But at the same time, Paul proclaims those great principles of the liberty of conscience, the natural rights of man, the responsibility of all men to God, and the brotherhood of all believers, which led the slave and his master to sit down together at the communion table on terms of equality. Christianity did not aim so directly at the destruction of the institution itself, as at the destruction of that sinful germ out of which the evils of the institution had grown.

This long line of redemptive development gives us a revelation of God and of His relations to men, and issues at length in that perfect form of religion, which we recognize as the religion of Christ. The process of development is to be judged by its ultimate outcome in Christianity. The question of questions is

not, What think ye of Moses or David or Paul? but, What think ye of Christ? If we find difficulty and problems in our study of the Old Testament, the solution of these is to be discovered only in Christianity. And if we find many mysteries and ask many questions to which no satisfactory answers can be given, we are to remember that a similar experience comes to students of the physical universe and of the human mind. There is mystery everywhere; and to every intelligent mind there will come problem after problem to which no adequate solution can be found in the present state of our knowledge. God's method of educating His saints is to withhold answers until, by questioning and earnest search, these answers are found to be supremely desirable. He does not depreciate His revelation by giving it where it is neither needed nor sought.

Now that I have indicated what the Bible is, it will be well to give a few hints as to the way in which it is to be studied and interpreted. You remember that story of the Sibylline books which is told in connection with the early history of Rome, how Tarquinius Superbus was once accosted by a strange woman, who appeared before him with nine books which she offered for sale. And on his refusing to purchase, she went away and burned three of the books, and returned again, demanding for the remaining six the same price that she had originally asked for the nine. On the king's again declining to purchase, she burned three more of the volumes, and returned once more, offering the remaining three at the original

figure. The monarch was so impressed with the strange character of the event that he consulted his augurs, and was advised by them to purchase the remaining volumes, "for," said they, "these are the books of the Sibyl, and contain great secrets!" The books were accordingly purchased, and were deposited in a stone chest in the Capitol; and two men were appointed to take charge of them, and to consult them whenever the State was in danger.

That old heathen conception of the sacred books entered into the Christian Church, and for many centuries the Bible was looked upon as consisting of a series of oracular statements, whose veiled meaning none but the initiated could understand. In other words, the plain meaning of the Scriptures was contorted and twisted to suit the fancy of the interpreter. Origen, for example, pronounces it absurd to suppose that the world was created in six days, and looks upon the story of the creation as simply setting forth in a figurative way the renewal of the soul by Divine grace. He treats history as allegory, and goes the length of suggesting that the plague of the frogs in Egypt simply sets forth that vice of loquacity to which human nature is sometimes prone, the link of sacred suggestion being, in all probability, the disproportionate strength of a frog's voice to the size of its body. Augustine, following along in this line, intimates that when the Scriptures speak of clouds, they mean prophets; when they speak of oxen, they mean apostles; and when they speak of bulls, they allude to heretics. And so zealous is he to discover "types"

in the Old Testament, that he regards the drunkenness of Noah as a type of the passion of our Lord. To what lower depths can this insane zeal for finding hidden meanings in the Scriptures possibly descend!

On this subject no truer or stronger words can be spoken than those uttered by Frederick W. Robertson: "There is nothing more miserable, as specimens of perverted ingenuity, than the attempts of certain commentators and preachers, to find remote, and recondite, and intended allusions to Christ everywhere. For example, they chance to find in the construction of the temple the fusion of two metals, and this they conceive is meant to show the union of Divinity with humanity in Christ. If they read of the coverings to the tabernacle, they find implied the doctrine of imputed righteousness. If it chance that one of the curtains of the tabernacle be red, they see in that a prophecy of the blood of Christ. If they are told that the kingdom of heaven is a pearl of great price, they will see in it the allusion—that, as a pearl is the production of animal suffering, so the kingdom of heaven is produced by the sufferings of the Redeemer. I mention this perverted mode of comment, because it is not merely harmless, idle, and useless; it is positively dangerous. This is to make the Holy Spirit speak riddles and conundrums, and the interpretation of Scripture but clever riddle-guessing."

In opposition to this fantastic and irresponsible method of interpretation, Christian scholarship is asserting to-day that the Bible is like all other literature in having one definite and intelligible meaning.

We have no more right to play tricks with the Scripture history than with Thucydides or Macaulay. The main question, and indeed the only question for us to decide, is what the author actually meant when he wrote such and such words. To answer this question satisfactorily, one must have candor, common sense, and scholarship, as well as the aid of the Divine Spirit.

I insist, first, upon candor; for few indeed are the men who come to the Bible with an open and unprejudiced mind, desiring simply to learn what the Scriptures really teach. This allegorical method of interpretation, which has so many charms for a lively imagination; the necessity of always choosing a text, which has led the pulpit to habitually "spiritualize" the commonest and most prosaic of sayings; and that controversial spirit which for so many centuries has prevailed in theology, are all unfavorable to candor. Instead of endeavoring to get our knowledge from the Bible, we are apt to bring our preconceived ideas to the Bible, and attempt reading them into it. When, for example, men take such a text as Isaiah vi. 3, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts," and attempt to draw from the threefold repetition of the word *holy* an argument for the Trinity, it is easy to see that they are reading the Bible in the interests of controversy rather than in the interests of truth. In order to discover just what the Bible teaches, there must be a calm, candid, and judicial spirit in the reader.

But there must also be common sense, a quality which seems to be as rare among students of the

Scriptures as in any other class. You may have heard of the man who maintained that every woman now living possesses seven devils, because according to to the Bible, Mary Magdalene was the only woman who ever had them cast out. Or, to take a more common example, whenever I hear a man frantically declaiming that the slightest error or inaccuracy in the Bible would overturn the entire fabric of religion, I am reminded of the small boy's essay on Zoology: "There are," wrote he, "a great many donkeys in the theological gardens." Who ever heard of any sensible man attempting to invalidate an entire history because of one or two minor inaccuracies? The most insane court of justice that this world has ever seen would never apply such a canon in determining the trustworthiness of human testimony.

When people affirm that the Scriptures *must* be interpreted literally wherever a literal interpretation is possible, you perceive the lack of common sense. David says:

> "Make me to hear joy and gladness;
> That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

Common sense should tell us at once that here the psalmist is using the figurative language of the poet, rather than the literal language of prose. He simply means that he is in distress, not that his anatomical structure has met with disaster. When Jesus speaks of the bread and wine as being His body and His blood, common sense, to say nothing of the sensations of the palate, would lead us to give a metaphorical and poetical, rather than a literal meaning to His

words. And when, in the rapt experiences of the prophet gazing on things to come, He speaks of Himself as "coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," common sense would surely indicate that He is using that highly wrought imagery which is so characteristic of prophetical discourse.

But candor and common sense are not sufficient without scholarship. If you had to interpret the Vedic hymns, or the Dialogues of Plato, or the Divina Commedia of Dante, you would at once recognize the necessity of scholarship. But when men come to the Bible, there is an idea that the aid of the Holy Spirit, which is promised and given, supersedes the necessity of learning. You may occasionally hear an ignorant man, in some religious gathering, praising the Divine Being that he is not hampered with this world's learning—that "wisdom of men which is foolishness with God." The most satisfactory reply that can be made to such ranting was given by Dr. Johnson years ago. To one who was thus thanking God for his ignorance, the Doctor retorted, "Then, sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for!" It is safe to say that the aid of the Spirit was never intended to foster human ignorance or laziness. The greater our scholarship, other things being equal, the more readily shall we get at the meaning of the inspired word. God helps us in interpreting the Bible, just as He helps us in growing crops; but in both cases He evidently insists upon our doing all that we can for ourselves.

We need some intelligent plan of study to enable

us to get at the exact meaning of the sacred writers. And for this nothing is to be compared with a careful, laborious, and time-absorbing examination of one book at a time. If you were studying Shakespeare, you would take one of the plays and go through with it before beginning another. Why not adopt a similar method in studying the Scriptures? You take up an epistle of Paul, for example, and a great many introductory questions meet you at once. What are the proofs of the Pauline authorship of this epistle? What is the character of the author, his personal peculiarities, his style, his distinctive ways of thinking and speaking? Who are the people to whom this letter is addressed, and what are the circumstances that caused it to be written? What results did the Apostle propose to realize by means of it? What is the main theme of the epistle; how is this theme handled; and into what subdivisions does the thought naturally fall? After you have made this preliminary investigation, there should come a careful study of the book itself, not simply verse by verse, but even word by word.

In this study, the work that has been done by Christian scholars in the past will be found immensely helpful. There is a considerable prejudice against commentators, for which the commentators themselves are partly to blame. Crabbe reflected the popular idea when he wrote:

> "Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
> Who with no deep researches vex the brain,
> Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
> And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun."

But Biblical science has made considerable progress since Crabbe's day, and Biblical scholars are now holding up a well constructed telescope, instead of a "glimmering taper" to the sun. There are many carefully prepared popular works that shed a vast amount of light on the Scriptures. To attempt the study of the Bible without these aids, is like attempting Astronomy without a telescope. No doubt, much profit may be derived even thus; but in this short life of ours, it does not pay to adopt any method save that which will yield the greatest amount of profit with the least expenditure of time.

As you read the Bible in this careful manner, you will come across passages that impress you as exceedingly apt or beautiful, passages in which lofty and inspiring thought is put into such appropriate form that they are worthy of a lasting place in the memory. It will not be amiss for you to read and re-read these selections until you can repeat them by rote. The twenty-third Psalm, the majority of Christ's sayings, and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians afford examples of what I mean. John Ruskin, who has won a foremost position among the writers of English prose, was compelled in his youth not only to read the entire Bible through once a year, but also to learn long chapters of it by heart; and he confesses: "To that discipline I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." Daniel Webster, when a boy, was encouraged to read and memorize the Bible; and in time his mind became

pervaded with its lofty spirit and imagery to such an extent that his public utterances took on that majestic rhythm which he had caught from Hebrew psalmists and prophets. If one's aim is simply intellectual culture, he could choose no better work for his constant companion than our English translation of the Bible.

But the Bible itself indicates a profit of a higher kind that is to be derived from its pages. Paul writes to Timothy, "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work." It is this ethical and spiritual culture, more especially, that the Scriptures are designed to promote. As we read them, we are lifted into a lofty range of thought that has not its counterpart anywhere in the literature of the world. The Bible cannot be regarded as an outgrowth of the life and aspiration of the race. It emphasizes realities that, in the struggle and tumult of the world, the race is likely to overlook. It looks upon life, death, and the hereafter as men in general are not accustomed to regard these things. It is a mighty book of faith, laying hold upon things invisible. Its point of observation is the eternal throne. Time shrinks beneath its contemplation, and the ambitions, struggles, and successes of the world are dwarfed till they appear contemptible. There is a spirit that pervades this volume, which can be likened only to the Spirit of God. Amidst all kinds of opposition, amidst sights evil and unexpected, it is never startled or impatient.

It carries with it the peace of eternity. While monarchs perish and empires fall, while saints are overthrown and wrong seems to gain the day, while reform calls in vain for a hearing and the wise predict nothing but ruin, the divine current continues on its course, silent, steadfast, and serene. From the contemplation of the Bible, we rise satisfied, strengthened, and refreshed, feeling that, after all, the deepest realities in life belong to the world of things unseen, and that there is something within our very grasp dearer than wealth, pleasure, or renown. The Bible quickens devotion, sanctifies affliction, sustains morality, and equips the man of God for all good works.

To attempt understanding the Scriptures without the aid of the Divine Spirit, is like attempting to understand a guide-book, while willfully refusing to notice anything of the country to which the book refers. "He who knows only the print and the type of the book," says Henry Ward Beecher, "knows only a painted sun." The Spirit is the verification of the letter, the ever present reality that attests the truth of the description. To know God we must not only read about Him, but we must also come into contact and communion with Him. And to those who thus open their minds to the promptings of the Spirit, the Bible becomes replete with a wisdom higher than the wisdom of men, and discloses its divine character. "How do you know that there is a God?" an Arab was once asked by a skeptic. "How do I know that a camel passed my tent last night?" retorted the Arab. "Because I see his tracks in the sand." Then pointing to

the setting sun, he continued, "Look there! That is not the work of man; that is the track of God!" He that reads the Bible with an intelligent, an unbiassed, and a spiritual mind, beholds in it such heavenly beauty and power as cannot be accounted for on the theory of its purely human origin. The mind of man cannot have originated it; it imperatively demands God for its author. The strongest argument for the inspiration of the Scriptures is the Scriptures themselves.

> "A glory gilds the sacred page,
> Majestic like the sun;
> It gives a light to every age;
> It gives, but borrows none."

O thou mighty word of God! Time that buries all the works of men beneath its drift, only brings thee into increasing prominence. The world's thinkers become outgrown, and their names stand but as landmarks of the progress of thought; but thou abidest in eternal youth, and thy message will be as new to-morrow as when David of old found thee more glorious than the firmament and brighter than the sun. Thou dost lead on the march of ages, undisturbed by the assaults of men, unweakened with the lapse of years. In the generations to come, thou wilt remain the counsellor, the comforter, and the dying pillow of the race; nor shall we cease to need thy grace, till we enter that goodly land of which thou speakest, and behold the King in His beauty, and have sight of those glorious realities which are the theme of thy discourse and the secret of thy power.

# XXVI.

## RELIGION.

"Either we have an immortal Soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are Beasts; the first and wisest of Beasts, it may be; but still true Beasts."

—*Coleridge.*

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with
Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than
hands and feet."

—*Tennyson.*

"The older I grow—and now I stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me that sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man? To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.'"

—*Carlyle*

HE greatest question of speculative philosophy, as also the greatest question of practical life, is, Is there a God? From the beginning of time men have without hesitation answered this question in the affirmative. Far back in the misty dawn of history, man presents himself as a religious being, and in the stillness of the primeval woods offers prayer to Him who is invisible. This being who has been cradled and nursed by nature—this creature whose senses refuse to give him

THE SISTINE MADONNA.

knowledge of anything but the physical world, instinctively pierces the walls of his material prison-house, and falls prostrate in the presence of the supernatural.

The most striking phenomenon in human life is this spontaneous and universal belief in a supernatural power. Long before any argument is constructed to establish the existence of the Deity; before the mind begins to travel back along the line of causation, or brings together the evidences of design that the physical universe exhibits; without research, without argument, without apology, man believes in God. His ideas of the supernatural may be crude, childish, superstitious; but the fact remains that he has these ideas, and believes there is a supernatural power to which he stands related. Nobody has told him there is a God; he has neither seen nor heard God; he has constructed no argument to prove that there is a God; and yet he believes.

When we ask why man thus believed, the only adequate answer is, God was so present to him that he could not help believing. Belief in his supernatural environment was as spontaneous and irresistible as belief in his natural environment. Man believed in the existence of an objective physical world, because the physical world was there around him; man believed in the existence of a supernatural power because that power was there about him. "In Him," says the Apostle Paul, "we live and move and have our being." As we have organs for apprehending the physical world, so we have a faculty, or faculties, by which we apprehend the supernatural. Through the feelings or sensations

furnished by the physical senses we get our knowledge of nature; and through the feelings furnished by the religious sensibility we get our knowledge of God. Sight and hearing and touch cannot give us the idea of God; for "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned." But there are in the soul faculties other than the senses, by which the divine reality may be known.

There is, for example, the feeling of dependence, which is as common to all men as sensations of sight, of sound, or of touch. Man feels that he is a dependent being. The sense of his finiteness is borne in upon him. A moment ago I was not; a moment hence I may be here no more. I have not the ability to add a single cubit to my stature. For life, for thought, for individuality, I depend upon a Power other than myself. I cannot take the initiative in shaping my own course, but must wait a tidal energy that comes from the shores of the mysterious sea. As man gets the knowledge of his own existence, he feels himself held aloft above the abyss of nothingness as by an almighty hand. If I could actually feel and see the hand of the Almighty holding me safe above some dark and dangerous abyss, my sense of dependence might be momentarily more intense, but it would not be different in kind from what it is now. Out of this feeling of dependence arises a belief in the reality of the supernatural. Man cannot shake himself free from the conviction that there is a power other than nature on which he is dependent. Give your nature a chance to work, and it spon-

taneously runs toward belief in God. Even Voltaire, schooled as he was in the deepest scepticism of his sceptical age, on seeing a terrific thunder-storm in the Alps, is said to have fallen down in awe and prayer, although the next moment he recovered himself, rose to his feet, and began to curse.

Through the feelings of our moral nature, also, we get valid knowledge of God. The moral law is proclaimed in the soul as a law having authority. It is imperative. In commands obedience at all costs. It does not hesitate to override all the maxims of prudence that we may have learned in our converse with the lower world. Its commands involve the renunciation of the interests of the natural man to such an extent that the soul instinctively feels this law does not and cannot come from nature. If not from nature, whence comes it? What power is this, that in the depths of my conscious life proclaims a law that wars against the law of my members? What power is this, that speaks with authority and stirs up within me a feeling of obligation? If the King of Heaven were to appear to me in visible form, and amidst clouds and thunders were to hand me the law written out upon tables of stone, commanding me to obey it at the peril of my life, my feeling of obligation would not be other than it is. God gives as valid evidence of His being in the Sinai of every man's conscience as in the Sinai of the Old Testament. When you feel the obligation of the moral law, you feel the authority of the moral lawgiver. The law of duty utters itself in such a way as to make us feel that it is not our law, not nature's law,

but the law of a power unseen, "a power, not ourselves, that works for righteousness."

To illustrate, let us suppose that you are now reading in a crowded room; and the question is put to you, How do you know that you are reading in the presence of others? Because every sensation is to that effect. You see them and hear them. You know that you are in the presence of several individuals, because you feel as if you were, and because you cannot divest yourself of the sensations that are comprised in this feeling. In the same manner, when the moral law comes to you, you know that you stand in the presence of a power supernatural, because you feel as if you do and cannot divest yourself of that feeling. You can no more explain your moral feeling without positing the presence of God, than you can explain your physical sensations without positing the presence of the people who are there in the room in which you happen to be sitting.

And, in like manner, when we obey the moral law, the feelings that arise within the soul make us conscious of God. When I do that which is right, at cost to myself, I feel that I have the approbation of that Being who has disclosed His law through conscience. The feeling is too august for me to confound it with any personal self-congratulation. It humbles me rather. It seems to originate from some source outside of my own individuality. It belongs to that elemental Being in whom I have my very existence. When I make sacrifices to do that which is right, I feel as if I heard the voice of the Eternal saying,

"Well done, good and faithful servant!" Now, that inward feeling gives as unmistakable evidence of the presence of God, as if it were produced by some audible voice speaking from a cloud.

And when men transgress the moral law uttered in conscience, the feeling of unrest and guilt that takes hold upon them is an evidence of that unseen Presence in whom they live and move and have their being. The instant I disobey the moral law, I feel that I am out of harmony with that in which I live. It is not the natural world with which I am thrown out of adjustment. It is rather that which is above and behind the natural world,—that which no eye of man has ever beheld. I feel myself to be in the hands of a Being whose just and holy law I have transgressed. My feeling is the same as what I should entertain if the Eternal, with visible tokens of wrath, were to seize me and hold me, a trembling prisoner, as with a grip of iron. No wave-swept boat in the midst of the stormy sea is more perturbed than is the soul that, by its own transgression, is thrown out of harmony with its spiritual environment. The feeling "will not down." There is no escaping from it. Hence Milton's Satan cries,

> "Which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
> And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
> Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

"Myself am hell!" Have the poets ever written

anything more profound than that? Hell does not consist in being away from God. Hell consists in being compelled to remain with a God whose law has been violated.

Here, then, we have this feeling of dependence and these feelings of the moral nature, through which there comes to man the knowledge that there is something above and behind this natural world, something as real as the physical universe itself. When scepticism comes to that stage where it can deny our knowledge of an external physical universe, it is not to be wondered at that it can equally deny the soul's knowledge of God. Scepticism is an afterthought of the race. It never occurred to the minds of our forefathers to doubt the existence of either God or matter.

Now, it is this knowledge of God, vague, indefinite, elusive, but yet real, which from the beginning of history has been the fertile spring of all religion. From the beginning, man has realized that he belongs to a kingdom higher than nature, and that he owes allegiance to an invisible king. But with the development of the philosophical spirit there necessarily came many questions to which men could not return a satisfactory answer. The light of nature and of reason was in time found insufficient for the practical necessities of life. Man could not shake himself free from the belief that the supernatural was there all around him; but the supernatural did not lend itself to such complete and easy examination as might be made of the natural world. The fact of the divine existence was irresistibly borne in upon him, but the essential nature

of God remained an enigma. The longing for a revelation deepened with the progress of enquiry, and with man's experience of the mysteries and vicissitudes of life. Away back in the history of the Hebrew people there is told the story of one who, wrestling with a mighty and mysterious personage through the watches of the night, cried in the travail of his soul, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name!" Jacob's prayer was for that name which should reveal the essential nature of his mysterious visitant. But this wrestling Jacob is only a type of that universal heart of humanity, which through all the ages has been struggling with a mighty and inscrutable presence, and which, in its travail, its pain, its overwhelming sense of mystery, has kept crying with unutterable pathos, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name!" The cry of the ages is for a revelation of the essential nature of Him who, from the beginning of the race, has witnessed in every heart and conscience that man is environed with something other than the material. Helpless as a babe, in darkness and doubt, in sin and guilt, in fear and awe, struggling with the awful mystery that encompassed it, the heart of man has kept crying out with unutterable yearning for a revelation from on high.

Now if there is a God above us, around us, within us—a God worthy of our worship,—do you suppose He can or will be deaf forever to this passionate entreaty of the race? If there is a God whose movement upon the soul of man has given birth to this very petition, can you believe that He will provoke the prayer and withhold the answer? Shall that God

who provides food for our hunger and water for our thirst, fail to satisfy this hunger and thirst of the soul for a revelation from on high? Shall that God who provides for the lowest want of the meanest of His creatures, make no provision for satisfying this deepest yearning of the noblest being that He has placed upon the earth? I cannot believe it. Every analogy of nature, every instinct of the higher life declares that God will make some revelation of Himself in answer to this prolonged entreaty. I am prepared to believe that those wrestling Jacobs who through the long watches of the darkness have kept crying out for the Divine name, will receive a revelation of the very nature of God, grander than they have asked.

As I go back through the long centuries and try to imagine what must have been the mental state of those whose restless yearning found no satisfaction in things temporal, I am prepared to believe that "when the fulness of the times" has come, when the world has "thought itself hungry" for God, that hunger will be satisfied. And as to the succeeding years, my principal question is, Where is to be found that authoritative revelation of Himself, which the Divine Being must have made in answer to this need?

I find it in the gospel of Jesus Christ—that gospel which for eighteen centuries has given demonstration of its truth, its beauty, and its power. It does not perplex me to find the promulgation of this gospel accompanied at first by those miraculous signs which an unenlightened spiritual age would naturally expect and demand as the credentials of its supernatural

origin and authority. Even to-day this miraculous element furnishes evidence of a certain kind ; it cannot be eliminated from the record without destroying the entire historic framework of Christianity. But at the same time, the principal evidence for Christianity is Christianity itself. It gives a revelation of man and his relations to the supernatural, that satisfies the heart and becomes more and more approved with our growing experience of the world.

The revelation of Christianity starts at the point where the consciousness of sin and guilt becomes developed. It proclaims in the most unsparing way the fact that man is a sinner. It ascribes the greater part of the evils of life to a sinful heart, and holds forth to the persistent sinner no future save of ruin. It gives such an uncompromising picture of the sinfulness of the world as to stir up opposition and antagonism. Not until the facts are fairly faced and scrutinized by one whose moral insight is more than ordinarily keen and cultured, are the views of Christianity found to be correct. It is only in our highest ethical moments that we begin to approximate its feeling toward sin.

Thus, the manner in which this revelation shows up the radical evil in human nature, is significant. To know that Christianity is divine, you have simply to see how it is affected by human sinfulness. No school of ethical thinkers has ever begun to expose the loathsomeness, the iniquity, the utter hopelessness of sin, with the positiveness and definiteness of Christ and His apostles. The purest spirit that this world has

ever seen has never suffered such recoil at the sight of iniquity. Study the teachings of Christianity, and it will assuredly seem to you that some nobler soul than was ever originated among men is looking down into the depths of human depravity, and is shrinking back aghast at the awful sight.

Yet how magnificently Christianity presents human nature, notwithstanding its sin and defection. Man has sinned, but he is no paltry, petty creature, for all that. He has a dignity even in his ruins. He is not the victim of fate or the sport of nature. He is essentially a king—a king who has lost his crown, to be sure, and missed his highest calling—but a king, nevertheless, by birth and prerogative. In the conscious exercise of his manhood's powers he has sinned and fallen, and he can be restored only by true manly confession and amendment.

The materialistic science of to-day which rules God from the universe, and searches the physical side of human nature to the exclusion of its deeper and more significant features, gives to the race a character of universal babyhood. Nature is queen; man is a little child, dandled in the queenly arms or cuffed by the queenly hand. Sin is represented as a bog into which the senseless baby has fallen, and from which nature will extricate him in time, the priests to the contrary notwithstanding. But while modern materialism preaches a universal babyhood, Jesus Christ, true to the spiritual side of our humanity, proclaims the manhood of the race.

This view of human nature gives a basis for practi-

cal enthusiasm. Christianity sees a possible Christ in every fallen son of Adam. He that retains the divine faculties of reason and freedom may grow again like God. Where men would turn aside in disgust or despair from the poor, the weak, the erring, Christianity rushes forward with intense and hopeful enthusiasm, and would fain lift the lowest into the knowledge and kingdom of God. The measure of life that such beings may attain knows no bounds. It carries with it the possibilities of endless growth, and comes into new knowledge, new ability, and new happiness at every stage.

Ask yourself what you are worth simply as a human being, and no science, no philosophy, no literature, not even the wildest vagary that the most unregulated imagination has ever entertained, can begin to place that premium upon human nature which is accorded it in the teachings of the Gospel. Christianity declares that we are held of so much worth in the counsels of Heaven, that God may, in consonance with His infinite wisdom, give his only begotten Son to die for us. Christianity makes the circuit of the whole universe, and singling out that dearest thing which the heaven of heavens contains, the life of the only begotten Son of God, cries, There, O man, that is the measure of thy worth; that is the price at which thou art rated in the councils of the Infinite!

Did ever man speak like this? Could man speak thus? Look at all the estimates of human nature that are advanced to-day, and surely you will have no difficulty in discriminating the divine. Christianity

looks at human nature as only God Himself can regard it.

In like manner, Christianity gives a revelation of God which more than equals, in fulness and inspiration, its views concerning man. It furnishes such a declaration of the interior disposition of Deity, that nineteen centuries have not more than begun to fathom the depth of its disclosure. Beside the anxious questioning, the groping and searching, the guesses and dreams of to-day, towers that priceless and absorbing revelation of God in Christ. He that sees God in the light of the cross, has that before which the noblest speculations of the human intellect fade away, as the stars die out before the sun.

When Christianity would describe the character of the Eternal, it begins, "God so loved." The height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the all-in-all of ethical character is love. Love gives to labor its dignity, and to patriotism its honor, and to daring its high reward. Love kindles the hearth of home into a heavenly and benignant flame. Love communicates to sacrifice a value that cannot be expressed in the price-lists of the markets. Love figures as the divine element in every hero, martyr, saint, whose name is written in the honor-roll of time. He that loves most is noblest. God so loved. Take that quality of love, and reach out and up to the thought of the infinite, the eternal, the changeless, the exhaustless love, and you get the Christian conception of God. It is not simply that God has love: He is love.

The cross of Christ reveals both the righteousness

and the benevolence of Divine love. The Divine Being is something more than simple good-nature. He will not break down the eternal distinctions of morality, in the effort to make His children happy. The love of God is a righteous love. It commands respect because of its inflexible holiness. In offering free pardon to the world, the Divine Being maintains the integrity of His ethical personality. The law of righteousness is honored; the ideal of holiness is fulfilled; and yet, mystery of mysteries, pardon, full, free, and eternal, is offered to every repentant sinner! Do you ask what stress God places on righteousness? The cross of Christ is the answer. Do you enquire the strength of the Divine benevolence? The cross is the expression of it. The gift of the only begotten Son represents the absolutely highest value; in the effort to reach higher, human imagination becomes an utter blank. You cannot think of anything dearer. When I learn of the Divine Being that He maintains His righteousness at this costliest expense, and yet that He makes this expenditure for the sake of sinful men, I reach the highest ethical thought of God which it is possible for a rational intelligence to entertain. That thought will be developed in all coming generations, but it will never be outgrown. The last song of the redeemed will be of the Lamb who was slain.

So, likewise, we may dwell for a moment upon that presentation which Christianity makes of the system in which man and God are found together. In other words, How is God related to the world, and how is

man related to it? Now, in the progress of human thought, there have been two systems of religious speculation, each having its own peculiar attraction, Deism and Pantheism. The special attraction of Deism is found in the emphasis which it lays upon the Divine transcendence. God is represented as superior to the world, as above it, as separate from it. After it is created, His concern with it ceases and He withdraws Himself, permitting it to work out its own destiny without guidance or interference. For the severely logical mind, for the mind that loves clear distinctions and dislikes mystery, for the mind that is but little open to its obscurer spiritual environment, this system of thought has a peculiar fascination.

But there is a mind of another kind, to which Pantheism makes strong appeal. Pantheism is the system of religion which acknowledges but one universal substance. *The all* is God. The divine substance first breaks into personality in man. Rising and subsiding, forever in motion, forever changing its appearance to man, it is nevertheless the one and only substance, that is, God. Thus Pantheism emphasizes the Divine immanence at the expense of everything else. It immerses God in the world until it fairly drowns Him. But that very emphasis which it places upon the Divine immanence gives it its power.

Deism was so intent on emphasizing the Divine transcendence that it put God outside of the world altogether; Pantheism is so intent on emphasizing the Divine immanance that it buries God in the world; but Christianity gives an equal emphasis to both

these phases of the Divine existence. God is above the world, and yet controls it. He is in the world, but is not absorbed by it. He has a conscious personality of His own, from which the personality of man is distinct; but at the same time, no soul exists independent of Him. Not a sparrow can fall to the ground without Him. Not a man but must live and move and have his being in Him. He is in all and over all.

As to man's relations to the world, Christianity teaches that he is above all material things, that he is of more value than many sparrows, that he lives under no law of inevitable necessity, but is a free agent responsible for all his acts. The world is governed and guided with reference to him. The final cause of all physical phenomena is that man shall be influenced. Those who are in Christ stand in a right adjustment toward the universe, and all things work together for their good; but those who are out of Christ are endangered by whatsoever comes to pass.

Looking now from the teachings to the practical effects of the Christian religion, we note how Christianity has come down through the centuries with increasing manifestation of power and glory. Its triumphs are written in the history of the world. Like a river from the throne of God, its course has been marked by peace and blessing. Righteousness and love have been fostered by it; patience and hope have grown under its ministrations. Through the long years it has been foremost in reform. Civilization has received its impress; art and literature have

borrowed from it their noblest conceptions; oratory and music have grown apace beneath its fostering hand. It has proved the patron of education, the uplifter of woman, and the champion of the slave. It carries within itself the solution of the most pressing problems of modern society.

To-day from millions of hearts praises are being sung to the name of the Redeemer, and Christianity has organization, power, wealth, and standing. It was not always thus. When the story of the cross began to be proclaimed in the centres of the Roman Empire, everything was apparently against it. The preaching of Christianity was at first the story of a single short career, told by simple and unlettered men. Its hero had suffered death as the vilest of criminals. Its philosophy and teaching were repugnant to the spirit of the age. Its disciples were numbered only by twos and threes, and were taken almost exclusively from the lower ranks of the people. It was heralded with no pompous display, and enforced by no power of arms. It had neither wealth nor culture to give it backing. It discarded every element of extraneous power. It had to cleave its way through worldliness, sensuality, and scepticism. It was scoffed at, maligned, and persecuted unto death. And yet by the simple force of the truth that is in it, it has come down the centuries conquering and to conquer. Certainly if there is any truth in the law of the survival of the fittest, the very existence of Christianity to-day is a proof of the intrinsic excellence of that old, old story of the cross, by the preaching of which its conquests have been won.

With nineteen centuries bearing witness to the truth of its story, who can doubt that it is what the Apostle Paul declared it to be, "the power of God unto salvation?" It is of God, rather than of men. It is a revelation from on high, rather than a creation of the untutored religious instincts of the race. When I can believe that this ordered universe came by chance; when I can believe that Homer's epic and Shakespeare's dramas were wrought by the blind forces of nature, then, but not till then, can I suppose that this religion, so unique, so grand, so comprehensive, so perfectly adjusted to the deepest yet least discerned needs of the soul,—that this religion was fabricated by the blind religious instincts of superstitious and half-educated apostles. The gospel of Christ gives unmistakable evidence of its divine origin and power.

And hence our responsibility toward it is a responsibility toward God Himself. Christianity is God's message to you: how will you receive it? The only adequate reception you can accord it, is to obey it. Faith in Christianity is such a trust in the Redeemer as issues in obedience to His commands. He that exercises this faith has the witness in his heart that he is doing the right and wise thing, and enters immediately on the noblest life that any human being can live. If you have any question in your mind as to whether it will pay you to enter on the religious life, let me assure you that this is the only life worth living. The only life that is at all distinctive or worthy of a man, is that which feeds upon the supernatural.

He that misses this life, misses his calling in this lower world. Never does man appear so august, so manly, as when he finds his way into the presence of the Infinite, and communes with Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Thought, pleasure, and work are never so grand as when they are associated with the name of the Almighty.

Yet how few there are that rise into this highest range of living! "Narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it." Society is built up like a mountain: it is broadest at the base. Men are all animals, eating, drinking, sleeping, dying, making constant provision for the needs and gratification of the body. These interests, incentives, and ambitions are common to the race. To some they constitute the entire round of living. In this little one-roomed hut of the physical, the great crowd seems content to abide.

But there is a class that reaches up to something higher than this. There is a class to which the mind as well as the body furnishes the law of living. There are men and women who aspire to realize themselves intellectually as well as physically. They read, they think, they paint or sing, they write and converse. They live not simply a physical life, but a mental life also.

Above this rises another and smaller class, composed of individuals who add to their lives those interests and endeavors represented by the word *duty*. They desire to realize themselves not simply physically and intellectually, but also morally. They would

live not only by the light of the sun and the light of the mind, but also by the light of conscience. To them are opened up three great departments of living, the physical, the intellectual, and the moral.

But highest and noblest of all is the life that adds religion to ethics, and thus enables its possessor to partake in the enjoyments and occupations of heaven, as well as in those of earth. He that has religion, has everything that man can have. He stands upon the summit of society; above him there is nothing but heaven. His life runs through the whole scale of human pleasures and employments. He is an animal like the lowest of his kind; he is a living intelligence whose interests are substantially those of the philosopher, the artist, and the poet; he is an ethical personality, acknowledging the law of righteousness, and drinking in delight from the smiles of conscience; but more than all, he is a child of God, to whom the heavens are opened and upon whom the Spirit descends in benedictory baptism.

O, the infinite richness, beauty, and grandeur of the religious life! Never does man rise to the highest point in the scale of being until he brings his life, a consecrated offering, and lays it upon the altar of God. Never does man know what joy means, until he casts himself upon the untried sea of God's being and finds that he is upheld. Never does labor take on its true dignity, until with conscious purpose it is wrought to the glory of Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Noble was he whose patient resolution, forcing its way against scoffs, and doubts, and

hopes deferred, made a path across the vast Atlantic, to find on this farther side a mighty continent carrying the future in its majestic arms. Noble is he who, with the appliances of science, looks down into the secret beginnings of life, or throwing aside the curtains of the firmament, reads off the very elements of those stars which for ages have flung their waves of light across the infinite spaces. But if these are to be ranked among the noblest triumphs of the human mind, what are they to that supreme act in which the conscious spirit, reaching down to the very centres of its being, or reaching out beyond the continents, across the spaces, behind the stars, finds the Secret of secrets, and falls prostrate in the presence of Him who dwells in the light unapproachable, crying in awe like Thomas of old, "My Lord and my God!" He who has stood in this holy of holies, silent, thrilled, adoring, stripped of transient cares and joys, and conscious only of the infinite glory which streams through and through the soul,—he alone knows what it means to live.

GRANDMOTHER'S FAVORITE.

## XXVII.

# OLD AGE.

" Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

" But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

" Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

" For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

—*Tennyson.*

OU and I are growing old. We may as well face the fact now as at any time. We are growing old, and we cannot help it. We have no power, no wisdom, no device that can prevent the years from stealing upon us. Time works its transmutations so steadily and irresistibly, that it is easier to tell a man's age than to infer his nationality, his business, or his station. Body, mind,

and character are all changing under its influence.

For this reason, we cannot repress a smile at the devices to which men and women resort in the effort to conceal from themselves and the world the fact that they are growing old. In vain does old age attempt to masquerade in the garments of youth. The paint, powder, pads, and wigs that would effect a complete transformation before the footlights, constitute but a sorry disguise in the searching light of day. In vain does the merry gentleman of fifty strive to blind the eyes of the world by leaping high fences and protesting that he is not old, not a bit of it—just as spry as ever he was. When the first gray hairs appeared at twenty-five he exhibited them with pride, and began to think of running for an alderman. But now the gray hairs are not to be seen. Some of them have fallen off, and others have changed color—under judicious treatment—and grown black once more. In vain does the anxious maiden of forty dance, dress, play tennis, and attempt to enter with a zest into the sports of those who are twenty years her juniors. The world sees easily through the thin disguise.

Think of Miss Flora McFlimsy, with her elaborate toilets, her pumped-up enthusiasms, and her kittenish airs, striving to palm off five-and-thirty as only twenty-one. Think of Charles Dickens making sport of his years by teaching his grandchildren to call him "Venerables" instead of Grandfather. Think of testy old Dr. Johnson, tottering on the very verge of the grave, and repelling every allusion to his feebleness as if it were a personal insult. "Ah, Doctor," said

some one who wished to be agreeable, "I see the glow of health returning to your cheek." "God bless you, sir," exclaimed the gratified old man, grasping him warmly by the hand, "you are the kindest friend I ever had." Think of that Boston woman who wished to vote, but refused to register, because she would have been obliged to reveal her age.

"What is your age?" enquired the clerk.

"Over twenty-one."

"That will not do here," was the reply. "If you wish to register, you will have to tell your age."

"Sir," retorted the lady, "if I am to be insulted in that way, I will not vote." And, like Naaman of old, she "went away in a rage."

Such cases as these suggest the enquiry, whether old age is, after all, so great an evil as the world supposes. After a man has once reached his prime, is it the law of life that he shall go on from year to year, giving up of the things he prizes most and receiving nothing in return? Is there not rather a law of compensation running through life, which brings something, by way of requital, to him who is compelled by time to surrender what he fain would keep? I do not ask whether these compensations are experienced by all who are growing old; but are they not experienced by all who are growing old in the normal way?

There is, of course, an abnormal kind of old age, that draws little satisfaction from the past and little hope from the future, and that consequently relinquishes every fragment of time with a pang of regret.

There is an old age that sits mourning amidst the ashes of extinct passions, embittered, hopeless, and desolate—an old age on which the follies and vices of a misspent life descend like furies for torment. But the picture of old age that fills our minds—the type by which this latter period of life is to be judged—is attractive rather than forbidding. We think of an old age mellow and sweet as winter apples, and serene as a cloudless sky. There is an old age that surveys the past with satisfaction and the future with hope. There is an old age that surrenders the powers, joys, and ambitions of youth without reluctance, and that goes forward to the very verge of the grave with a sense of continued and increasing gain.

The secret of such contentment and prosperity in declining years lies in the fact that the essential part of human nature is not body but soul, and that while the body is working out of adjustment with its physical environment, the soul is coming into better adjustment with that unseen spiritual world which lies all around it. The function of old age seems to consist in weaning one away from earth and bringing him into perfect harmony with the spiritual order. He who, while drawing away from the realm of things visible, steadily adjusts himself to his unseen spiritual environment, fulfils the end and aim of his being, and experiences a sense of gain, of progress, of compensation at every stage of his journey. But he who, while time is forcing him back from the work and enjoyments of earth, refuses to come into affinity with any higher world, finds no gain to requite his loss,

no joy of acquisition to sweeten the pangs of abdication. If this world were the only world, sad indeed would be the lot of man, with the consciousness that every moment is hurrying him away from the scenes he loves so well. But because this world is not the only world, there are powers, graces, pleasures, interests, and hopes open to the aged, of which the superficial observer takes no account. You and I are not compelled to play a losing game.

We note the working of this law of compensation as the strength and symmetry of the body disappear. To him who looks only upon the surface, there is something inexpressibly sad in the ravages that time makes upon the physical frame. There is no part of the natural man that does not suffer deterioration under its influence. Out of the uncouth weakness of babyhood, time develops us in grace and power; but only for one proud short hour does it leave to us the glory of our prime. Time, that puts bloom upon the cheek and ripeness on the lips, plants the face at last with crow's-feet, seams, and wrinkles. Time turns the victor of the games into a hobbling cripple, and transforms the belle of the ball-room into a shrivelled old woman.

Yet who can look into the saintly face of old age without feeling that the ravages of time are all upon the surface? There is one kind of beauty for childhood, another for youth, another for the prime of life, and still another for declining years. From childhood to youth, the development is predominantly physical; but as youth opens into manhood and womanhood,

spiritual qualities come more and more into play, and the lines of character deepen upon face and brow. In age this spiritual beauty is perfected, and may even become so great as to obliterate our consciousness of physical defects and infirmities. Old age, wrinkled and frail and trembling, may be beautiful; but its beauty is of the spirit rather than of the flesh. As the wrinkles come, as the bloom fades from the cheek and the lustre dies out from the eyes, the countenance may become transfigured with that radiance which invests the angels of light, that spiritual beauty which, shining through the earthly robe of our Lord, put to shame the fuller's art with its pure and glistering splendor.

The process of our development is from the natural toward the spiritual. As the strength of the body declines, we cease to lift heavy weights and run races and engage in the sports and pastimes of youth; yet old age, with all its infirmities, may be strong—not in muscle and sinew, but in that subtle essence by which the physical frame is animated and sustained. Old age can do and bear things from which youth would shrink in helplessness and dismay. In the ability to resist temptation, to tolerate the faults and shortcomings of others, to meet calamity, and to endure with patience and good cheer the many limitations of life, old age is more than a match for youth with all its magnificent energies.

In like manner, as the executive ability diminishes under the influence of time, there comes the possibility of replacing it with something better. We note the loss, but do not always perceive the opportunity for

gain. The child possesses greater ability along certain lines than even the full grown man. His tireless activity and consuming thirst for knowledge are marvellous. His phase of development is admirably adapted for fitting him to the duties and labors that subsequently confront him. The youth has lost something that he possessed as a child, but he has taken on new powers that more than compensate for the loss. He looks out upon life, feels its boundlessness, its immensity, its infinite opportunity for accomplishment; takes hold of it in a real and earnest way, makes many blunders and retrieves himself, and with prodigious expenditure of effort carries his enterprises forward toward success. The man of middle age loses in energy, but gains in wisdom. He grows less venturesome and more contemplative, comes to a better understanding of the world, economizes his strength, makes fewer experiments and failures, expects less and realizes more.

In old age wisdom is perfected. He who has been passed through sixty or seventy years of struggle and discipline, understands what the limitations of life really are and also what its opportunities amount to. He has lost in executive ability but has gained in strength of counsel. His words carry weight with them. In all who are not flippant and indifferent to the real interests of life, gray hairs provoke respect. The reverence which the youth instinctively feels for the aged, has its foundation in the very nature of things. The old man may not be as strong to effect transformations in the realm of things visible, but he

has gained in the ability to effect transformations in the world that is unseen. The power of doing good is not taken away from him. The youth would make a name, win a crown, build a palace; but he that stands on life's summit, looking over the jasper walls and gates of pearl into the heavenly city, has an ambition of a nobler kind. Old age recalls the vanished dreams and desires of youth, and feels how poor they were, how vain, how useless and unprofitable after all, how infinitely lower than the new ambitions that make the spirit glow with chastened and unquenchable desire.

This, surely, is the normal course of our development. We grow out of the natural into the spiritual. But where no such adjustment to the higher world is sought and perfected, age finds little to compensate it for the energies and ambitions that disappear. Melancholy beyond expression is the sight of him who, feeling the present slipping steadily away from him, clutches it convulsively as in the frenzy of despair. The aged are sometimes blamed for their avarice, but if age brings no vision of the true riches, no prospect of the boundless future, no holy ambition that shall take the place of the old fires of youth, what is more natural than that he who would preserve his adjustment with this lower world, should cling convulsively to that silver and gold by which, in the day of his failing energies, that adjustment may be maintained.

As with the energies and ambitions of youth, so also with its pleasures; they never withdraw them-

selves without affording an opportunity of filling the vacant place with something nobler and more enduring. To those who look upon life only from the outside, childhood seems to be its happiest period. Then our adjustment with the physical world is at its best, and everything carries the charm of novelty. It is the easiest thing in the world to make a child happy. The commonest story inspires him with interest, the simplest game fills him with delight, and the tamest joke is greeted with uproarious mirth. Our first railway journey was like a trip to Paradise; our first top-boots made us happier than a king. O this blessed world of childhood—world of miracle, world of discovery, world of light and song, world of interest inexhaustible! Who would believe that it could become such a stale, old, uninviting world in the course of three-score years? Long before we have reached the limit of life, we find that the charm and novelty of earth have passed away, and we become surprised and saddened at the discovery that we have little left save the memory of our vanished joys. The old experiences will not come back to us again. The sadness of many a heart finds expression in the stanzas of Thomas Hood:

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

"I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

The law of life is that we shall be weaned away from our interest in things terrestrial, and prepared for the enjoyment of a higher world than that which lies open to the senses. We are bound to lose our satisfaction in the seen world, no matter whether we gain an interest in the things unseen, or not. He who gives himself over to the delights of earth finds his appetite for these lower pleasures turning at length to loathing. Where, one by one, the pleasures of the senses are wrested from us, and no higher joys come to take their place, old age is sure to be filled with peevishness and complaining. What pleasure has the world to offer him who sits in life's evening shadows, patiently fanning the embers, and knowing that at midnight, or cock-crowing, or in the morning, the flickering flame of life is sure to be extinguished! Old

age, stripped of the joys and consolations of religion, is the most dreary region through which we can be called to pass.

But that religion more than compensates for the loss of the pleasures of the senses, the experience of mankind abundantly declares. For the old age that waits upon a life well spent, there is laid up a crown of rejoicing more priceless and beautiful than any garland that ever graced the brows of youth. As the spiritual world opens up to us, its revelations come with an interest and power such as attended none of the discoveries of childhood. We may lose our zeal for probing into the constituents and laws of the physical universe, but we gain in the desire to know more of that region of mystery and silence to which we are so rapidly approaching. If the young have no retrospect to make them sad, neither have they any experience of that sweet content which fills the heart in the contemplation of work well and nobly done. To them there comes the prospect of fifty years of toil and triumph; but to him who has passed through this first stage of his pilgrimage, and waits in patience for the second, there opens up the prospect of a boundless eternity of work and reward—work without weariness, joy without satiety, love without dissimulation, and an increasing knowledge that shall bring no increase of sadness to the heart.

When the sight grows dim and the green fields and sunny uplands begin to fade away, there comes the vision of that celestial city whose splendor no tongue has been able to set forth; and when the hearing fails

and the voices of earth are hushed, from afar to the spirit's ear there comes the music of the anthem sung by that "great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands."

As we think of old age, therefore, let us keep in mind the picture of those who are drifting down the stream of time, not with a sense of constant and irreparable loss, but with a consciousness of increasing gain at every stage of the journey. Let us think of those who, as the bodily senses begin to perish, get glimpses of the spirit world, and hear words and music that can be repeated by no mortal tongue. Let us think of those who look not backward with regret to the vanishing things of earth, but forward with infinite yearning and with full assurance of faith to "that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." God bless the fathers and mothers who are teaching us how to go down to old age with the conviction that "to die is gain." God bless the memory of those who have passed on before us into the realm of eternal day, giving a message of comfort and hope to the dear ones left behind. Life is precious because of them.

I think of Luther, after his life of stress and storm, going down into the dark valley as peacefully as a little child would lie down to rest in its father's arms, with this simple and sufficient prayer, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." I think of Huss welcoming his

chains for Christ's sake, and of Watson whispering with his dying breath, "I shall see strange sights to-day." I think of the saintly Otterbein declaring in his last moments, "Jesus, Jesus, I die, but thou livest." I think of that innumerable multitude who stand rejoicing forever before the throne; and I know that as this body wears itself away, as its fires burn out and its beauty fades, the soul that inhabits it may sing a song of compensation, of increasing and eternal gain. And as I think of this soul itself, with its intangible and imperishable essence, with its majestic yearnings, its dissatisfaction with the things of time, its strivings after the good that it does not comprehend, I know that not out of morbid and shallow sentiment, not out of blight and weakness and decay, but out of the ineffable experiences of the Christian life has come that song which we know so well:

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my Home.

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